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PARIS AFTER WATERLOO

NOTES TAKEN AT THE TIME

AND HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED

INCLUDING A REVISED EDITION—THE TENTH—OF

A VISIT TO FLANDERS AND THE FIELD

44912

BY

JAMES SIMPSON, ESQ.

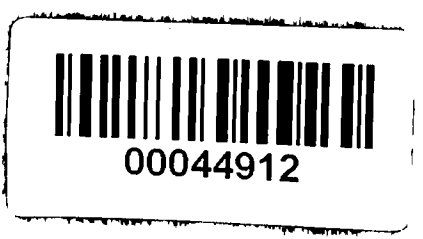
ADVOCATE

AUTHOR OF 'THE PHILOSOPHY OF EDUCATION,' 'LECTURES TO THE WORKING CLASSES,' ETC.

"'Tis forty years since."—Scott



M BLACKWOOD AND SONS
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PREFACE.

"A VISIT to Flanders and the Field of Waterloo," published alone, in 1815, formed a part only of notes, taken by the author, on his whole sojourn in Belgium and France. Looking over the hitherto unpublished portion, which for thirty-seven years has reposed in a dusty corner, and finding much which he himself had forgotten, but which narrates events and describes scenes which he thinks might be interesting, as they would probably be new, to his younger countrymen,—especially at the present moment that a recent loss has recalled the public attention to the marvels of days past,—he has ventured to bring it out. The history of Waterloo, no doubt, has been written by many others since his own slight sketch of it appeared. But his being rather a picture than a detailed narrative—true, however, so far as it goes—the readers of the new portion, he thinks, may like to see the old; and he has given it the place it originally held in the journal which he kept at the time. In doing so, he trusts

he need hardly say that he intends not thereby to offend the French people, any more than other historians do, who repeat, in their new editions, the details of Cressy and Agincourt. If a possible national sensitiveness is to be studied, history must cease; England must blot out from her page the names of Edward, Henry, Marlborough, and Wellington; France must say no more of Calais retaken, and Fontenoy and Roucoux won; or America of Erie and New Orleans. But the author revives the history of Waterloo for his own country, not for the annoyance of any other; and his first impulse to do so was the same with that which led to the late gorgeous obsequies, and to all the eager contributions of the hero's eulogists, to monument his virtues, and perpetuate his fame.

The author would point again to the most towering monument of them all—the victory by which Wellington delivered the world. He would invite his countrymen to read its legend, and wonder, as he himself has never ceased to do. But he would do more,—he would call upon the soldiery of Britain, who, unborn when that victory was won, devote their manhood to their country's defence, to read and re-read the well-laid scheme, the sagacious work of that unparalleled day; and think, and think again, on the unflinching endurance, the undaunted courage, with which their sires stood upon that field—

> "Patient of toil, serene amidst alarms,
> Inflexible in faith, invincible in arms."

The present state of Europe, and especially of France, disquiets the friends of peace. We are at this moment increasing our means of defence, not of aggression. More important than their mere number is the intrinsic value of the men, as an element in calculating what we have to trust to. If we may rely—and assuredly we may—on equal steadfastness and valour in our young defenders, as was displayed by their predecessors at Waterloo, we may be at ease in full view of the vast Continental armaments, were they even doubled. "The British," said a French officer of rank, "are the only troops in Europe that attack the head of a column without regarding its depth." We thank him for the observation, and adopt it as a maxim illustrating the real value of Waterloo. Not to minister to vain glory, not to excite the wicked spirit of aggression, but to make defensive use of the memory of that great day as the palladium of peace, the author feels encouraged, in all humility, to say, "Go forth, my tale!"

December, 1852.

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INTRODUCTION.

THE generation is passing away who, in their prime, cheered on the career of Wellington, and shouted for the victory of Waterloo. A generation of their sons, and yet another of their grandsons, were unborn when the world wide first rang with these inseparable alliterated names. From the thinned ranks of grandfathers the aged hero has descended to his honoured tomb; but the survivors have "grandfathers' tales" to tell, which

"The listener holds his breath to hear."

A long war, on which was staked their existence, had roused, in the British people, a martial ardour, which a more pacific age would deem a national mania. A million of men, of peaceful habits and pursuits, were in arms. Grave citizens marched through their familiar streets to the cadence of trumpet and drum, in "the pomp and circumstance of war," intent to rouse the echos with salvos of musketry and cannon. You were served by the shopman in soldier's garb; your physician

exchanged the lancet for the lance, and felt your pulse in scarlet and lace; your advocate pleaded your cause, his gown scarcely concealing the same gaudy incongruity; while the judge descended from the bench, and even the divine from the pulpit, to assume it, and hasten, with "the sword of Gideon," to the field. It may easily be believed that when "the regulars" were spared for Continental campaigns, the soldiers at home went with them in spirit, heart, and soul; and that tidings of their movements and feats of arms were expected with intense interest by those who, so well qualified to look on, felt as if they were actually playing the critical game. Believing, in our simplicity, that we had deposited Buonaparte for life, in a little island temptingly near the French coast,* we were more "electrified" than we were entitled to be when he reappeared, like a meteor, in the heart of the country, and advanced—"alone he did it"—to his recently abdicated throne in the Tuileries. France exulted; and Europe, crying treachery, flew once more to arms.

> "The war that for a space did fail,
> Now trebly thundering swelled the gale."

To revenge "the cheat" our martial spirit burst forth again with a heat which left its prior temperature cool and moderate. Every available "regular" was hurried to Belgium, the expected battle-field—the region of battle-fields since Cæsar's time. Wellington was again

* Captain Usher's ship, when conveying the French Emperor to Elba, was spoken at sea by another ship of war, the captain of which came on board for a few minutes. A sailor leaning over the taffrail was heard to call to another looking from Captain Usher's ship, "Well, you've got Boney on board?" "Ay, ay," was the answer, "we've got him at last!"

in the saddle; Blucher was in the field; while Russia and Austria countermarched their yet undisbanded forces, and hastened—there were no railroads in those days—from their more distant position, to the rekindled war. A large body of our own best troops were on their long *steamless* voyage from the unhappy American war; and noting, as we did, the preparations of the enemy, with experience of his custom of rapid advance on the unprepared, our courage was not unmingled with fear, that we might not be adequately prepared to meet the coming storm. Our troops were soon in cantonments in and near Brussels, with every precaution for speedy concentration. It was time. The armies of France, led on by their redoubtable chief, were already rolling like a mighty flood onwards to the field, where our own fathers, sons, and brothers, waited undismayed to arrest their course. There was no breathing-time. The foe walked at once into the heart of the combat. Ligny and Quatre-Bras were already fought—two battles, as Ney afterwards lamented, in one day. The Prussians were driven with great loss from their field, defeated, but not routed; while the British, victorious in theirs, bivouacked on their own ground—from which the retreat of the Prussians on their flank would have made a retrograde movement necessary, to maintain communications and concentrate forces, even if it had not been determined, to a previously mapped-out field of battle, known to have been chosen by Marlborough a century before, but abandoned, it is said unwillingly, from circumstances which he could not control.

Such were the first tidings of the war, received in England in four days, and in Scotland in six, which,

had they then been known, electric wires would have brought in as many minutes. The author witnessed the effect of the news in Edinburgh. It met him as he entered the outer hall of the Courts of law, still called the Parliament House, from having been the hall of the Scottish Parliament before the Union. The unwonted words were passing from mouth to mouth—"Wellington is defeated! He has retreated to *a place called Waterloo!* The game is up! The hero of a hundred fights quails before the eagles of Napoleon! The Prussian army is annihilated!" And thus and thus was Pandora's box emptied.

"But Hope the charmer lingered still behind."

A retreat is not necessarily a defeat, began some one to recollect—a retreat, moreover, to a named place, most likely a previously chosen position, infers a stand at that place. A detachment only has been engaged, and necessarily fell back on the concentrated main body. The retreat of the Prussians would have exposed its flank. Wellington had yet to put forth his strength. The French had *never*, since they first met him, gained the smallest advantage over him; on the contrary, had been beaten in every action, and that so statedly, that Napoleon was known to have exclaimed pettishly to the unlucky bearer of the news of yet another Peninsular disaster —"Bah! Les Anglais toujours battent les Francais!" "No! No!" said one more sanguine reasoner of the long robe, "we shall have news of a victory yet; and, as it must be near at hand, one way or the other, I should be more delighted than surprised if the castle guns should wake us to-morrow morning." Another

barrister, quite as patriotic, but less sanguine, would cheerfully pay a guinea for every gun fired for a victory, to any one who would take very easy odds. The bet was taken, the taker patriotically wishing to win, the offerer still more patriotically wishing to lose. The business of the morning had scarcely proceeded two hours, when a gentleman rushed into the great hall, and almost breathless shouted "Victory!" He was mobbed. "How had the news come?" "By express from the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, then in London. The French completely routed, at *the* place called Waterloo, by one grand bayonet charge of the whole British army!" Such was the brief flourish, for a lengthened struggle of ten hours, which was first sounded by Fame's trumpet. The bearer of the glad tidings was soon in the Court where the judges were sitting; the cheers of the Outer Hall were suspended only to be renewed in the Inner. Further law proceedings were out of the question; adjournment was ruled; and judges, advocates, agents, and officers, were speedily in the streets, already crowded by their excited and exulting townsmen. Nobody could stay at home. The schools were let loose. Business was suspended, and a holiday voted by acclamation. Everybody shook hands with everybody; and as the Lord Provost's brief express, got by heart by the whole population, could not be made longer or more particular than it was, the most restless were perforce obliged to wait, with what patience they might, for the dawn of the next day. The sun of that morning saw no "sluggard slumbering 'neath his beams." The streets were crowded before the post arrived. The mail-coach was descried approaching, adorned with laurels and flags, the guard waving his

hat; and soon it dashed into the town amid cheers that made the welkin ring. The accounts were now official. All was confirmed; and, as early as seven o'clock, the Castle flag rose, and nineteen twenty-four pounders sounded in the ears and filled the eyes—for the effect was overpowering—of the excited throng. Need we say that the *nineteen guineas* were joyfully paid by the loser? or need we add, that the winner handed them over to the fund, speedily commenced, for the wounded, and the widows and families of the slain?

Newspapers, with the despatches, including the list of the casualties, so far as known, were snatched from the post-office. They were common property, and the holder of each, whether he willed it or no, was elevated on the nearest vacant steps to read out the accounts, *pro bono publico;* and many who had relatives in the battle trembled as they listened to the names of the killed and wounded; and a fearful catalogue it was. Up to this moment, all had been a kind of wild romance, the sublimest and most awful, the saddest and the most joyous, for such are the mingled feelings on the first tidings of a victory. The business-like despatches of the "Iron Duke" brought us down to the stern prose of the terrible combat. It was a ten hours' struggle, marked by the most trying hazards and vicissitudes. Many an anxious hour had dragged on its slow length before the Prussians appeared, and before the charge was sounded, in grand finale, which turned into a panic-stricken mob, flying in the dusk and the moonlight, the Imperial host—cavalry, infantry, artillery, young guard, middle guard, old guard, and all. The Prussians and all the Allies had their due share of credit assigned them, while the heavy

loss was deplored by the Duke, with the feeling which becomes a generous and gallant soldier.

Without the delay of a packet, medical men of eminence, several from Edinburgh, hastened to the country of wounds as to a vast hospital, at once to relieve suffering and reap experience. Meetings were held, and liberal subscriptions opened. Private letters brought minute details of intense interest; and multitudes, impelled by an interest which would be unworthily called mere curiosity, crowded the packets to Belgium, eager to see a field so near and so recent; to learn the tale on the spot, and to breathe the very air of a region shining with their country's glory, and resounding with their country's praise. Among these was the author of the following notes. It is impossible to convey to a reader of the present day an adequate idea of the kind of feelings which the locality excited in the visitor's mind. There prevailed in it an absolute *aura*, which exhilarated, almost intoxicated him, like nitrous oxide. The wounded claimed universal sympathy. Not only well-appointed hospitals, but private houses, were open to them. In the latter the family acted as tender nurses, and were only restrained by the more cautious surgeons from literally killing the patients with kindness. The author visited the hospitals, mingled extensively with both the wounded and their attendants, met and conversed with the convalescent as they moved on crutches, or were wheeled in garden-chairs on the public walks; and many a tale he listened to of the "hair-breadth 'scapes" of the terrible field; and many a question he answered of what was thought and said "at home." Then came the vivid pictures which the excited natives drew of their own share in the horrors of

the day—described as ten hours of thunder; of their anxiety, and terror, and despair; the flight of multitudes as tidings came, all disastrous, confirmed by crowds of fugitives from the field; and their joyful return when the truth overtook them on their way. Last and greatest, a visit to the battle-field itself. The author, when all his feelings were fresh, attempted to record that visit in a volume which his countrymen favourably received at the time; and which, reprinted in its place in these notes, he now submits to the perusal of his younger countrymen, who, most probably, never heard of its existence.

After the lapse of thirty-seven years of peace and progress, it would be strange indeed if the author, in his old age, and after years of humble labour in the cause of social improvement whose chief enemy is war, should either feel, or wish to revive, the belligerent spirit which his notes, written in the midst of it, freely describe. Matter, long since, of history, and now, well-nigh, of romance, the war may be studied as an old picture, and read as a tale of other times, which would not have been disturbed in its dusty shelf, had it not been felt to be as harmless as any tale of chivalry; and as little calculated to call the present day to arms, as the wars of the Roses, the rebellion of Forty-five, or the Crusades themselves. There is, however, one useful practical moral in the memorable history. A new-born power moves by starts and springs, as sudden as capricious. Despots frown on England's freedom, and would rejoice to crush it. War, even yet, is not impossible; and we have a country more worth defending than ever. Men who were not born when the sword was sheathed, *may*—which God in his mercy avert—be called upon to unsheathe it again. To

them their country's safety is committed. Their grey-haired sires, who, when their "brows were brent," turned the battle from our gates, look to them for that shield which they themselves nobly held over their country. It is right that our youth should know how these sires wielded both sword and shield—how fields were won by them; and, above all, how military ruffianism unequalled in modern times was quelled, a flagitious conqueror hurled from his bad eminence, and peace restored to an exhausted world.

The Author followed the armies to Paris; and the recollections of what he saw and felt there form a large part of these notes. Much as there is at all times to interest in that capital of the Continent, the crisis superadded a kind and degree of excitement altogether peculiar. History presents nothing which can be compared with it. The world seemed congregated in Paris. Europe's armies, princes, statesmen, warriors, peoples, met within its walls; and, in all their varieties of aspect, manners, and costumes, crowded its streets, walks, churches, theatres, galleries, museums, saloons. The artistic plunder of Europe, its rarest paintings and sculpture, not yet restored to their rightful owners, enriched the Louvre gallery, and were legitimately enjoyed by thousands, who were free from the guilt of bringing them there. Councils, whose members were princes, sat on the destinies of nations. The masters of science and literature, the sons of genius, met in one attractive centre, and interchanged their lights and friendships. The "stars" of the drama and orchestra gravitated to it too; while to the banquet and the ball, kings and statesmen, and generals, imparted an eclat and splendour worthy of an assembled world.

At one of the latter, given by the Duke of Wellington, and described in the following notes, the Author, who was present, was arrested by a spectacle which brought a crowd of reflections into his mind. A large framed portrait of Napoleon, himself, stood on the floor of one of the saloons, on a level with the spectators. Princes, generals, statesmen, gay dancers, beautiful women, looked upon it, uttered a moral sentiment, and passed on. All felt the change of which the presence of this shade, instead of its stern original, was the proof. It was all that remained in halls which a few short hours before had echoed to the living voice of the conqueror of Europe—the Alexander, the Cæsar, of modern times, the Emperor Napoleon! "*Sic transit,*" said many a beholder—"*sic transit gloria mundi!*" Armies on the largest scale, of all the European powers, were an interesting sight to the mere citizen-soldier. But above all affecting was absolute contact and companionship with the gallant men—alas! how many of them now no more!—fresh from the field of victory, and full of its marvels and heart-touching tales. If even to the calm retrospect of age, the stirring days of Waterloo have not lost their interest, if allusions to them even yet have something of a trumpet sound to all, they must offer excitement of the most attractive kind to the young; and it is mainly to the importunities of his young friends, who have listened to fragments of these "Tales of other Times," that they should be given to the public, that he has yielded, and sent his notes, written in the midst of what they feebly describe, to the press and the publisher.

PARIS AFTER WATERLOO·

&c.

CHAPTER I.

ANTWERP.

AFTER a four days' passage from Leith, and a short but delightful tour through the most interesting part of Holland—from Rotterdam, by the Hague, Leyden, and Haarlem, to Amsterdam; and south again by Utrecht and Breda; we entered Flanders at Le Coin D'Argent, on the 27th July 1815; and a few hours afterwards arrived at Antwerp.

Some of the novel feeling of first treading the long interdicted Continent had worn off; so that I had travelled many a straight mile on Napoleon's chaussée of granite, with hardly a glance bestowed upon the little-varying scenery on either side of it. But in our progress there did occur places, especially towns, so fertile in interesting associations, so identified with our impressions of French presence and power, so recently the lair of the monster just hunted down, that it was impossible to approach them without the most engrossing sensations; avidity to survey them closely; an increase of pulse on entering their lately implacable gates; and a large share of national pride, because a visit, so long dangerous, was

at length *made* safe; and the visitors received with consideration even, on account of their country.

No place of strength and importance occasioned these feelings more than Antwerp—a place whose very name we had long connected with the idea of danger to England; and which we knew to be the favourite, jealously guarded, and almost mysterious *officina*, where something tremendous was forging against us by an enemy, whose means always exceeded our calculations. These considerations much increased the intensity of my gaze at the broad ditches, lines, and bastions of that almost impregnable fortress; and gave a double effect in imagination to the cannon which pointed on the long bridges; till, on arriving at the gate, I saw the first proof of the satisfactory change of times, a guard of the 25th regiment of our own trustworthy country.

After the verification of my passport at the office of the police, I was surprised to hear my name called out in friendly English, as I was crossing the great square in front of the Hotel de Ville; and turning round, saw my friends, Dr Somerville, inspector-general of military hospitals in Scotland, and Dr Thomson, professor of military surgery in Edinburgh; who had, with an enterprise and benevolence most creditable to themselves, set out for this country of wounds, immediately on hearing of the battle of Waterloo. The wounded at Brussels had for a considerable time occupied their attention, and they had now come to Antwerp in prosecution of their object. As they had visited a near relative of my own, wounded at Quatre-Bras,* my first inquiry was about his progress. They informed me that he had a short time before obtained

* Captain James Simpson of the 1st Foot Guards, created *Grenadier Guards*, in reward for their having defeated the grenadiers of the French Imperial Guard; and now Major-general, and Commander-in-chief of the South Western District, and Deputy-governor of Portsmouth.

leave to return to England, in a fair way of recovery; and that they had heard of his safe arrival in London.

The permanent objects of the traveller's attention in Flanders and France were postponed in this eventful year, to the marvels of the juncture. I was now in the region of Waterloo, with an interest in its theme growing as I advanced. I had reached the first city where the details of its only yesterday horrors, sufferings, and glories, banished every other topic of conversation. Many of the wounded actually in Antwerp; public buildings converted into hospitals, and more private houses devoted to the same use; with all that the brave sufferers loved to relate, each of his own share of the great day—it was in effect to be in the field itself, to be at this time in Antwerp; and the interest of seeing the wounded was enhanced by the company of two of their most skilful, zealous, and justly popular friends.

A stronger impulse than that which prompts a visit of sympathy and admiration to the brave in the comparative comfort of a well-appointed hospital—a wish to save life, or mitigate anguish, would urge one into the midst of the newly-created horrors of a field of battle. Fortunately for our countrymen, this impulse was promptly obeyed by the humane inhabitants of Brussels; and many a soldier owed his life to the speedy resort of individuals to the scene.

It would be only less insensible than passing them by in the field, to decline an opportunity of visiting in hospital, a large body of the men who had purchased with their limbs the mighty victory with which the world resounded. Nor can any degree of excitement be imagined more intense, than that occasioned by the absolute presence of so striking a feature of the battle as its wounded. The idea that their sufferings are every day diminishing occurs for the visitor's relief, and that they are reaping the advantages of a system of skill and care, not exceeded

in any branch of the multifarious economy of the great country which their firmness and valour have made to triumph. Many a zealous and patient medical labourer in the military hospitals, with, perhaps, the gratitude of his patients, or his own reflections, his only reward, has been heard to regret that the public knows so little of, or cares so little for, those noble monuments of the combination, the genius, and the skill, of the professors of the healing art. Yet there is no road more certain to the formation of a just estimate of our country, than an introduction to the interior economy of its institutions. There is a healthy vigour in every branch, which springs from one sustaining root of freedom, of light, and of energy; nor is there any better foundation for true patriotism than an intimate knowledge of the details.

Something, if possible, beyond the average care for the sick and hurt, appeared to me to animate all ranks of medical men for the wounded of Waterloo; and their zeal made no distinction between their countrymen and the enemy.

I accompanied my friends to an hospital with 800 British wounded, which they visited in the evening. The building was well fitted for its purpose. One of the finest barracks, perhaps, in Europe, called the *Caserne de Façon*, built by Buonaparte for the destined plunderers of London, was immediately available for the comfortable reception of their wounded conquerors. The latter were further indebted to him for the industry with which he had fitted up all the convents of Antwerp as barracks; nothing could be more convenient and satisfactory than the easy conversion of these into hospitals, with the best possible accommodation. There was no end, through my whole tour, to the occurrence of striking examples of the reversal of French *destinies*, which the times had produced.

The scene was now entirely divested of its more horrifying features. A general air of comfort and comparative

ease was apparent in the accommodations, clothing, and appearance of the men; and the satisfactory assurance was superadded, that they were in general doing well. There was therefore nothing to prevent the casual visitor from experiencing the peculiar and rare interest of the scene, and connecting it with the field of battle; nor could anything be imagined more touching than the sight of the beds, and bandages, and crutches, of the wounded of Waterloo—except always that of the graves of the slain on the memorable field itself. We knew that the intending poet of Waterloo, Mr Walter Scott, was shortly to visit Antwerp and Brussels, and anticipated much from his seeing the wounded. In the variety of aspects in which the scene would appear to different descriptions of visitors, its poetical features are not the least striking; and, combining the affecting spectacle with the field where the havoc was wrought, such a poet cannot fail to describe it with the utmost beauty and pathos. It needed not poetical inspiration, however, to feel intensely the occasion; for hard would his heart be, who could have gone through the ranges of beds, and seen so many brave men unable to rise, so many limping or creeping about; so many arms in slings, and heads bound up; and withal, such perfect patience and order; and glanced in thought at the stupendous boon to mankind, of which this scene of suffering was the price, without a tribute of emotion quite overpowering.

With many of the men, whom I was assured it did not disturb, there was no resisting the temptation of conversing. A non-medical stranger was a variety to them; and they were most naturally eager to know that their deeds and their sufferings were duly appreciated. "What do they say of us at home?" was several times asked. And a most liberal assurance, that their unequalled merit had ample justice done to it by their countrymen, seemed very gratifying to them. Out of doors, in a large court-

yard, were great numbers of the more slightly hurt and the convalescent: and we were enabled to distinguish our own countrymen by their bonnets. They came about us in numbers when they heard Scotland mentioned. It was a great refreshment, they said, to hear its name. "They hoped they had not disgraced it." To a man, however, they rejected any exclusive praise on their own account: "They did no more than their duty; and so did every regiment in the field."

The contentment and cheerfulness of these brave men were very affecting. Every one gave an answer, in which there was resignation or hope, to inquiries how they were; and there was a decency of demeanour and good order, which strongly marked the reasonableness and good sense of the respectable soldiery of our country.

Beyond the citadel, is La Corderie, a building constructed by Buonaparte, as a rope-work, 1300 feet long, to give space for making the cable of a first-rate ship of war. It is fitted up as an hospital for about 1500 of his wounded soldiers.

A very different feeling from the mingled pity and admiration with which our own wounded countrymen were visited — some hesitation to mingle with what I believed to be ferocious and exasperated men, was not unnatural, but, as a moment of the reality showed, very unnecessary. Insulting language, at least, a stranger might have apprehended; but even this had no place, where all were engrossed with their own sufferings; humbled in a consciousness of their irretrievable defeat; and withal, under excellent surveillance and discipline. The whole length of the place was open; and the beds were arranged in four rows from end to end. We walked, generally unnoticed by their occupants, up and down the lanes between them; and, equally disregarded, frequently stepped over a bed, or passed between two, when going from one passage to another. It was impossible to imagine

two extremes more strikingly contrasted, yet more forcibly associated, than the spectacle which these unfortunate enthusiasts presented now, and their confidence and fury but yesterday; their submissive tranquillity in their flannel gowns and caps in the hospital, and their noise and cuirasses in the field.

Many cases, however, were such as to chase all the thoughts now described, and substitute unmingled pity in their stead. Death was at work here, much more manifestly than we had observed among the English wounded. Many faces, as we passed along, seemed hardly to retain signs of life—a spectacle tenfold aggravated by the reflection that nature had maintained a struggle with anguish for a whole month, to yield in the end, in circumstances compared to which instant death in the field had been mercy. The cases in the French hospital were almost all worse than those in the British: this was especially true of the sabre wounds—a circumstance which was attributed to the superior physical force of the British arm, nerved by resentment for the cruelties of the enemy, which it may be believed were not hid from the men, and by the enthusiasm of pursuit when the day was decided; but, in truth, much more naturally accounted for by the consideration that most of the slightly wounded found means to escape from the field. We chanced to witness, as we passed, the actual termination of one poor soldier's sufferings; a moment delivering him, but impressing the unaccustomed beholder in a manner never to be forgotten. We had observed a very miserable-looking priest, with his book and crucifix, visiting several parts of the ward; and now saw him standing with folded hands muttering a prayer at the foot of one of the beds, where the clothes were thrown over the face of the occupant. The latter had just breathed his last.

We stood uncovered to hear, and pay becoming respect

to, the ceremony of blessing the dead. The hourly report of casualties soon followed us to the bureau of the hospital. In it was the death, at half-past nine o'clock, of "Jean Baptiste Bronneur, of the young guard, aged twenty-two years,"—a youth who did not doubt either of the easy triumph of his Emperor, or of his own arrival at the rank of a marshal of France; who but yesterday contributed his utmost strength to the shouts of the Champ de Mai, and swelled the tide of self-devotion at the field of Waterloo,—now stretched lifeless on his pallet, for the bad cause of that unworthy chief, who certainly, had *he* seen the last moments, and listened to his own name on the dying lips of his devotee, would have been too much occupied with the means of saving the remnant of his own dishonoured days, to have spared other reflection than something about *sottise* or *dommage*. No associating principle of the most irresistible contrast could more powerfully have recalled to our minds the flight and surrender of Napoleon Buonaparte, than the shrift of *Jean Baptiste Bronneur, de la jeune garde, agé de vingt-deux ans.*

Yet did a phrenetic zeal for the Emperor, in these poor creatures, seem to increase with their sufferings, and in the face of the full knowledge of his sacrifice and desertion of them. One man was pointed out who had tossed his amputated arm in the air, with a feeble shout of "Vive l'Empereur!" Another, at the moment of the preparations to take off his leg, declared that there was something he knew of which would cure him on the spot, and save his limb, and the operator's trouble. When asked to explain this strange remark, he said, "A sight of the Emperor!" The indispensable amputation did not save him—he died in the surgeon's hands; and his last words, steadfastly looking on his own blood, were, that he would cheerfully shed the last drop in his veins for the great Napoleon! A singularly wild and almost poetic fancy was the form in which a third bore

his testimony. He was undergoing, with great steadiness, the operation of the extraction of a ball from his side, and it happened to be the left. In the moment of his greatest suffering, he exclaimed, "An inch deeper, and you'll find the Emperor!"

Had the Emperor merited such heroic devotion; had he gallantly sacrificed himself in the field; or had his cause been as good as it was profligate, there would have been no alloying reserve in the pathos, and even sublimity, of these effusions. But another reflection intrudes, which at once renders the kind of scenes described unsuitable and repulsive. It is to be feared that affections less amiable called them forth. The mortified Frenchmen were preaching themselves, at the moment, as much as their idol. The latter was too well known, even in the effulgence of his power, ever to be personally beloved; but how much less when the blindest of his worshippers could not but know that he had made a safe escape in his own person, leaving them to *remember* him in the horrors of the flight and the hospital! Yet every Frenchman, identifying Napoleon's name with his own greatness, had committed himself so entirely, that to cease to cry out "Vive l'Empereur!" as long as breath or life lasted, was a thought not to be endured for a moment. A Frenchman, it is well known, lives for effect; and if circumstances only excite him enough, will die for effect too. Mortified vanity and wounded pride will impel him to anything; and it is therefore that a petulant and unyielding spirit, after defeat in battle, is the last thing to leave, if it ever leaves, the French soldier or the French nation. Man and woman of them tell the allied troops, who live as masters in their houses, in Paris itself, that, *nonobstant*, they are not conquered; while retrospectively talking of their own days of prosperity, in which the prostration of their most humiliated enemy never equalled their own as it now is, we hear of no-

thing but French conquests, and their *legitimate* fruits. A visit to the French requires a considerable stock of patience, among other requisites.

From the hospital of the Corderie I was conducted by a guide, who was provided for me, into the impregnable citadel. It is considered as a masterpiece of fortification. The whole of the works, and the system of the garrison, were most obligingly explained to me by the governor, Colonel Crawfurd.

I had observed on the outside of the citadel, several parties of men dressed in coarse red jackets, working at different sorts of hard labour, chained two and two by the legs, with heavy irons. The first party were attending two carts with a water-cask on each; and their march made a loud clanking noise. They were convicts, sent to Antwerp from all parts of the country, for a certain term of years, and many for life. Each party had a superintendant with it, and the description who are allowed to work out of doors are the better behaved, and those whose time is nearly expiring. With an under keeper, my only guarantee, I went into their great prison, within the citadel: it consists of large wards, divided into stalls, placed head to head along the middle range, so as to leave the walls free on both sides to pass along. A man on the outside unlocked a huge iron-grated door, and in a moment my conductor and I were among some hundreds of desperate criminals. This was worse yet than the French prisoners. I had often heard that a visit to the felons of Newgate is neither pleasant nor safe; it seemed to me much worse to be surrounded by foreign ruffians of all sorts. To my amazement, as we passed along, the poor creatures, many of whom had left their stalls to go over to the opposite wall, about the length of their fetters, ran into their kennels, that we might not have to step over their chains; and one and all stood silent, and pulled off their caps as we passed.

The governor told me that this was not owing to there being an overseer with me, but that they would have done the same had I been alone. I should not, however, have made the experiment.

The prison is kept well aired, and there are very few sick. The number is above 1000. Their submission results from the hopelessness of their situation, and the severe regime under which they are placed. To prevent even the thought of mutiny, loaded cannon are pointed to both sides of the prison. Two English regiments were in the citadel, the 37th and 25th.

In the streets and walks were many wounded officers taking gentle exercise. One fine young man, an Irishman, I used the freedom of addressing. He was much emaciated and sadly lame; and no wonder, for he had received twenty-four sabre wounds. His servant was with him, watching and supporting his steps, with "69th" marked on his cap. I was in quest of an officer of that regiment, and found that he was in the same quarters with the gentleman to whom I had spoken. I walked slowly home with him, and saw the object of my inquiry; he was quite recovered, and meant to proceed to Paris to join. They were very modest in their account of the battle, but naturally much pleased to hear that the country did them justice.

In Antwerp much was said of the Highlanders. An inhabitant whom I saw, had seen the wounded arrive. He himself had been recognised and spoken to by a poor wounded Highlander; which absolutely, he said, gave him a kind of consideration in the crowd. He felt prouder at the moment than if a prince had smiled upon him.

At Brussels, and wherever I went in the Netherlands, when the English troops were mentioned, whom they likewise much admired, the natives always returned to the Scotch, with "*Mais les Ecossais,*"—they are good and kind as well as brave; they are the only soldiers

who become "*enfans de la famille*" in the houses in which they are billeted; they even rock the cradle, carry about the children, and help the domestic work. The favourite form of compliment was, "The Scotch are lions in the field, and lambs in the house." There was a competition among the inhabitants who should have them in their houses; and when they returned wounded, the same house which they had left had its doors open, and the family went out some miles to meet "our own Scotsman."* The people had many instances to relate of the generosity of these men: after the battle, Highlanders, themselves wounded, were seen binding up the wounds of Frenchmen, and assisting them with their arm. Would that we could tell the same tale of French soldiers themselves! Their general rule—not without exceptions, we trust—was "no quarter." There cannot be a better test of two nations, a better decision of the question on which the peace and happiness of mankind should depend.

With Mr Annesly, the British consul, from whom and his interesting family I received much polite attention, I saw the docks constructed by Buonaparte, and two first-rate ships of war lying in the Scheldt. The river was full of English vessels, and a number of the half-cured wounded were embarking for their homes. I went to the top of the tower of the great cathedral, nearly four hundred feet high, and had a view at once of the whole of this vast town, with its citadel and fortifications. Its extent seemed nearly equal to that of Edinburgh. The magnificent Scheldt winded under our eye, by Fort Lillo to Walcheren; and a rich, verdant, wooded and grain-covered, champaign, with many towns and villages, extended, as far as the eye could reach, all round.

* On the Continent, the Highland regiments are not called Montaguards, or Highlanders, but *Scotch;* which, unknown to the foreigners, is really their just appellation: for, as is well known, they are a mixture of Lowlanders and Highlanders.

Antwerp itself is very grand and very ancient. It is Spanish, both in the style of its buildings and costume of its inhabitants. The hotels, or rather palaces, of many of the Flemish noblesse who live in Antwerp, are grand and sumptuous, resembling the first order of houses in London. But in the same street there is the Continental incongruity of an intermixture of houses of the meanest description, which, added to the want of side pavement and sunk areas, entirely destroys the idea to which the streets and squares of London, Dublin, and Edinburgh give rise, of a population of the superior classes.

The Cathedral itself is one of the largest and most superb structures in the Netherlands, in the richest style of the florid Gothic. The towers are exquisitely ornamented, and elegantly light. The inside is also most splendid; and I observed with much interest the blanks carefully preserved for the pictures of Rubens, the Ascent to the Cross, the Crucifixion, and Descent from the Cross, which he had painted as the altar-pieces of the cathedral of his native city; and which I afterwards saw actually taken down from the walls of the Louvre gallery, among the first in the progress of the great act of restitution.

CHAPTER II.

BRUSSELS.

We travelled through a country between Antwerp and Brussels, which seemed richer than any we had yet seen, and more varied in its beauty, from the undulations of its surface. Some places were of considerable acclivity; and on the ridge was generally a handsome country-seat, with gardens extending down to the road. Still the latter, paved in the middle like our streets, was quite straight, and always enclosed with a row of high trees on each side. The crops were in many places reaping; two or three men cut with a short scythe (the *Hainault*) in one hand, and a kind of hook in the other, to gather the corn, and to serve the purpose of holding it tight till the other instrument strikes it. They seem to get on quickly enough in this manner; and here, as in Holland, much field labour was going forward, although it was Sunday.

We passed through the town of Mechline, so famous for its lace, and also for its cathedral.

Sunday is a market day in the Flemish towns; the shops are all open; and, before and after the church service, the peasantry are seen buying cloth, provisions, and other articles.

On entering Brussels, the same busy scene presented itself, in tenfold proportion to that at Mechline.

I went with a guide out of the Namur gate, and, about

half a mile in the suburbs, found the house of a relation of my own and his lady, who had been for some time resident in Brussels.

Our way lay through a part of the splendid new town of this capital of the Netherlands. As we passed, it was striking to see on many doors, written in chalk, "1, 2, or 3 *blessés*." This was probably for the convenience of the medical men. Sometimes it was "2 *officiers blessés*," and on one door I read "2 *Anglais, et* 2 *Ecossais blessés*." This was nearer and nearer Waterloo, and I felt a great respect for these chalked doors.

On entering the great square, or Place Royale, I was arrested by its magnificence. It seems about the size of the principal squares of London and Edinburgh, but without an enclosed garden in the centre. The houses are on a uniform and regular plan, singularly elegant, with a beautiful church of Grecian architecture in the centre of one side. The streets enter by the middle of the sides, and the corners are filled up by beautiful arcades or porticos, surmounted by statues, warlike trophies, &c. in white marble. I have seen nothing which gave me more the impression of a square of palaces than this noble *Place*. Streets run out from the square, and enclose what is called the park, or public walk. These houses, arranged in rows at least half a mile long, are in the same style of magnificence; varied here and there, in their uniformity, by a fine public building, with noble porticos, and a richness of white ornament in statuary on the cream-coloured brick, with which they as well as those of the Place are built, which has a truly royal appearance. The park is tastefully planted, and traversed by walks in such a manner that a magnificent palace seems to form a vista to each; and every alley abounds in copies, in marble, of the finest statues, disposed with much taste. I have nowhere seen anything so completely elegant and grand as this new town of

Brussels, with the exception of the Place de Louis XV. at Paris, with its magnificent prospects. The rest of the town is like Antwerp, only much inferior. Very Spanish is the appearance of the older houses; and the women, as in Antwerp, wear the Spanish veil.

In Brussels, perhaps still more than in Antwerp, as so much nearer the scene, the battle was the constant and deeply interesting subject of conversation. With my friend and his lady, who had been in Brussels at the time, and had endured all the alarms, and run all the risks of that unparalleled period, it was naturally an inexhaustible theme. They had seen the ravages of the plague in Malta, and come through many other dangers; but all were forgotten in the scenes which they witnessed upon the late tremendous occasion. There is no way of giving a more graphic account of these than shortly relating, as they recounted it to me, their own share in the memorable days of June.

It is well known that the news that the French had attacked the Prussians at Charleroi on the 15th, reached the Duke of Wellington in the evening of that day, instead of the morning, which, but for a mistake of the officer in charge, it ought to have done—a mistake which caused much bloodshed that might have been saved. The Duke was at a ball at the Duchess of Richmond's, for Brussels was full of gay and fashionable company. The information produced his prompt departure for the rendezvous of the British army at Quatre-Bras.* The inhabitants of Brussels were roused from their slumbers in the silence of the night, by the drums and bugles of alarm; and, pouring out of their houses, increased the confusion. My friend, among the rest, immediately re-

* From Quatre-Bras he paid a hasty visit to Prince Blucher, and, it is said, objected to his position, and predicted his defeat. Defeated he was, but he retreated slowly in excellent order; so feebly pursued by the French as to be lost sight of by them altogether.

paired to the Place Royale, where, and in the Park, unagitated by alarm, our brave troops were making their preparations, and taking their places, with all the composure of an ordinary parade. The artillery, the cavalry, the waggon train, were all in perfect order in the Park, and setting out with alacrity to meet the enemy. The sun was rising when the march began; each regiment went off with three cheers, in the midst of the inhabitants, who had crowded every spot where they could get a last look of them, and follow them with their blessings and prayers. My friend was naturally most affected with, and loved most to recount, the steady, serious, business-like march of the Highland regiments, who were about to justify, and exceed, the utmost that had been said and expected of them in the Netherlands. "*Dieu protége les braves Ecossais,*" was often repeated as they passed along; and flowers were thrown from many a fair hand into their ranks. In three hours the Place Royale and the Park were empty and silent; and the inhabitants retired to their houses in a state of anxiety which defies description.

Very early next morning, my friend set out for Quatre-Bras, moved by a natural sympathy, having seen the regiment in which he had once served, on its march to the scene of action.

He was much affected by meeting on the road, on their way back from that scene, two English ladies on horseback, unattended, in agonies of grief, which spoke too plainly its own cause.

He saw the memorable ground of the brilliant action of Quatre-Bras, which, although forming really a part of Waterloo, has its own separate merits of the highest order. Let it never be forgotten that here, nine thousand men, Guards, Highlanders, and several other gallant regiments, with four thousand Brunswick, Belgian, and Hanoverian troops, without cavalry or artillery, actually drove back Marshal Ney with thirty thousand men,

and bivouacked for the night on their own position. Their loss was grievous. The Highland garb was particularly conspicuous among the slain. These brave men, cheered in the morning by their admiring friends, when marching out of Brussels, were down in ranks. The striking circumstance is noticed in a very spirited account of the campaign, published in Paris by a French officer, who was himself in the whole of it, to which I shall in the sequel make frequent reference.*

In returning, my friend was alarmed on looking round, to see the English troops in retreat — that necessary movement, which enabled Lord Wellington to concentrate his whole force at Waterloo, about eight miles in rear of Quatre-Bras, a position chosen and mapped out a week before. He was soon overtaken, and the road was so completely choked up that his gig could with difficulty proceed. He thought of leaving it, and taking to the fields; but, finding that he got on at least at the pace of the retreating army, he kept his seat, and arrived safe on the Saturday night at Brussels. It thundered and lightened fearfully. Successive reports were spread in Brussels, that the French had carried all before them, and were at the gates, to massacre, plunder, and burn. About mid-day on the Saturday, many foreign soldiers began to arrive at Brussels. They were at first mistaken for French; but when they were known, their flight and panic gave even greater alarm. Although at least fifteen miles from a Frenchman, the horsemen galloped, cutting their horses with their sabres, the infantry ran, and the

* "The road and skirts of the wood were concealed by heaps of dead, of which the greater part were Scotch. Their costume, which consists of a kind of short wrapping coat, (*une jaquette plissée,*) made of a sort of brown stuff interspersed with stripes of blue, and which, hardly reaching so low as the knee, leaves a part of the limb uncovered, singularly attracted the attention of the French soldiers, who called them *sans culottes.*"—*Relation by an Eye-Witness.*

whole passed on the road under my friend's window, at which his lady sat in indescribable anxiety and terror. Nobody would admit the fugitives; the gate Namur, and all the entrances to the town, were closed; and many English gentlemen were seen urging them to return to their colours. They lay down in numbers, on the pavements of the suburbs, and on the boulevards under the walls.

Towards the afternoon, the wounded English of Quatre-Bras began to arrive; and, instead of shutting the gates against *them*, multitudes went out to meet them, and each family was anxious to find if their own inmate was among them. Even the ladies attended them, and dressed their wounds.

Sunday came, and the battle, about nine miles off, began to roar. It was described by the inhabitants of Brussels, as one uninterrupted peal of thunder in their ears for ten hours.

> "Then great events were in the gale,
> And each hour brought a varying tale."

But the fears of the inhabitants always persuaded them that the French were victorious. What then must they have felt when English baggage passed through Brussels and crowded the road to Antwerp. No wonder that the rumour was then believed, that the French had gained the victory. The entire population wished to fly—satisfactory evidence of no great attachment to the French. "We are lost, we are lost!" was the only cry to be heard among the inhabitants. My friend resolved on flight on his lady's account, and had the extraordinary fortune to reach Mechline, about fifteen miles, unhurt. They got a place in the track-boat on the canal; and, being close to the road, saw all its horrors. When horses fell, the waggon wheels crushed the rider; baggage was thrown off and carried away by the peasants to be cut open and

plundered. Great sums of money were in this way lost; and clothes and other property spread over the fields. An English officer, who had lost a foot, and was carried on his servant's back, came and begged to be taken into the boat. He was known to my friend, who, although the passengers, intent on self-preservation, opposed it, by absolute force obtained his admission. At Mechline they found it very difficult to obtain admission into a house, and the difficulty was increased when the people were told that the lady was ill. Most providentially they procured a carriage to Antwerp next day. On their arrival there, they heard an altercation between their coachman and a woman on the top, whom he had taken up, and would not let down till she paid a franc. They found this poor *détenue* to be the widow, newly so made, of a soldier killed at Quatre-Bras; and the mother of a child which she had the day before seen crushed to death by a waggon wheel! Many of the wounded were travelling the same road: some had lost a hand or an arm, multitudes were on foot, and all sorts of carriages and horses crowded the road and increased the danger. The scene was beyond description horrible; but a feeling of terror and self-preservation much diminished the concern for the sufferers. This is too common in the horrors of war. The persons crushed in the flight to Antwerp were thrown into the ditches, and all this was witnessed by my friend and his wife. The confusion was dreadful, yet no one had seen a single Frenchman.

When my friends arrived at Antwerp, the first sight they saw was heart-rending. An officer's lady had just learned that her husband's head had been shot off at Quatre-Bras. The poor lady was running about the market-place, hysterical and delirious, with a little boy crying and running after her. "My husband is not dead, he is just coming; his head is not shot off." The people did all they could to console her.

Hardly had they sat down in Antwerp, when an alarm of a different kind was spread, which added to their terrors. A servant of the hotel ran into the room, almost breathless, calling, "*Feu, feu, feu!*" "Where is the fire?" "O, it is in a vessel on the canal, in the midst of several powder-ships, and the whole town will share the fate of Leyden."* To their great relief, they were soon informed that the fire was got under.

In the course of the Monday, the news of the defeat of the French arrived; and on the following day my friend and his lady returned to Brussels. On the Wednesday he visited the field of Waterloo. The scene was indescribably horrible. The quantity of caps and hats strewed on the ground was very great. At a distance, it appeared as if the field had been covered with crows. When he came to the spot, the sight was appalling. At first there was a great preponderance of British slain; but more in advance, the revenge made itself dreadfully marked, for several French lay dead for one British. The field was so much covered with blood, that it appeared as if it had been flooded with it; dead horses seemed innumerable. The peasantry got much booty when they ventured out of the wood after the battle. A great quantity of cap-plates, cuirasses, &c., were gathered by them, to be sold as relics.

The scene was for a time exposed to a new and intolerable annoyance, which a few gendarmes might have prevented. Prussian stragglers robbed visitors to the field. I saw an inhabitant of Brussels who was there on the Thursday after the battle, and had reached the road about a quarter of a mile beyond *Belle Alliance*, when round a rising ground galloped a Prussian hussar with drawn sabre, to whom he gave his watch and money to save his life; and when the sufferer returned to the vil-

* The explosion in Leyden in 1807.

lage of Mont St Jean, he related his mal-adventure to one of our own countrymen, who had shared the same fate.

I had the good fortune to travel from Brussels to Paris with a young Irish officer and his young wife, an Antwerp lady of great beauty and very pleasing manners. The officer had been in the battle of Quatre-Bras, as well as of Waterloo; and to him I owe some of my minutest and most interesting information. An anecdote of his fair Belgian, which he justly took some pride in relating, will further serve to give an idea of the kind of scenes then occurring, the horrors and the dangers of which it is so difficult to describe. He was in cantonments at Nivelles, having his wife with him. The unexpected advance of the French called him off on a moment's notice to Quatre-Bras; but he left his servant with his wife, one horse, and the family baggage, which was packed upon a large ass. Retreat at the time was not anticipated, but was suddenly ordered on the Saturday morning, when he contrived to get a message to his wife to make the best of her way, attended by the servant, to Brussels. The servant, a foreigner, had availed himself of the opportunity to take leave of both master and mistress, and made off with the horse, which had been left for the use of the latter. With a firmness becoming the wife of a British officer, she boldly commenced on foot *her own* retreat of twenty-five miles, leading the ass, and carefully preserving the baggage. No violence was dared by any one to so interesting a pilgrim, but no one could afford to assist her. She was soon in the midst of the retreating British army, and much retarded and endangered by the artillery. Her fatigue was great; it rained in water-spouts, and the thunder and lightning were fearful. She continued her route, and got upon the great road from Charleroi to Brussels at Waterloo, when the army on the Saturday evening were taking up their line. In so extensive a field and large a force, it was in vain to seek her hus-

band; she knew, moreover, that the sight of her *there* would only have embarrassed and distressed him; she kept, therefore, slowly moving on to Brussels all the Saturday night, the road crowded with all sorts of conveyances, waggons, and horses; multitudes of native fugitives upon it, and many flying into the great wood; whilst the wounded worked their painful way, and some dropped to breathe their last. Many persons were actually killed by others, if by chance they stood in the way of their endeavours to save themselves. And to add to the horrors, the rain continued unabated, and the thunder and lightning still raged as if the heavens were rent asunder. Eight miles farther, in the night, this young woman marched in the mud, her boots worn off, so that she was nearly barefooted; but still unhurt, she continued to advance; and although many lost their baggage, and many their lives, she entered Brussels in the morning in safety, and without the loss of an article.

In a few hours after her arrival commenced the cannon's roar of the tremendous Sunday, exposed to which, for many hours, she knew her husband to be; and after a day and night of agony, she was rewarded by finding herself in his arms, he unhurt, and she nothing the worse, on the day after the battle. The officer told me the tale with tears in his eyes. He called her his "dear little woman," and said she became more valuable to him every day. I seldom have seen a more gentlemanlike young man; and assuredly his pretty Belgian seemed almost to adore him. It gave additional value to the foregoing anecdote, that I had it from the actors in the scene described. When I remarked that she resembled the famous Elizabeth of Siberia, the lady exclaimed, "*Ah! ma mère dit la même chose!*"

We paid a visit to the beautiful palace of Laken, in the vicinity, from which Buonaparte had dated the pro-

clamations to the Belgians, taken in his baggage. It is a fine house, something like the Register House of Edinburgh, with the same kind of dome, but having a more elegant appearance, from its ornaments in statuary.* It is situated on the summit of a beautiful sloping ground, all of which is laid out with great taste in the manner of English landscape-gardening. The apartments in the palace are in good style and taste, though far inferior in magnificence to those of the palace at Amsterdam; but in convenience and elegance I think they have the advantage. Laken, like Amsterdam, was furnished from Paris by Buonaparte. His favourite apartments are shown as a kind of trophies, by the servants of the present royal owner—his bedroom, and, above all, his bath. A Dutch young lady, who was of our party, was persuaded to pull the gold tassel of the bath bell, which Napoleon must often have handled; but with great horror, and perfect gravity, immediately rubbed her hand to wipe off the pollution.

In Brussels we saw the grand museum, to which purpose the ancient palace of the Spanish government of the country is converted: the library appears good, and the paintings are numerous, and by the masters of nearly all the schools. We likewise saw a private collection, belonging to an old gentleman, and were much pleased with it. The proprietor, M. Bourtine, went through the rooms with us himself. We went to the theatre, which is much superior to that of Antwerp, and saw part of a French comedy. The King, who had just arrived from Holland, was present, which gave us an opportunity of observing how he was received by his new subjects. Nothing could

* In front of the Register House stands Steele's equestrian statue of the immortal Wellington, by far the finest in Britain. It was inaugurated on the last 18th of June, before its great original died. The *Iron* Duke in *Brass* by *Steel!* was a day's pleasantry upon it.

be more loyal and flattering than their reception of him; and many allusions were made to the brave Prince and his glorious wound—a most valuable wound for the House of Orange.

I delivered a collection of numbers of the Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, to Mr Van Mons, a Brussels *savant*. Even his conversation was all of Waterloo, and that interminable theme, the Scotch regiments. One Highland sergeant, formerly billeted in Mr Van Mons' house, came back, with the basket hilt of his sword so bruised that he could not get his hand out of it till relieved by a blacksmith. He made very light of his wounds, and only hoped soon to be able to join. The enemy had not *disarmed* him, at least!

In crossing the grand market-place of Brussels, from Mr Van Mons' house, I saw women riding, after the fashion of the other sex. One was sitting on a tall horse, haranguing a crowd as a mountebank doctress, attended by a man who beat a drum. Her fluency of speech was great. Indeed, I saw women frequently addressing the public in long speeches, recommending their wares, or glossing over their impositions.

A foolish report was current in Brussels, that the Netherlands were to be exchanged by Holland with England for Hanover. The arrangement, however, seemed to give very general satisfaction. Nothing can exceed the present popularity of the English, and the change of sentiment of the former friends of France *since* the battle. All benefit from France is now at an end, and loyalty has become the best policy. It will improve as public affairs get arranged. The men are everywhere training to arms for the house of Orange, who have risen immensely in public esteem since the Prince's spirited conduct in the battle.

I learned from my medical friends, that when they found my wounded relative, formerly mentioned, he told

them that he was shot in the wood of Quatre-Bras; and when carried to the rear, had recollection enough to be sensible that three attempts were made by the enemy's tirailleurs to take his life. He spent the night in a cottage, which was soon filled with the wounded, several of whom died before the morning. Fortunately for him, the enemy's troops did not move early next day; and having set off some hours before the retreat, he passed Waterloo without being overtaken. He was held upon his horse by his servant, assisted by several soldiers of his own company who were not wounded, and was repeatedly laid down on the road-side, exhausted with pain and loss of blood. Had the enemy driven back the British on the preceding day, he must have remained in their hands.*

* He has himself, since I have seen him, confirmed the above account. His description of a close encounter with the enemy, which fell to the lot of his company of the Guards, is amusing, and anything but complimentary to the invincible French. While his own men advanced steadily and silently, the French fidgeted about and gabbled, crying out, "*En avant! en avant!*" all the while continuing to *recede*. The wood was cleared of them by the Guards.

CHAPTER III.

VISIT TO THE FIELD.

With that intensity of feeling, which the expectation of soon seeing the field of such a battle as Waterloo naturally occasioned, our party, consisting of three, was in readiness by six in the morning. There had been rain during the night, and the morning was gloomy—having, as we were told, the same appearance as that of the 18th of June. The ground would be wet, but so it was on the day of the battle; and, moreover, in point of time, we should arrive about the hour it commenced.

After proceeding three or four miles, we entered the forest of Soigné. It covers a great extent of country from east to west, but is only about five miles broad, where the road passes through it to Waterloo. This forest was the great source of supply of ship-timber for Napoleon's naval schemes at Antwerp, and already had built several ships of the line. The same forest which was intended to furnish the means of her humiliation, protected the rear of her victorious army on the day when England, at one blow, destroyed the power of her would-be destroyer for ever.

Every foot of the road was interesting, as it held its straight course through the wood. We contrasted the gloomy quiet of our journey—a few peasants going to their early labour—with its accumulated horrors on the

day of the retreat of the baggage and wounded of the army; the multitudes that dropped and died; the numbers who were crushed to death; the hurry, the alarm, the confusion; the cries, and shrieks, and groans of that dreadful scene; and the unprotected "Elizabeth," steadily and safely holding her way in the middle of it all. Our carriage kept the paved chaussée, or centre of the way; the two sides, of about fifteen feet wide each, being deep and muddy, as they were on the great occasion. The whole breadth of the road seemed to be forty or fifty feet. The trees which bounded it on each side were tall, and trimmed like a very high hedge or screen; beyond them immediately commenced the thicker and more irregular wood. Here the wounded had crawled, and died in great numbers; much baggage had been plundered, and the whole population of the country had fled for safety.

Our postilion pointed out the little mounds where men and horses had been interred. The sepulture had been hurried and imperfect, especially of the horses—hoofs, and even limbs, occasionally showing themselves. Often bayonet scabbards stuck out; and caps, shoes, and pieces of cloth, scarcely in the gloom distinguishable from the mud in which they lay, gave indication of the spots where many a soldier, after bleeding in the field, and toiling along the road to expected aid and comfort, unassisted, unpitied, by the self-engaged sufferers who saw him fall, had sunk to rise no more. Some rain fell as we were bestowing a passing survey upon these affecting memorials of the brave, in a situation peculiarly dismal.

Waterloo's village, and small neat church with its dome, was now in our view, situated in a recess of the wood which had been cleared for it. The road was now quite out of the forest; which, however, darkened the whole region to east and west, as far as the eye could reach. The inhabitants of the hamlet have been at pains to preserve the chalking on the doors, on which we recognised

the names of celebrated officers, or of the offices of the several departments at headquarters.

We were immediately surrounded by the people, offering for sale, with great importunity, relics of the field; particularly the eagles which the French soldiers wore as cap-plates. A few cuirasses, both the back and the breast pieces, were likewise held up to us, as well as sabres, bayonets, and other spoil.

We drove a mile forward to the still smaller hamlet of Mont St Jean, by a gradual ascent of the road, to right and left of which the British army bivouacked on the eve of the battle—having advanced over the crest in the morning, to the southern slope facing the enemy, on fair open ground, without an advantage, to decide the fate of the world.

Mont St Jean is quite behind the British line, and had its name given by Buonaparte to what was properly the farm-house of La Haye Sainte, which, after repeated failures, he did succeed in carrying; but certainly his troops never were so far advanced as Mont St Jean—indeed, never did, for more than a few minutes at any time, succeed in penetrating the British line.

We left our carriage at this hamlet, and walked on to the field with nervous anticipation. To the right and left were the multiplied marks of the artillery wheels, as, rivalling "lightning's course in ruin and in speed," they had careered to their station in the line. Whole tracks were marked by the feet of the cavalry in the mud. The last homes of the brave began to appear, with the larger *tumuli* of their horses, more frequent as we approached the scene of contest. Keeping still the great road, we came to a tree which formed the precise centre of the British line; the well-chosen station of the Duke of Wellington, when not visiting other parts of the position to confirm the unflinching spirit of his gallant comrades. It commanded a full view of the intermediate plain, and

the whole of the enemy's force upon the adverse height, with every movement made or threatened by him.

Nothing is more false than the French assertion (added to their never-failing pretence of being overpowered by numbers) that the British position was naturally strong and carefully fortified. *Unintrenched* stood the British army, along its whole position, on a slope so gentle that a carriage driving up would scarcely slacken speed; and to the ridge of which the French cavalry found no difficulty in galloping almost to the very bayonets of their opponents, who threw themselves into squares—their only intrenchments—to receive the charge. It was, to use an English phrase, just the place for "a fair set-to; a clear field and no favour."

We had the good fortune to meet with a very intelligent English officer, who had been in the action, and who had that day paid his first visit to the field after recovering from his wound.

From Lord Wellington's station we stood and gazed in silence on the whole scene. And deep was now the silence, contrasted with the roar of the battle. The gloomy weather still lasted, and was preferred by us, as peculiarly suitable to the scene we were contemplating. The conception is much aided by viewing the field of a battle. The actors being more familiar to us, we can people the scene with them, and become actually present, as it were, in the action. Indeed, so very simple is the field of Waterloo, that a conception of very ordinary power may quite take it in from description alone.* It will serve all popular purposes to say that, at the distance from each other of about a mile, the contending armies occupied parallel high grounds, sloping with almost equal declivity to a plain, of about half a mile broad, which

* See the first in order of the two Plans annexed; warranted by official authority.

intervened. The English lines extended about three miles and a half; the French nearly three. The Brussels road ran at right angles through both armies, forming the centre of each. On this road, in one line, were the villages of Waterloo and Mont St Jean, and the farm-houses of La Haye Sainte and La Belle Alliance; while the only other place which requires to be referred to is the memorable château of Hougomont, advanced some way in front of nearly the centre of the right wing of the British army. The road from Brussels to Nivelles, which branches off at Waterloo from the great road already described, passed the right of the army; which last being thrown back into a curve, crossed the angle formed by the two roads, like the scale of a quadrant. Smaller roads and foot-paths intersected the field in numerous directions, none of them of any importance in the affair, excepting always those which admitted the brave Prussians to their share in the well-fought field.

The night before the battle, the troops lay down, in rear of the fighting position, already drenched with the heavy rain, in the mud of the ground. It has been remarked that, by a fatality, our armies have often had unfavourable weather for their greater exploits. The country had been quite dry till the movement of the troops from their cantonments; but on the 17th, the thunder, lightning, and rain, continued almost without intermission, till the morning of Waterloo, when they ceased; but the weather continued gloomy till the evening. Fortunately there was too much excitement of spirit, for the physical inconvenience to be much felt, either at the time or afterwards. The men were fresh from cantonments; and their toil, though severe, was short. Never did British army take the field in better condition. The cavalry especially felt the advantage of fighting before losing the effects of their superior keeping, by the toils and privations of a campaign.

The Irish officer, formerly mentioned as my travelling companion to Paris, recounted the effect of the wet bivouac on himself, in a manner which gives a striking view of the high feeling of the men who sustain, in the field, the honour of our country. When he rose up about six o'clock in the morning, he could not stand, from a violent shivering, but fell down in the mud again. He made several efforts, but in vain. Without dreaming, when he recounted the circumstance, of an inference favourable to himself, which he was not aware that I was drawing, he described his feelings to have been perfect agony, arising from the dread that he should not be able to do his duty. An hour or two, and a little brandy revived him; and when he found he could stand, his relief of mind amounted to exquisite joy. Yet an army of ferocious enemies were full in his view; he heard their shouts or rather yells—the prelude to the onset; death was looming in its most threatening aspect; in the gloom of the morning, the broad and deep masses of the foe, with their reserves yet further and further back, appeared, he said, as if the forest of Soigné had changed its ground; yet did this fearless youth's heart leap for joy, when he found himself able, for the honour of Ireland, *to stand up* to the coming storm; like the Oneida chief—

"Fearing but the shame of fear."

I heard, in Paris, an officer of the 95th, with the same manly absence of self-gratulation, give a similar account of his own trials on the dawn of Waterloo. Who can wonder at the virtue with which the entire day was sustained, when such were the feelings with which the battle was waited for, and begun!

As we stood on our commanding spot, the thought naturally occurred, what were the numbers that peopled the scene on the 18th of June, as well on our own ground as on that of the enemy, now all under our eye? Of

neither were the current estimates then accurate. The force on both sides was greatly exaggerated—each by its adversary. Whilst the victors sought to swell their trumpet-sound by boasting of the superiority in number of the enemy they had defeated, the vanquished were not slow in reiterating that they yielded to overwhelming numbers alone. It would be out of place, in a sketch like the present, to go into minute official details; but the result of these may be stated in a very few words. Of the large army with which Napoleon entered Belgium, after its losses at Ligny and Quatre-Bras, and the detachment under Marshal Grouchy, he brought into action at Waterloo 71,947 fighting men of all arms. This force was met by the Duke of Wellington, after his detachments for garrisons, with 67,655. In cavalry the French exceeded the Allies in the proportion of 15,765 to 12,402; in artillery, 7232 to 5645; and in guns, 246 to 156.*

* The reader is referred to Gleig and Siborne for official details of the numbers. The former gives the following concise table:—

	Infantry.	Cavalry.	Artillery.	Guns.
British,	15,181	5,843	2,967	78
King's German Legion,	3,304	1,991	526	18
Hanoverians,	10,258	467	465	12
Brunswickers,	4,586	866	510	16
Nassauers,	2,880	..	..	..
Dutch-Belgians,	13,402	3,205	1,117	32
Total,	49,608	12,402	5,645	156

Grand total, 67,655 men, and 156 guns.

French Infantry,	48,950
Cavalry,	15,765
Artillery,	7,232
Total,	71,947 men—246 guns.

Against this latter force the battle may be said to have mainly depended upon 23,991 British troops, and 5821 of the German Legion, or 29,812 men—say 30,000. This may be said consistently with giving all due credit to the allied contingents, the very great majority of which behaved well, and greatly added to the weight

The mere numbers, therefore, were not widely different. The balance was in favour of the French on the whole, and very considerably in cavalry and artillery. Their troops, too, were, to a great extent, veterans inured to war, in the highest state of discipline—and all French. The greater part of the allied army was composed of troops that had never been under fire. The British regiments, for the most part, were second battalions, comparatively few of the Peninsular soldiers having fought at Waterloo. The allied contingents—with the exception of the King's German Legion, which was as good as the best of the British, and the Brunswickers and Hanoverians,—were raw and ill-disciplined, and by no means to be depended upon. Regiments of Dutch-Belgians fled; while those who stood required all the watchfulness and encouragement of the British officers, and the example of the men, to keep steady. Considering the composition of the respective armies, the odds against the Duke of Wellington were terrible. What, then, gained the victory? There is but one answer: a higher *morale*. This quality pervaded the British troops, new to battle though they were; and the vital share of the great Duke in the victory was keeping that spirit up, and supplying it fresh

of the final charge, by the whole allied army, in the evening. The author may add, that the exaggeration of the numbers in his former editions were the current belief at the time. Blucher's despatches states the British army at 80,000, and the French at 130,000; while the French bulletin gives the British 80,000, with 15,000 Prussians "in line" on their left—in all, 90,000; and then adds, "ours less numerous." A French officer, who fought under Napoleon, published a *Relation* of the battle, a translation of which is referred to in the text, understood to be the work of Mr John Lockhart, editor of the *Quarterly Review*. He states the French army at 120,000; which force, he adds, was "*ecrasé* (overwhelmed) *par le nombre*" by the British army. This was a ridiculous statement. Large masses of the French were often repulsed by very inferior numbers. Witness 300 of the 92d Highlanders against 3000 of the enemy.

every hour of the day from the stores of his own gallant heart, cool head, and matchless constancy. He wielded the living machine in a manner to which Europe could have furnished no parallel.

Buonaparte, with his usual presumption, persuaded himself that the British general did not mean to make a stand, but was in full and continued retreat. He was rejoiced, or affected to be so, when he saw his troops in position in the morning; and is said, extending his arm towards them, to have exclaimed—"Ah! je les tiens donc, ces Anglais!"

The Duke did not show his whole force, a large portion being in line behind the crest of the position. This surprised his opponent; and, on his remarking it to General Foy, who spoke from experience, the latter is said to have answered, "Wellington conceals his troops till they are needed; but your Majesty will see them in due time. They are the devil in close fight." "Allons donc," replied the Emperor, "nous verrons;" and gave orders for the attack, himself, it is said, firing the first gun.

The battle commenced, according to the Duke, about ten o'clock, by the advance (and we distinctly saw their course) of one entire *corps d'armée* on the right centre of the British line. The attack had for its first object to carry the post of Hougomont, the key of the position; in possession of which, the French could have turned the British right. That force, under King Jerome, began the battle. As admitted by the *Relation*, fresh reinforcements were sent to this scene of carnage repeatedly to no purpose. The utmost success of 20,000 men, of all arms, was to force the 1st, 2d, and 3d Foot Guards, under the command of Lord Saltoun, to take refuge within the post, instead of defending the wood on the outside of it. The post itself was never occupied by the enemy for a moment. The Guards kept it the entire day, in spite of

grape and musketry and balls and shells and flames, till they issued from it in the hour of victory.*

Two hours, a delay unaccountable to the Duke of Wellington, elapsed between the first attack on Hougomont, and any farther advance by the enemy—for cannon roared from both positions the whole day. A large force of 20,000 men, of all arms, and 70 guns, under Ney, stood all that time prepared for an attack on the British left wing. An alarm, which reached Napoleon, that the Prussians were near, in force, rendered a strong reconnoissance necessary, which consumed the time, and favoured the British general by so far throwing the final rout of the enemy into the night. The alarm proving groundless, the force advanced in four columns, with characteristic bravery, about two o'clock. A tremendous fire from our artillery, in front and flank, greatly damaged the columns, but did not check them. With cries of "Vive l'Empereur," and yells that were described as demoniac, they advanced. The entire slope in view of the left wing swarmed with infantry, cavalry, and artillery. It was surveyed in silence by our men—"the fearful silence of the English," as the French describe it; but the bravest "held his breath for a time." No sound was heard but the words "Steady, men!" occasionally from the mounted officers, who felt that they addressed young soldiers, and could not help feeling anxious. As one field officer had uttered the encouraging word, he was addressed by a sergeant, who turned round and said, "Never fear us, sir: we know our duty." He was at once reassured.

The French column, on their right, attacked a corps of Dutch and Belgians on the left of the British line, which scarcely stood at all, but broke and fled, and were never more seen. Picton's soldiers absolutely hissed

* The *details* of this matchless defence, as recorded by Gleig and Siborne, are perfectly marvellous.

them; while many officers, and another and braver corps of their own countrymen, endeavoured in vain to stop them. The soldiers of Picton's division were much tempted to fire upon them; but did not, although the belief prevailed in Holland that they actually did. It would have been wise in the Dutch to have said as little as possible on the delicate subject. The French column which defeated the Dutch-Belgians did not pursue them, but became available to strengthen the two columns to their left, which attacked General Picton's division, consisting of the brigades of Kempt and Pack. A very different reception awaited them by these gallant officers. By a close fire, followed by a charge with the bayonet—ordered, with his well-known spirit, by Picton himself—the two French columns in front of him were in a few minutes defeated. The right column gave way first, and fled down the slope in panic and confusion. The left was for a short time firm; but was disposed of by one of the most brilliant feats of a combat unparalleled for brilliant feats in modern history. It was the fortune of the 92d regiment, (called by the French the yellow Highlanders, as distinguished from the 42d, whom, because of their blue facings, they named the Highland Guards)—reduced as they had been at Quatre-Bras to 300 men—to find themselves face to face with a column of the enemy, without exaggeration, of ten times their own number. Of this they were regardless; and, with levelled arms, rushed upon the front of the enemy's column. A cheer for the gallant Highlanders, from all that witnessed their fearlessness, increased their ardour;* and no one who saw the few plumed bonnets actually mixed with the

* The author has been often told by a friend, who was then an ensign in the 92d—now Major James Ross, long retired—that as he rushed forward upon several thousand "moustached devils," within a few yards, he scarcely felt the ground, and knew not whether his head or heels were uppermost.

crowd of bear-skins, can ever forget the thrill of mingled admiration and dread which made their blood run cold. But 300 men was a small amount of actual matter mingled with 3000, and might have died of mere pressure and suffocation—when lo! a noble band, just when needed, rushed to the rescue, and completed the feat so gallantly begun. The very ground trembled, as round the western end of the stunted hedge, which ran eastwards from the British centre—horses in high condition—men in steady determination—wheeled like a whirlwind the Royals, Greys, and Inniskillings—the Union Brigade—in high rivalry and irresistible brotherhood. "Scotland for ever!" shouted the Greys, in admiration of their plaided countrymen. "Scotland for ever!" responded the Highlanders. The effect was electrical—the enthusiasm wild. Rout is a weak word: the enemy could not manage a rout, for they could not get away: 2000 infantry threw down their arms and surrendered themselves; every gun was taken; and the cavalry were pursued. Some Highlanders, seizing hold of the stirrup-leathers of the Greys, ran—which Highlanders alone can do—at the rate of a horse's gallop, to have their share in the vengeance.* *This* was, as it is apt to be, carried too far. The "Unionists" themselves, dispersed over the plain, could not resist the attraction of the flying cuirassiers; and many of them were well up the enemy's acclivity, cutting down the cuirassiers, before they drew bridle to return. When they did, they were exposed to a heavy fire of reserves of infantry and artillery, and the charge of fresh columns of cuirassiers and lancers, before which

* The French prisoners were sent to Brussels, gnashing their teeth with mortification and rage, and hoping to be amply revenged before the day was done. When first taken, many of the grenadiers, as witnessed by Major Ross, dashed their caps on the ground, and bitterly cried, "*Accident! Accident!*" Many of them shed tears of rage and shame.

they had no choice but to fly back as rapidly as they advanced;—a lesson to British cavalry, which it is hoped they will never forget, and save the enemy from calculating upon this excess of gallantry, and arranging for its expected occurrence; nay, even tempting it, by feigned defeat. It is said that the Duke regretted the rashness even more than he admired the gallantry, and characteristically said to those about him, "These brave fellows are squandering themselves away: they would confound the best laid plan of battle."

And yet there was another magnificent body of British cavalry which rivalled their gallantry, and shared their error and its punishment: the brigade of Lord Edward Somerset consisted of the 1st Life Guards, the Blues, and 1st Dragoon Guards. Their charge, like that of the Union Brigade, drove before it, in confused flight, a large force of cuirassiers, which had advanced under a mistake. At the moment of the *melée* on their left, the right wing were ordered to move backwards and cover themselves by the ridge of the position, till they should be again wanted. This movement was observed from the French position, and mistaken for a retreat, which a large force of cuirassiers was ordered forward to follow. They galloped up the British incline in all the confidence of a supposed pursuit, little recking what awaited them. Instead of a flying enemy, they were confounded to hear, and in an instant to see, the tremendous horse which had routed them the day before at Genappe during the retreat, within a few yards of them. The surprise alone settled the matter: they were actually ridden down, cuirassiers and all. The words of the author of the *Relation* are, that they were *bouleversés et culbutés*, which Boyer translates, "turned topsy-turvy;" and all of them that could, turned bridle and fled in confusion. A column of infantry—the fourth, under Ney—which had moved to

its left to attack La Haye Sainte, were just in time to take their share in this rout, and contributed their numbers to cover the plain with fugitives. But the enemy had powerful reserves, whose flanking fire, with the charge of fresh and unbroken horse, fell upon the Somerset troopers at the same time with the Union, both in comparative dispersion, and now mingling with each other. Both would have been destroyed, but for the most opportune and resistless charge of another body of British cavalry, who came on, as cavalry ever should, in firm squadrons. Sir William Ponsonby, with Colonels Vivian and Vandaleur, led these splendid troops, the 11th, 12th, and 16th Light Dragoons. They literally rode through and through the flanking infantry, overthrew the cavalry, and cleared the plain. Ponsonby fell from his horse severely wounded, and was left for dead on the ground. The Greys and their comrades returned to their place in position, to learn that the noble Picton was no more: he fell in the front of the spirited movement which he had directed. The command to charge had just passed his lips, when he fell from his horse a lifeless corpse. There lay the stern warrior, whom even Wellington feared—

> "With his back to the ground, and his feet to the foe,
> Leaving in battle no blot on his name."

If "short greeting serves in time of strife," lamentation itself must be brief, and reserved till the loss is reflected upon. The melancholy but instant duty of Sir James Kempt was to take the place so suddenly vacated. The Picton warriors were now to look to him and his gallant colleague, Sir Dennis Pack; and, under their leadership, had yet more laurels to gather in that bloody field. There were other losses to deplore. The colonel of the 12th was killed; and, more touching to the author, a young connection of his own, a cornet, in his first battle,*

* John, the eldest son of William Elliot Lockhart, M.P. for Selkirkshire.

fell to rise no more. He was seen, while waving his sabre in front of his men, to fall forward on his pommel, struck by a grape-shot. Our officer pointed out the spot where he lay—a prouder monument, the turf on which the soldier falls, than the proudest mausoleum in consecrated ground!

If those who occupied our present ground had the well fought *wounds* now faintly described in full view, so had Napoleon's station, about a mile along the road from where we stood. With a poor farmer named Lacoste pinioned on horseback beside him, sat the Emperor, unable to conceal his astonishment and dismay at the recoil and flight of his troops, and constrained repeatedly to mutter compliments to the spirit of the British cavalry. "These English fight admirably," said he to Soult; "but they must give way." "No, Sire, they prefer being cut to pieces," was the answer of one who knew something of them. The Greys especially struck him, and he often repeated, "*Quelles superbes troupes!*"

After repeated unsuccessful efforts, with large masses, to take the farm-house of La Haye Sainte, the enemy succeeded in that object late in the afternoon. The post was advanced two or three hundred yards from the centre of the British position. The enemy had not a moment even of temporary success in the line; but they did establish themselves, with great force, in the post of La Haye Sainte, in consequence, as the Duke of Wellington's account testifies, of the failure of the ammunition of a detachment of German troops, to which its defence was committed—a failure which, from the position and great strength of the assailants, it was at the time considered impossible to supply. This very limited, and, as it turned out, bootless success of the enemy, it appears, was matter of much self-reproach to the Duke. He has been heard to use very hard words, when speaking of what he calls his want of presence of mind on the occasion. It was

impossible to send ammunition in by the gates at the two sides of the farmyard, but it might have approached the *back* of the house, under cover of the British fire, and been handed in by an aperture made on purpose. Considering what the general on such a day had to think of, it will not be thought surprising that, with all his commanding influence, the Duke of Wellington has not succeeded in inducing any of his auditors to join him in the accusation. He had one comfort: the post, when carried, did no good to the captors. It neutralised a large force, and never for a moment shook the British centre.

The attacks now described as made and defeated, were, like the heats of a race, brief, when compared with the intervals, which, like those of a race, were sometimes long. During these our troops rested on the ground, generally withdrawn behind the crest of their position, to avoid the cannonade from the enemy's line, which scarcely ceased during the entire day. When we talk, therefore, of a ten hours' struggle, we do not mean a constant close fight during all that time. The visits of infantry were more rare than those of cavalry and horse-artillery. The infantry, unless when from their masses they could not avoid it, *never once crossed bayonets with the British.* It has been observed that there is an average limit to the endurance by troops of a heavy and well-directed fire of musketry—namely, from ten minutes to a quarter of an hour; after this, officers who would avoid defeat withdraw their men when they have failed in their attack. The French infantry's example during the day afforded no exception to this apparently natural law. The breadth of fire from the British infantry deployed, afforded a fair trial of the truth of the phenomenon; so that their threatened bayonet charges, with the exceptions mentioned, were, in no instance, actually waited for. Of this fact there is no doubt whatever. When the British lines had driven off the French infantry, they were promptly again in squares, at such distances from each other as to admit of deployment into

line when expedient, and, moreover, chequerwise, so that cavalry charging any one square were assailed by the fire of three at once. The effect of this was deadly. While the squares suffered little from cavalry attacks, which they baffled, the destruction of their mounted assailants was fearful; and, added to the fire of the artillery received by them as they advanced—(the artillerymen unlimbering and taking refuge in the nearest squares, leaving their guns, which cavalry could neither use nor carry away)—and the fire of the infantry, followed up by the British and sometimes German cavalry, we can almost believe the author of the *Relation*—an adversary's testimony—when, describing the conclusion of the battle, he says—"*Our own cavalry were entirely destroyed.*" No wonder; for the great cavalry attacks which the British defeated were ten in number! The enemy seemed never to learn by experience that these attacks were absolute insanity. Even charging, as they often did, with the most undaunted bravery, to the crest of the British position, they never could keep it; but were forced to turn and fly as often as they had taken their "ten minutes'" allowance, and, as many as could, to gallop down again faster than they came up, with British or German horse in close pursuit. Moreover, the cavalry attacks did not occasion serious loss to our infantry. These were, however, terribly thinned by the enemy's artillery, and considerably by their musketry.

It is not to be wondered at that our patient soldiers wearied by a long day so employed, expressed impatience to be led on to finish the contest, as they thought, at once. There can be no better proof of the determined spirit of a defence, than an urgent wish to convert it into an attack. An officer of the 95th regiment told the author that, on a visit of the Duke to their square when a body of French infantry were opposite to them, a cry arose from the men—"Let us at them, my Lord! only let us down upon them!" "Not yet," replied the Duke; "not yet, my brave men;

but you shall have at them soon. Stand firm only a little longer." And firm they did stand, and firm stood every soldier in the British army, and made no boast of it—they were only doing their duty; and any three hundred of them, told off for *that* duty, would have fought Thermopylæ itself in the ordinary course of business. In no part of the line did a thought of flinching from his allotted spot, or occupying any ground *behind* him but the breadth of his back where he stood, if he should fall, find a moment's shelter in the mind of the humblest British soldier at Waterloo. Glory—that noisy empty word always on the Frenchman's lips—is no fitting term for such manly, serious, silent steadfastness. Wellington's, like Nelson's, term for it was *duty*.* "The English," says the intelligent and impartial author of "The Character of the different European Armies,"—himself a Frenchman—"the English are undoubtedly the most intrepid people in Europe; the people who, more than any other, meet death, and see it approach with coolness and indifference."

Having, from our vantage-ground, gained a general idea of the field, we moved down to the farm-house of La Haye Sainte, to see the state in which the conflict had left that post, before making a circuit of inspection. Much of the wreck of the battle lay between the Duke of Wellington's station and the farm-house, which proved the hazard to which he had been exposed. The *Relation* admits the necessity of sending against La Haye Sainte *de nouvelles forces*, before it was taken, by the slaughter of almost all its brave defenders, whose ammunition was exhausted. It is an ordinary farm-house, and court of offices. The house forms one side of a square, and the offices the other three; the court-yard collecting the manure in the middle, and

* It has been observed, even by the French journals, since his death, that the word *glory* never occurs in the Duke of Wellington's despatches. In a consolatory letter to Lord Aberdeen on the death of his brother, Colonel Gordon, at Waterloo, he does use the term, but with much gracefulness, and no vain boasting.

sheltering the cattle. The side opposite to the house is a long building for cows, the passage being separated from the cows' stalls by a parapet about four feet high. At each end of the passage is a large door or gate, both of which were literally riddled with musket-balls, fired *from within* and *from without*, as could easily be distinguished from the kind of holes the balls had made. The bodies, after the action, were heaped up in the cow-stalls as high as the parapet. The whole farm-house, yard, and offices, might have afforded room for one thousand men to act. They had made loopholes for musketry all around the place; and many a hole had been made for them by the enemy. The whole presented a scene of shattered ruin, which could not be looked upon without a degree of interest amounting to terror; but it stood a noble monument of the determined valour of our German brethren in arms.

Some very poor children, who seemed to starve about the ruins, soon joined us, and began to beg from us *quelque chose* with most persevering importunity. Their miserable appearance was in perfect agreement with the scene of desolation about them. We saw no grown people who seemed to have any interest in the premises.

Having succeeded in opening the shattered door which led out to the fields to the west, we saw several women still engaged in the lately most lucrative occupation of gleaning up anything which they could sell to strangers. The same persons had very probably been active in stripping and plundering the slain before they were buried. We asked them where they were during the action: "All in the woods." Did they hear the noise? The answer was a shrug, and look of dreadful recollection. They seemed to be finding very little worth lifting. We were ourselves at the moment more fortunate, for lying among straw we found a bayonet, evidently marked with blood, which we brought away with us.

We returned to the tree, and directed our steps westward along the British line to the right. There was no

difficulty in tracing the line *by the graves* of the brave men, who had fallen where they stood. The survivors never quitted it, but to advance. The very ground was hallowed; and we trode it with mingled pride and sorrow.

If the unknown dead called forth these feelings, much more did the consciousness of standing on the spot, where some one known to us had fallen. We stood where the interesting Sir William De Lancey met his death, when rallying, with great spirit and effect, a battalion of Hanoverians that had got into confusion. He nobly refused to occupy the time of the surgeons with *his* wound, which he had heard them pronounce mortal when they thought him insensible. He was removed to the village of Waterloo, where he died. This gallant young man's early name, and just favour with his great commander, excited general and deep interest for his fate, and nowhere more than in Edinburgh, where he had been married only a few weeks before. His lady, a daughter of Sir James Hall, and sister of Captain Basil Hall, had arrived at Brussels some time before, and attended his death-bed.

Indeed, the instances of heroic death were as numerous as they are affecting. Colonel Miller * of the 1st Guards requested a last sight of the colours under which he had fought. He kissed them fervently, and begged they might be waved over him till he expired.

Captain Curzon, Lord Scarsdale's son, met his fate with something like "military glee." In falling from his horse, he called out to Lord March, who was riding with him at a gallop—"Good-by, dear March." And by one effort more, when his friend had left him for the urgent duty of animating a foreign corps in very critical circumstances, he looked up and cried, "Well done, dear March."

The idea strongly occurred of the next day's horrors of such a field as Waterloo. Numbers of the desperately

* Son of Sir William Miller of Glenlee, one of the Scotch Judges.

wounded and dying, in the midst of the dead, raised their heads, when visitors to the scene passed them, to implore water, or to beg death at their hands to end their agonies. Many of the wounded were not removed till the Wednesday, the third day after the battle.*

All was now hushed in the stillness of a long line of graves. No one who has not seen it, can imagine how touching it is to observe, strewed on these, fragments of what the brave men wore or carried when they fell. Among the straw of the trodden-down corn, which still covered the field, lay caps, shoes, pieces of uniforms and shirts, tufts, cockades, feathers, ornamental horse-hair red and black, and, what most struck us, great quantities of letters and leaves of books. The latter were all too much defaced by rain and mud to make it worth our while to lift any of them. In one letter we could just make out the words, so affecting in the circumstances, "My dear husband." We brought away some leaves of a German hymn-book; and probably, had we had time, might have found something curious in a department in which the peasants seemed not at all to have anticipated us. We noticed a characteristic distinction. While the debris on the allied ground showed leaves of Bibles and prayer-books, we saw numbers of playing-cards on the French. The author picked up the *livrette*, or account-book, much defaced with blood, of a French soldier, lately a conscript.

We were now on the station of the Prince of Orange, where he received his wound. The Dutch and Belgians under his immediate command behaved very gallantly. The Prince is said, in a moment of chivalrous feeling, when applauding their valour, to have torn the star from his breast, and thrown it into their column; adding, that he did not know who best deserved it, and therefore he gave it among them.

A gay regiment of light-horse were in the battle of

* See Appendix, No. I.—Sufferings of Sir William Ponsonby.

Waterloo, all inhabitants of a Continental city, which I shall not name. An opportunity occurred for them to charge the French cavalry, and an aide-de-camp came to them, with an order or request to that effect, from Lord Wellington. Their colonel, in great surprise, objected the enemy's strength—their cuirasses, and the consideration which had unaccountably, he said, escaped the Commander-in-Chief, that his regiment were all *gentlemen*. This diverting response was carried back to the Duke, who despatched the messenger again to say, that if the *gentlemen* would take post upon an eminence, which he pointed to in the rear, they would have *an excellent view* of the battle, and he would leave the choice of a proper time to charge entirely to their own sagacity and discretion, in which he had the fullest confidence! The colonel actually thanked the aide-de-camp for this distinguished honour, and, followed by his gallant train with their very high plumes, (the present great point of Continental military foppery,) was out of danger in a moment.

No part of the field was more fertile in associations than the ground of the 30th, to which the Irish officer already mentioned belonged, and, I believe, the 73d regiments, brigaded under our gallant countryman, severely wounded in the battle, Sir Colin Halket. I had already heard much of the firmness of these brave troops, and was to hear still more. To no square did the artillery, and particularly the cuirassiers, pay more frequent visits, but without ever shaking them for a moment. Their almost intimacy with these death-bringing visitants increased so much as the day advanced, that they began to recognise their faces. Their boldness piqued the soldiers. Some of them galloped up to the bayonet points, where their horses made a full stop. They then rode round and round the bulwark, and, in all the confidence of panoply, often coolly *walked* their horses, to have more time to search for some chasm in the ranks where they might ride in. The balls absolutely rang upon their mail; and nothing incommoded

the rider but bringing down his horse, which at last became the general order. In that event he surrendered himself, and was received within the square, till he could be sent prisoner to the rear. Truth obliges us, however unwillingly, to record that the French spared very few lives which it was in their power to take. We state this to deplore it; for it is an aggravation of the horrors of war, as uncalled for as it is atrocious.

A young officer of the Greys, known to the author, was shot by a French officer whose life he had preserved. The object of the Frenchman was to make his escape. He did not effect his purpose, being overtaken and cut down by the enraged soldiers.

In the demoralisation produced by a life of violence and selfishness, nothing is more frightful than the want of feeling which characterises the French soldiery. Their enemies could hardly expect to be spared by the men who, lying wounded, themselves, in the hospitals at Antwerp, were often seen mimicking the contortions of countenance which were produced by the agonies of death in one of their own comrades, in the next bed. There is no curse to be compared to the *power* of men like these. Europe entire rose to put them down; and they made a gigantic effort at Waterloo to rise again. It makes one shudder to think that they were nearly succeeding; and often I experienced a movement, in which it was hard to say whether there was most of indignation or amusement, when I heard Frenchmen and French-*women* lamenting, in pathetic and sentimental terms, their failure; with scraps about "Virtue unfortunate but always respectable."

The cuirassiers were repeatedly driven off by the 30th and their comrade regiment, themselves reduced by painful degrees. Line was again formed with unwearied alacrity: no complaint escaped the patient soldiers' lips, if we except an occasional cry to be led on. The storm was seen again gathering and rolling onwards. The command, "*Re*-form square—prepare to receive cavalry," was promptly

and accurately obeyed. The whole were prostrate on their breasts, to let the iron shower of artillery fly over—and erect in an instant when the artillery ceased and the cavalry charged. Such were "the MEN of Waterloo."

Unable to break in upon the square by open force, a commanding officer of cuirassiers tried a ruse: he lowered his sword to General Halket; several of the officers called out "Sir, they surrender." "Be firm, and fire," was the promptly obeyed answer. The general justly suspected an offer of surrender to infantry, fixed to the spot in a defensive position, by cavalry, who had the option of galloping off with all the plain open behind them. The volley sent the colonel and his cuirassiers, as usual, about, with a laugh of derision from the men he had meant to cut in pieces, and many a ring from their balls upon the back pieces of their mails.

This gallant brigade was honoured with several visits from the illustrious chief. In one he inquired "how they were?" The answer was, that two-thirds of their numbers were down, and that the rest were so exhausted that leave to retire, even for a short time, was most desirable—some of the foreign corps, who had not suffered, to take their place. General Halket was told that the issue depended on the steady unflinching front of the British troops, and that even a change of place was hazardous in the extreme. "Enough, my lord," he replied, "we stand here till the last man falls."

One anecdote more of this gallant brigade I cannot withhold. A gleam of the gentler affections is hailed with tenfold sympathy when for a moment it gilds an interval of the empire of the sterner virtues in the warrior's bosom. It is like the breathing of the softest flute after the clang of trumpets, or the downy contact of the halcyon's breast which stills the stormy sea.* In the

* Burke somewhere compares the kinder affections to "the soft green of the soul, on which the eye loves to repose."

midst of their dangers this band of heroes had their attention called to a very affecting scene of private friendship. Two of the officers were the more closely attached to each other that they were not on terms of perfect good understanding with the rest of the mess, owing to their having opposed some arrangements which the rest thought expedient, but which it was expected would be attended with expense. They concealed, most honourably, the real grounds of their opposition to the general voice, that, besides their own families, they had each two sisters to support—a consideration which assuredly they could not have pleaded in vain. The similarity of their circumstances naturally cemented their friendship, which was a by-word in the regiment. After doing their duty calmly through nearly the whole of the murderous day, they found themselves both unhurt in the evening; when one of them playfully called to the other, who stood at a little distance, "I always told you they never would hit me. They never did it in Spain, and they have not done it to-day." He had hardly spoke when he was shot dead on the spot. His friend stood for a few moments motionless, then burst into tears, flew to the body, threw himself down beside it, and sobbed over it, inarticulately repeating several times, "My only friend!" The officer who related the affecting story told me that so completely did the scene overcome every one who witnessed it, that there was not a dry eye among them.

There were not wanting some striking instances of individual heroism at Waterloo.

General Halket had a brother in the field who was colonel of a Hanoverian corps, which advanced with great spirit, in the evening, abreast of the best British troops. A trait of courage is related of him which has few examples in modern warfare, and is not exceeded by the far-famed achievement of Robert Bruce in his short combat with Sir Henry Bohun, as a prelude to the battle of Bannockburn. The French general Cambronne, while

giving his orders with great confidence to a large body of French troops, had come to their front. Colonel Halket made a dash at him, and, putting a pistol to his breast, seized his horse's reins, and brought him off from the very beards of his wonder-struck soldiers! I had the good fortune to spend an evening at the Hague with the mother and sister of these gallant men: from whom, however, I heard not one word of their deeds, which were quite new to me when I arrived at Brussels.

I had seen, as formerly mentioned, a young officer at Antwerp who had received twenty-four sabre wounds. The 69th, his regiment, with another, was the square next on the right of General Halket's. In one of their formations the French cavalry was unfortunately too soon up for them, penetrated into the midst of them, and almost destroyed them.

We saw the point where a Belgic corps was stationed on the right, where the French called out, "Brave Belgians, come over and join your old comrades." They did not comply with the invitation.

Next, in our exciting round, we arrived at the post of Hougomont, for ever associated with the name of the British Foot Guards. To them belongs the merit of having foiled the persevering and desperate attacks of at least twenty thousand of the enemy; and they were only the 1st, 2d, and 3d regiments, under Lord Saltoun, and Colonels Home and M'Donnell.

We found Hougomont * a country seat, with gardens in the Dutch taste, and extensive offices. A small wood is near the high garden wall, which latter is of brick, perforated in two tiers for musketry, and shattered with the enemy's cannon-balls. The light companies of the three regiments were at first in this wood, but were soon driven into the house.

* More correctly Gomont; a mistake, it is believed, of Lord Wellington's, destined now to perpetuity, very naturally arising from hearing rapidly pronounced, *Le Château de Gomont.*

The French officer's *Relation* admits that the place was not taken; that his countrymen suffered dreadfully in their unavailing attempts upon it, and at last endeavoured to shell it on fire. This they only partially effected; but they did leave the place a scorched and shattered inheritance, first to its brave defenders, and ultimately to its proprietor.

We could not resist picking up some small fragments even of the bricks and tiles of this spot, and of the bombs by which the chief ruin was wrought. For some time after the battle the number of dead in and around this post presented, perhaps, the most shocking spectacle in the whole field. When in the garden, where fruit-trees and shrubberies were blighted, and the alleys of holly and yew much torn and deranged, we saw the gardener. This poor man had remained in his garden all the time of the furious storm; because, as he candidly owned, he could not venture out of it. He confirmed the fact that the enemy never were within the premises—house, offices, or garden.

It is said that two ladies, interested in some relative, sat in a carriage during the action, so near the field as to be sometimes under fire; and an old woman remained in her cottage almost in the midst of the fight, as she said, *to save* her cows and pigs! We did not see this heroine.

The natural idea of the indemnification of the owner of Hougomont occurred to us when we surveyed his roofless walls and desolate grounds.* One of the farmers of the field, the progress of which to harvest had been so grievously interrupted, asked us whether the British government meant to pay him for his corn which had been trodden down? We told him that the said government has sometimes paid much less reasonable costs; and that he should at least make the trial by putting in his claim. The French, too, had a considerable hand in occasioning the damages, we reminded him.

* The Belgian government, it is believed, have done him this justice.

The wood on the outside had been filled with the French dead, and much wreck lay here.

We crossed diagonally to the hovel of Belle Alliance—a name of superstitious coincidence, on which it is the custom of the French more than ours to lay stress. Certainly they never had three such names as Fuentes d'Onoro, Vittoria, and Belle Alliance to boast of! The house is of the poorest description, consisting of two rooms, with two smaller back rooms, a passage, and some miserable holes up-stairs. There are also some ruinous outhouses, and a well into which several dead bodies had been thrown. On the gable of the house the owner has painted, in large and rude letters in black on a white-wash ground, "Hotel de la Belle Alliance!"

Our officer assured us that Wellington and Blücher did not meet at this spot, as generally believed, but some hundred yards further on in the pursuit. He had himself seen the meeting and the parting of these two great men, on that never-to-be-forgotten occasion. It is possible, though not probable, that the Duke may have entered the house—and the people show a straw-bottomed chair on which they say he sat down; but at any rate it was the headquarters of Buonaparte during the battle. The latter had supped in one house, and slept in another, not far from Belle Alliance. The first of these houses had been unroofed and nearly destroyed, for no assignable reason.

We entered the house, got some refreshment, and drank to the *Alliance*. A Brussels party, whom we had met on the field, were sharing the same bread and cheese, and *vin du pays*, and with them we interchanged toasts very heartily.

We were so much in the spirit of the moment and place as to read, while we rested, both Lord Wellington's and Buonaparte's account of the battle, which we had with us;* and in the same paper there happened to be the report of the proceedings of the Edinburgh meeting for

* Appendix, Nos. II. and V.

the Waterloo subscription. The speeches of several well-known characters, and, among the rest, of Mr Walter Scott, we read aloud; and certainly they could not have been read on a more appropriate spot. One liberty more we took within the walls of Belle Alliance. The passage was white-washed, and many names were written upon it; we quoted the following lines from the vision of Don Roderick, on the very spot of Napoleon's final defeat and ruin, on his *first* trial of strength with "the Wellington." The poet apostrophises Massena after the battle of Fuentes d'Onoro.

> "Tell him thy conqueror was Wellington,
> And if he chafe be his *own* fortune tried,
> God, and our cause, to aid, the venture we'll abide."

As we were so far advanced, we wished, before visiting Buonaparte's station and returning to the position of the left wing, to have one glance of the country over which the panic-struck enemy had fled. Nothing meets the eye but extensive unenclosed corn-fields, with very little wood; as if Soigné had rendered all further plantation in its region unnecessary. There could not have been a clearer field for flight; and well the advantage was appreciated by every individual French soldier. It was in this quarter that the Prussian stragglers were so dangerous for several days after the battle.

The officer who was with us belonged to the 23d. His regiment passed close to Belle Alliance on the opposite side of the road; by which means he was witness to the meeting of Lord Wellington and Prince Blucher. He saw them walk their horses for some hundred yards in earnest conversation; when Lord Wellington wished the veteran good night, and success in the pursuit, and turned his horse back again to Waterloo, to write his important despatches.

For a great breadth along the road, our officer pointed

out to us the station of the reserve of the cavalry of the old guard. The marks the horses' feet had left in the soft ground, hardened again when we saw it, gave some idea of the large force which had stood there.

Returning by Belle Alliance, we advanced about a hundred and fifty yards to the rising ground, on the left hand side of the road looking to the British army, from which Napoleon viewed the field; and a very complete view he had of it. He had no scaffold erected where he stood, and certainly never went, after the battle had commenced, to the telegraph in the rear, which was at the distance of at least a mile. The *Relation* says that he was often dismounted, walking backwards and forwards, in his usual attitude with his hands behind his back, and looking steadfastly at the conflict. Lacoste, the farmer, or rather proprietor, of La Belle Alliance, it is well known, was pinioned, set on horseback, placed beside the Emperor, very often exposed to fire, laughed at for manifesting very natural alarm, carried off for some miles in the flight, forgotten, and ultimately dismissed with the high reward, for all he had undergone, of one *Napoleon d'or!* We had the good fortune to see this man.

Buonaparte's surprise has already been mentioned, and joy, to see the English faced about at all. His exclamation, "Ah! I have them yet," showed that he had never met them before. Lacoste describes his agitation as extreme, and his consumption of snuff immoderate, when the three armies which he had rolled on to Hougomont, La Haye Sainte, and the British left, failed to produce the result of French onset to which *he* had been accustomed. They were visited with frightful carnage, and recoiled in terror and confusion; and they were half his army. He became cross and short in his answers, and furious in his commands. He had, however, no want of troops. For five hours more, with his usual disregard of human life, he varied not the mode of attack, but launched his devoted enthusiasts on, though again and again driven back baffled

and routed. La Haye Sainte was at last taken. It was of no use but to enclose the captors for the well-directed range of the British howitzers. A message came from the general for orders about that useless post, which could not be kept because of *a battery* which commanded it: what would it please his Majesty to order the general to do? "Carry the battery," answered the Emperor, and turned his back on the aide-de-camp.

He could not, however, restrain occasional compliments to the British troops. "How they form—how they move—how they do their work—what beautiful troops!"

About this time, nearly four o'clock, a British officer was brought into his presence a prisoner. He was severely wounded, but, as it is an important rule in battle to transmit prisoners of rank to headquarters, he was detained till several questions were put to him by the Emperor, and, as I was informed, with much politeness.

1*st*. "Is Lord Wellington himself in the field?"—*Ans.* "He is."

2*d*. "How are the spirits of the English troops?"—*Ans.* "Excellent."

3*d*. "Where are the Prussians?"—*Ans.* "It is believed they are at hand."

Buonaparte was observed to look thoughtful. He, however, politely dismissed the officer, to have his wounds looked to.

The British keeping their defensive position, the enemy in force, as the assailants, found themselves considerably advanced on the plain. The British artillery now played from their higher ground upon the whole French army, with the exception of the reserve of the Guard, old and young. "The combat deepened," and fresh spirits rushed "to glory or the grave." It was now the tug of battle. The impetuosity, the high spirit of first onset, was gone by; now was come the murderous strain of the opposing forces, the poise and balance of the day.

"The affair is kept up," (*se soutient,*) says the *Relation*;

"not a foot on either side is yielded—new columns advance—charges are renewed—three times the position is on the point of being forced—and three times, after prodigies of valour, the French are stopped short."

Nothing can be more descriptive than what follows of the reaction, the languor, which succeed over-excitement; the depression of balked enthusiasm.

"Hesitation appeared in the French army, and marked uneasiness (*de vives inquiétudes.*) Some dismounted batteries retired; multitudes of wounded separate from the columns, and spread alarm for the issue of battle. Profound silence had succeeded to the acclamations and cries of joy of the soldiers, sure of being led to victory. At the moment *all* the troops, with the exception of the infantry of the guard, were engaged and exposed to a fire the most murderous. The action continued with the same violence, but led to no result.

"*It was near seven o'clock.* Buonaparte, who till that moment had remained on the ridge which he had chosen, and from which he saw well all that passed, contemplated, with a look of ferocity, the hideous prospect of so frightful a butchery. The more the obstacles multiplied, the more he became obstinate. He was indignant at the unforeseen difficulties; and, far from having fears to devote an army, whose confidence in him had no bounds, he persevered in sending on fresh troops, with orders to march forward, to charge with the bayonet, to sweep away. Several times he was told, from different points, that the affair was against him—that the troops appeared to be shaken; '*En avant!*' *repondit-il,* '*en avant!*'—(forward, forward!)"

Another British officer was brought prisoner at this rare juncture, and witnessed the unexpected demeanour of this hitherto idolised man, in the presence of an enemy so new to him. He raved and stormed, and, regardless of witnesses, threw away in a moment the character founded on fifteen years of conquest. A British officer witnessed this suicide of Napoleon's fame. It was, it may be believed,

cheering to this officer, to hear the answer given to Buonaparte's heartless commands to *destroy* and *sweep away* the English—"*Sire, il est impossible.*" Yet, at the very moment, he was sending off estaffettes with despatches; and true, to the last gasp of his political existence, to that lying policy, that *charlatanerie*, which has roused the vengeance of united Europe, he repeated several times, with distraction, "Let him not forget to say everywhere that the victory is mine." Several officers near him expressed their wonder by saying—"He has lost his head."

The Imperial Guard, the pride of the French army, advanced against the centre of the right wing of the Allies in two columns, each of ten battalions, under the command of Marshal Ney. By some accident, which proved most disastrous to both, they did not come on together. The right column was so much before the left as to be defeated unsupported. Buonaparte did not trust the crisis of the fight—on which hung his crown, and all that that word implied—to his columns even of the guard. He sent forward his whole infantry, retaining only a reserve of four battalions of the old guard. A glance at the second plan will show the reader that he attacked the whole allied line simultaneously with the advance of the two columns of the guard. No less than sixteen columns were pushed forward at once. There was desperate fighting along the whole line; the enemy, however, making no impression. When the columns of attack descended from their own position into the plain below it, so that the batteries in the line above could fire over their heads, a tremendous fire of cannon was opened from the whole French position upon the whole allied line; which, although it made a stunning noise, did little harm, as our troops remained behind the crest of their position till they were wanted. Our artillery were ready for the moment when they knew that the French batteries—no longer able to clear their own men, now beginning to ascend the slope to the position of the Allies—must cease. The artillery now opened with fearful

havoc on the approaching columns of the enemy. Another inspection of the plan will show that several formidable British and German batteries took the first of the two columns of the Imperial Guard in flank, and shook it severely. It rushed up the acclivity, nevertheless, and, at its summit, was for a moment surprised to see no opposing force immediately in front of it. It was but for a moment, for—like the warriors of Cadmus, or the clansmen of Roderick Dhu—started from the ground, on which they lay, the gallant Guards of England's Crown, face to face with the Guard of the French Emperor—the terror of all the armies of continental Europe. The issue was national; the question—which are the better men? An instant solved it. The Duke, in person, directed the attack. He shouted—"Up, Guards, and at them!" Maitland and Salton led them on, the latter crying—"Now's your time, Guards?" There was but one volley and one rush. The Imperial Guards staggered, broke and fled. Down the slope they ran in complete rout—Ney, on foot, borné along with them—"the scarlet ranks" on their footsteps.* They continued their flight to the French position, where they were rallied by an energetic effort of Napoleon himself. The flight of the first column was anything but encouraging to the second, in whose view it took place. On its own left flank was poured a most destructive fire from the same artillery which had staggered the just-defeated column. The complete defeat of the second was achieved by Sir Frederick Adam's light brigade—the 71st, 52d, and 95th, which had advanced from their position near the right,

* The French learned in Spain to respect the "*rouge*." The author's relative, formerly referred to, accompanied Colonel Skerrit in his famous dash, when, with a few of the Guards and 95th, he entered Seville at one side, while Soult, in alarm, ran out of it, with five thousand men, at the other. The green dress of the 95th, as they turned round a wood, was first seen by the enemy, who called out—"Español! Español!" Presently the Guards appeared, when the cry was changed to—"Rouge! veritable rouge!" followed by a brisk retreat of the advanced parties.

and formed a line, four deep, parallel to the enemy's left flank. Supported by Colonel Halket with a gallant regiment of Osnabruck troops, Adam attacked them with an irresistible fire and charge. At the same moment, the Guards, which had returned to their position to re-form, came down and attacked the head of the column. In a few minutes the rout of the second column was even more complete than that of the first—it was scattered over the plain.* Adam's brigade and Halket's Hanoverians followed up their success, driving everything before them, till they came to the reserve of the Guard already mentioned. It was then formed in squares. Colonel Halket called out to it to surrender. He was answered by General Cambronne—"The Guard dies—it surrenders not;" but the Guard speedily spoiled the effect of that fine sentiment of their general's composition, by throwing down their arms, stripping off their accoutrements, and running away, without waiting for the crossing of bayonets. They adopted what an Irish officer called the *third* alternative; while Cambronne himself belied even the second, by actually *surrendering* to Colonel Halket, who, as formerly mentioned, dashed at and seized him.†

* The curve or rectangle formed by Adam's brigade and the Guards is powerfully represented in Sir William Allan's second large picture of "Waterloo." The Duke bought his first—the new Crystal Palace should secure the other.

† This interesting scene was confirmed to the letter by a friend of the author's, who was an ensign in the 52d—the Honourable William Ogilvie, brother of the Earl of Airly. He acknowledged that he felt nervous when advancing on the Old Guard, and candidly confessed that he was much relieved by the sight of the boasted veterans throwing down their arms and turning to fly.

As the 71st assisted to produce this effect, the Author is reminded of an anecdote of them at the battle of Fuentes d'Onoro. Their colonel, the gallant Cadogan, who afterwards fell at Vittoria, saw his men rather shy of a strong French force occupying a street in the town. The regiment is called the Glasgow Highlanders, and many of them were natives of Glasgow. Struck with a resemblance of the street to the Gallowgate of that town, he shouted—"Glasgow

Another Arm of British and German light troops now advanced, to do service brilliant enough for knights of chivalry—the 10th, 18th, and 1st hussars of the German legion, led by the gallant Vivian. Like Adam's and Halket's infantry, they "went at" everything that stood in their way—infantry, cavalry, artillery; dashed at the centre of the French position, went through it and beyond it, victorious wherever they came.* Vandaleur soon followed in support, with *his* light dragoons. The attacks were encouraged by the Duke, and directed by Lord Uxbridge, (now the Marquis of Anglesea,) till disabled by a wound which occasioned that gallant officer the loss of a leg, as he said, well bestowed for such a victory. The Duke was up with Adam's brigade, inspiring it, by his presence, with enthusiasm. Urged by Sir Colin Campbell, one of his staff, to retire from so dangerous a place, he said—"I will, when I see these fellows off; I know they won't stand."

By the Duke's command—which flew like lightning along the allied line, and was answered by a general cheer, which those who heard it will never forget—the whole advanced. Now was the time when the youngest troops might be "slipped," and the most hesitating trusted. The sun, for the first time throughout the day, shone forth brightly, as if to light the victors on their path. It was a pursuit more than a combat; for the French army was already disorganised and defeated. The Prussians, now in force, occupied a large detachment of the French on their right. They were even contending for possession of the village of Planchenoit, actually in the French rear. Some squadrons of Prussian cavalry formed themselves on the left of the allied line, and joined in the advance. Two things were known in the French army—that the Im-

men, clear the Gallowgate!" The appeal was irresistible, and the Glasgow men, with a cheer and a roar of laughter which confounded the enemy, cleared the Gallowgate!

* For the marvellous details the author refers his readers to Siborne.

perial Guard was defeated, and that the Prussians were not Marshal Grouchy's corps, as their chief, knowing it to be false, had told them. To stand longer was impossible. Kempt and Pack, with their Highlanders, Greys, Royals, and Inniskillings; Lambert and Best with their gallant regiments, the 28th, 32d, 40th, &c.; Somerset with his Life Guards—were all on the forward move. The plain was covered with the flying enemy. When the dragoons mixed with them, many cried, "Pardon," after having, themselves, given no quarter, and even piked the wounded. Pursued and pursuers ascended the enemy's position, passed its crest, and reached ground beyond yet unstained by blood. Here the allied troops were ordered to halt. All in their front was a vast mob, which seemed to cover the whole country. Let us hear our Frenchman's graphic account of this last scene.

"These veteran warriors approached the eminence with the intrepidity that might be expected of them. The whole army resumes its energy—the combat is awakened along the whole line. The guard renews the charge, but its efforts are continually repulsed. Devastated by a tremendous artillery, and which appeared every moment to be multiplied, these invincible grenadiers see their ranks thinned by the shot. With a cool and ready intrepidity they condense their line; they hold on their march with undaunted obstinacy; no obstacle but death or severe wounds arrests their course;—but the hour of defeat had tolled. Vast bodies of infantry, supported by an overwhelming cavalry, against which we had no longer any means of opposition, since our own had been entirely destroyed, pour down upon them with fury, and, surrounding them on all sides, summon them to surrender. '*The guard dies—it never surrenders,*' was the reply.* They no longer therefore are offered quarter; almost all of them, fighting in despair, are slain by the sabre or the bayonet. This frightful butchery continues till they resist no longer; but at

* It was not the advance, but the reserve, that made this reply.

length, overwhelmed by forces irresistible from their numbers, and discouraged from encountering to no purpose an inevitable death, they abandon their ranks and pour back in disorder upon their original positions, with the intention, no doubt, of there attempting to rally.

"While these events were passing about the centre, the Prussian columns, having now arrived upon our right, continued to advance, and to press with ardour the few forces which remained on this point. Discharges of cannon and a brisk fire of musketry were heard in the rear of our line, and gradually approached. Our troops maintained the contest as long as it was possible, but they gradually lost ground. At last our right wing sensibly drew back, and the Prussians, who pressed it, were on the point of advancing upon the road, when, at that moment, it was noised abroad that the guard had been repulsed, and that its battalions, scattered and reduced, were seen retiring with precipitation. A general consternation spread itself throughout the army, which now everywhere abandoned its ranks, and sought for safety in the most eager flight. It was in vain that Buonaparte, in despair, assembled, for one closing effort, some battalions of the old and young guard which had not yet charged, and led them once more against the enemy, who had already issued in a body from their positions. It is all in vain: intimidated by what passed around it, and overpowered by numbers, this feeble reserve is speedily borne down.

"It was then that the army, of their own accord, quitted their positions and overwhelmed everything like a torrent. The cannoneers abandoned their guns; the soldiers of the train cut the traces of their horses. The infantry, the cavalry, soldiers of every kind, and of every rank, mingled and confounded, appear only as one unorganised mass, which nothing could arrest, and which seeks its safety along the road and across the fields. Stationed on the edge of the road, a crowd of carriages precipitately follow the impulse, and become at length so encumbered by the pressure, that

they can no longer proceed. At this moment a cry was heard of '*Sauve qui peut!*' and this universal rout was the consequence of a spontaneous movement, of which the causes are unknown, unless it be attributed to the consciousness which the soldiery felt of the peril of our situation; for the French soldier is not like those of other countries, entirely passive; he observes, he reasons, and under no circumstances does he yield an obedience to his commander so blind as not to submit their operations to his own judgment.

"No route, no point of rendezvous had been given, and there was now no longer any means to make them known. The generals and the other officers, lost in the crowd, and borne along with it, were separated from their troops. There was no longer any battalion behind which they might rally; and while nothing had been foreseen to secure an orderly retreat, in what manner was it possible to check so absolute a rout, of which the very thought was not anticipated, and which till then had been unheard of in the French army, although already tried by so many disasters?

"The guard, that unshaken phalanx, which, in the greatest catastrophes, had always been the rallying point of the army, and which had always served it for a rampart—the guard at length, the terror of the enemy, had been overthrown, and now fled dispersed among the multitude.

"Every one seeks his safety at random; they struggle, they press, and endeavour to outstrip each other; groups, more or less numerous, collect together, and passively follow those who take the lead. Some dare to wander from the road, and endeavour to force a passage through the carriages by which it is covered. Others, on the contrary, thinking this dangerous, betake themselves to the right hand or to the left, as they are determined by reasons more or less urgent. Fear exaggerated every peril, and night, which was not long in supervening, even although its obscurity was not great, contributed still more to heighten the confusion.

"The enemy, who perceived the disorganisation of our army, immediately detached a numerous cavalry in pursuit. While squadrons dashing upon the road fall unexpectedly on the stragglers, who are made prisoners before they are aware, formidable columns advance upon our flanks. The carriage train of the household of Buonaparte, arrested in the precincts of the farm where he had lodged, become the prey of the Prussians, along with a vast quantity of other baggage. All the cannon which had been placed in battery remained on the ground where they had been employed, and, along with the waggons which belonged to them, fell at the same time into the power of the enemy, In less than half an hour all the guns, ammunition, and stores of the army had disappeared.

"The English and Prussians having completely effectuated their junction, the two commanders-in-chief, Wellington and Blucher, met together at the farm of La Belle Alliance, and concerted the means of following up their success. The English having suffered considerably during the action, their horse, especially, being almost worn out, could with difficulty press the French so keenly as to prevent them again from rallying; but the Prussian cavalry, being fresh, hastened to get the start of us, and closely harassed without allowing us a moment's respite.

"The crowd of fugitives, thus pressed, rapidly passed over the two leagues which separated Genappe from the field of battle, and arrived at length in this little town, where the greater number thought that they might pass the night. With the intention of opposing some obstacles to the enemy, they busied themselves in accumulating carriages upon the road, and in barricading the entrance of the principal street. Some guns were placed in battery; guards were established in the town and its suburbs; the soldiers dispersed themselves through the houses to seek for food and shelter; but scarcely were these dispositions concluded when the enemy approached. Some cannon-shots upon the cavalry as they advanced spread universal

alarm, the camp is suddenly raised, all betake themselves to flight, and a disorderly retreat commences, with greater difficulty and confusion than before.*

"During this dispersion, the fate of Buonaparte, who had disappeared, was unknown. It was confidently affirmed by some that he had perished in the tumult. Others pretended that, after leading on the guard to reiterated charges, he had been dismounted and made prisoner. The same uncertainty enveloped the fate of Ney, of the major-general, and of the greater number of the chiefs of the army.

"Ney, by whom the first and second corps were especially commanded, had led on in person the several attacks directed against the centre, and had always been found in

* When reflecting on the completeness of the victory, circumstances occur to us, which, when they happened, were considered heavy misfortunes, but which all contributed to the victory, and especially to its decisiveness, by the rout of the enemy in irretrievable disorganisation. Taken in order, they are the following:—1. The weather of the 17th, which rendered our troops so uncomfortable, retarded by several hours the advance of the enemy, and left our army to an almost unmolested retreat, to take up their positions deliberately, and become familiar with it. 2. The weather delayed the commencement of the action till the morning was far spent; so that an accident which afterwards suspended the battle for more than two hours, delayed the grand attack on the left and centre till two o'clock in the day. 3. The effect of the weather on the roads, with the accident of a fire, which stopped the march of the Prussians for some hours, delayed the arrival of their troops in force till near seven in the evening. It is obvious that these various annoyances and delays—all deplored at the time of their occurrence, and the occasion of much bloodshed which, but for them, might have been spared—threw the final discomfiture of the enemy into the twilight and the night, which, although these did not prevent pursuit by the victors, made it impossible for the vanquished to rally any force whatever. Had the Prussians arrived by two, three, or four o'clock, Buonaparte would have drawn off his army comparatively entire, and, aided by the fortresses, fought every foot of the way of the Allies to Paris, if there they would have been destined to arrive at all.

the brunt of the engagement. It appeared that up to the moment when it was certainly ascertained that the corps advancing on the right were not those of Grouchy, but the Prussian columns, he had regarded the action as in a prosperous train, and had conceived the happiest expectations of its fortunate result. But when he found Buonaparte, in spite of every evidence, obstinate in maintaining that Grouchy was forming himself in line, and ostentatiously circulating this false intelligence throughout the ranks, he attributed to him the intention of imposing on the army in order to inspire a confidence that might endanger its safety.

"From that moment he viewed things under a different aspect, and ceased to act with the same coolness and assurance. But it should be added, that in the army no reproach was ever thrown upon his conduct, nor was his bravery exposed to suspicion; he only shared the general inquietude and despondency which circumstances occasioned. It cannot, however, be disguised, that from the commencement of the campaign he had experienced a deep dissatisfaction, which, however, he did not dissemble sufficiently to conceal from observation. There existed between him and Buonaparte some misunderstanding, and a kind of mutual defiance, difficult to fathom, but which, nevertheless, was sufficiently apparent. There is ground, indeed, to suppose that he entertained a jealousy of Marshal Grouchy, for whom Buonaparte had expressed a more manifest and particular regard. Similar dissensions among the principal commanders tended necessarily to impede the progress of operations, and to disturb their combination.

"A much greater number affirmed that they had seen Buonaparte saving himself alone in the middle of the crowd, and that they perfectly recognised him by his grey cloak and his dappled horse. This last account was true. Buonaparte, at the moment in which the last battalions of the guard, which he led on, were overthrown, being carried along with them, and on all sides surrounded by the enemy,

had thrown himself into an orchard belonging to the farm of La Belle Alliance. In this situation he was met by two horsemen of the guard, who were there wandering like himself. To them he disclosed himself, and they conducted him, making good his way, through the Prussian parties, who were scattered over the plain, but, happily for him, were for the greater part eagerly occupied in seizing and pillaging the carriages. Notwithstanding the obscurity of night, he was perceived and recognised in several places, where his presence was immediately indicated by the demonstrations of the soldiery, exclaiming in a smothered voice, 'The Emperor!—the Emperor!' These words appeared to be for him a cry of alarm, and he forthwith departed as speedily as the arrangement of the multitude would permit, in the midst of which he was entangled. Where now were those noisy acclamations which always attended him when he showed his presence to the troops?

"During the whole night the French army continued its disastrous retreat, covering the road with its wrecks, and every moment assailed by charges which accomplished its confusion. The terror which reigned in this rout was such, that numerous and well-armed bodies, both of horse and foot, allowed themselves to be attacked by a few wretched lancers, whom it was only required that they should face to put to flight.

"At break of day, the sad remains of our army arrived partly at Charleroi, and partly at Marchienne, where they began to pass the Sambre.

"This unfortunate and gallant army, worn out with ruin and fatigue, presented an appearance rendered still more hideous by the wounded, who in numbers had followed, either on foot or mounted on the baggage horses. These, pale and feeble, and covered with the bloody rags in which they had bound their wounds, straggling onward in the midst of a disorderly column which covered the whole extent of the road, recalled forcibly to our recollection the past scenes of carnage.

"The carriages, which, as we approached nearer to the Sambre, were retarded in their progress by the passage of those who had first arrived, were accumulated on the roads which terminated on the bridges of Charleroi and of Marchienne. The enemy's cavalry, which was not slow in coming up, surprised them in the midst of this embarrassment. Every one thought now only of escape. The terrified drivers cut the traces of their horses, and, followed by those around them, rushed precipitately towards the bridges and along the river, in order to make good their passage. Thus the whole remains of the artillery and other military stores were abandoned to the enemy, who at the same time made a great number of prisoners.

"That part of the army which had reached the other side of the Sambre, and which there had established their night guards in the orchards and the meadows, was roused of a sudden by the approach of the enemy, of which they were aware by the confusion occasioned by his presence. In the greatest disorder, without attempting to destroy the bridges, and not allowing themselves time to ascertain their situation, they recommence their disordered flight; all depart at once, every one is guided by himself, without knowing what measures to pursue.

"At a little distance from Charleroi, they met with two roads, the one to Avesnes, the other to Philippeville. Knowing nothing of the direction which they ought to follow, and seeing none of their commanders, the army separates into two divisions. Of these the greater pursues the road which it had taken in coming, and proceeds upon Avesnes; the other follows the direction to the left, and advances to Philippeville. A great number of stragglers, without an object beyond that of avoiding the pursuit of the cavalry, throw themselves into the surrounding woods. Thus the army, dispersing by degrees, at last almost entirely disappeared.

"It was this last road that Buonaparte chose for his retreat. Yet once again a deserter of his troops, he abandons

the army, without any effort to restore its order, and this too in the midst of dangers which he seemed rejoiced to aggravate, in yielding it up to anarchy and dissolution.

"Wandering at random, and issuing in multitudes from the woods, thousands of straggling soldiery spread themselves over the country, and carry with them terror and alarm. The unfortunate inhabitants are thunderstruck to hear, almost at the moment they had learned its success, of the irreparable defeat of the French army, and to find themselves the prey of an enemy whom a victory dearly earned with their blood would render only more ferocious; and this too at the very time they were rejoicing that the theatre of war had been removed from them to a distance. The strong places everywhere shut their gates, and, repulsing by force the fugitives who demand admission, oblige them to find refuge in the neighbouring villages, where they commit every kind of excess.

"It was as a fugitive, and surrounded by a crowd of trembling fugitives, that Buonaparte, even more dispirited than they, came like a suppliant to beg his entry into Philippeville. He needed the protection of the ramparts of this place to shield him from the eager pursuit of the Prussians, who, having traced him closely, had already despatched in this direction numerous detachments, which made him tremble for his safety. Arrived at the gates of the city, he endured the humiliation of being interrogated by the guard, to whom he gave in his designation as Emperor, and by whom he was not permitted to enter the interior until he was recognised by the governor, who was called to establish his identity. He was then admitted along with some attendants, of a suite even less than humble, and the barriers were immediately closed.

"A commission was soon thereafter given to cause the dispersion of the soldiers, who were every moment collecting in bodies around and before the entries of the city. The report having been propagated that their illustrious

Emperor was at last found, and that he was even actually in the place, they conceived it to be their duty to establish their camp around him, and at the same time trusted that by means of his protection the fortress would at last be opened to receive them. But the prudence of Buonaparte is well known. He judged that such a rendezvous would draw the enemy to this point, and make a discovery of his place of refuge; he therefore sent them his commands to continue their retreat: but as, like a great general, he had profoundly investigated the means of acting on the minds of his troops while under a defeat, and thereby securing the execution of his orders, he employed a little stratagem, of which the success was inevitable. Some emissaries, going out of the city, ran towards the country, vociferating with all their breath, '*Save yourselves! the Cossacks! quick! the Cossacks!*' It may well be thought this was enough, and that all disappeared upon the instant.

"It was this crowd of unsheltered sufferers, who, in the accent of despair, and borne down with grief, spread abroad on their journey the lamentable intelligence that the Emperor was blockaded in Philippeville. The thing was regarded as certain, and no one on the roads of Mezières and of Laon, whither this report was soon propagated, bethought himself of conjecturing that this might only be an admirable combination, a stratagem of war, of a conception wholly novel, and the contrivance of a great man, in order to conceal the prudent departure, which would best secure his individual safety.

"But happily the grievous tidings of this fatal event did not long press upon the minds of men; and after a repose of a few hours in Philippeville, *his Majesty* departed on the road to Mezières. The night came on while he passed under the walls of Rocroi, where he was expected to have stopped. A great number of the inhabitants came out upon the ramparts, and he had the grief to hear himself saluted by the cries of '*Long live the Emperor*' during the

whole time he was in sight. However, it is likely that he found it prudent to profit by the darkness, in order to pursue his journey, and he accordingly went on. There returned with him only a few officers of artillery, and the small proportion of his suite that had escaped. There remained only a few horses, all his equipages having been taken by the enemy.

"That great division of the army which had proceeded towards Avesnes and Laon, entertained the most lively anxiety for the fate of Buonaparte. This was chiefly founded on their ignorance of his motions. Persuaded, since he was not found among them, that he had fallen on the field of honour, whither he had led on so many brave men to their death, they were grieving at the piteous destiny of so beloved an object, until they heard that he was returned to Paris, full of health and spirits. Eternal infamy!—how can the indignation be portrayed which they should have felt!"

By the light of the moon, and of several houses on fire, Wellington contemplated a scene that would have tasked Salvator Rosa. Anxieties, almost too much for humanity, were over. Often, it is said, he had prayed for the Prussians. When he first heard their guns, he is said to have shouted almost with rapture, "There goes old Blucher at last!" What did he see now? There met his incredulous eye the spectacle of the best and the last of the armies of France, a flying crowd before him! Napoleon, like another Dagon, levelled in the dust! Marengo, Ulm, Austerlitz, Jena, Friedland, Wagram, Borodino, fallen, "like stars from the firmament cast!" The star of peace arose; "the meteor flag of England terrific burned," and consigned to injured, insulted Prussia, a ripened harvest of vengeance! The mind lacks power to soar with England to the height she had reached at this sublime moment. The account is too vast, too complex to allow of a view, at one grasp, of all its elements. Foremost in our thoughts is her matchless steadfastness amidst the

wreck of nations; the unflinching firmness of her long struggle against a gigantic wrong—a struggle that reached its acmé, and reaped its reward at Waterloo! Cowper would have answered his own question, and struck a more triumphant note of affectionate patriotism, than when he sung—

"Oh England! thou art a devoted deer,
Beset by every ill but that of fear.
The nations hunt, all mark thee for a prey;
They swarm around thee, but thou stand'st at bay;
Undaunted still, though wearied and perplexed,
Once Chatham saved thee: WHO SHALL SAVE THEE NEXT?"

The Duke having satisfied himself that the enemy's army was irretrievably routed, resolved to consign the night pursuit to the comparatively fresh Prussians, and ordered his exhausted troops to bivouac, which they did a considerable way past the French position. It was here he met Marshal Blucher himself, by whom, in Continental fashion, he was saluted on both cheeks, and congratulated heartily on the glorious victory. The veteran at once undertook the night pursuit, as he said, with every man and horse that could move. The able Gneisenau, the life of the Prussian army, led it, and continued it all night, beating up seven bivouacs attempted by the fugitives. He mounted a drummer on horseback, and kept him beside himself, to beat his drum without ceasing,—a ruse which sounded to the enemy as if infantry were on their traces; when, in truth, a small force of cavalry only was, at last, near them.

A handsome compliment was paid by a regiment of Prussian cavalry to the British. It was necessary for the former to form line to allow one of the regiments of British dragoons to pass clear of them. As they passed, the Prussian trumpets sounded "God save the King," with three hearty cheers, which were cordially returned.

The Duke, almost alone, rode back to his headquarters at Waterloo, in silence; and it is said—and with truth

—in tears of pious gratitude, overpowering excitement, and deepest sorrow as he surveyed the ground for more than a mile covered with the dead, the dying, and the wounded.* With a very few of his friends he dined. During the brief repast, he spoke little, and is said to have meditated, as if in reverie. Once he clasped his hands, and broke out, "Thank God I have met him!—thank God I have met him!"——And where *then* was HE? He was flying and hiding himself! The *Relation* accounts for him. The man who had squandered the lives of millions, and wrung tears from millions more; who never had pity on human being who stood in his way, "nor looked on what he trode;" when he saw the British line advancing, cried, "All is lost—*sauve qui peut!*" turned his horse, and fled! Frederick of Prussia, in circumstances as desperate, retrieved a battle. He asked his guards, "My friends, when do you mean to die?" "Now!" was their answer. "Then follow me!" Napoleon sneaked away in the dusk. He should have died on the field among the Greys or the Life Guards—a death like Argentine's, if not a cast like Frederick's. "Behold the Congress dissolved!" was his

* When the number of the killed at Waterloo became the subject of accurate official returns, it was greatly diminished from the exaggerated statements, natural immediately after so terrible a combat. From the monthly return by the medical staff, it appears that the total number of deaths, from all causes, disease, and the battles of Quatre-Bras and Waterloo, from 25th May to 25th June, was only 1907. When to these are added about 1000 of the Allies, the total number of deaths may be stated at 3000. This agrees nearly with the military returns. The popular belief considerably more than doubled the number of killed in the battle of Waterloo alone. The amount of Prussians killed, considering the short time, not exceeding two hours, during which they were engaged, seems incredible. No doubt it was hard fighting with them all the time. Siborne states it, on official authority obtained from Berlin, at 1128—more than half the number of British for the whole month, including both battles—the first of these of five hours' duration, and the second of ten. The French loss was never known. It must have been immense.

proud oracular speech when he landed from Elba; and now that the hordes with which he vexed the world, which so long upheld his system of falsehood and blood, are swept away by the besom of destruction in the hand of the God whom they defied, and the iron sceptre has dropt from his own palsied grasp—we may say, with Megret, when he heard that "the Swede" was struck down, in *his* hour, at Frederickstadt, "Behold the play at an end!"

Unwilling to leave the hallowed ground, I lingered on it for some time after my friends had turned their steps towards the village. I was alone, in what I felt to be the silence of death. How many lay beneath, who a month before stood there full of life, health, and hope! Around me were the marks of the feet of men and of horses that had struggled in combat, the wheel-tracks of cannon, the scars of shot and shells, the deeper that they had made their marks in wet ground, which had never since been disturbed; while over all lay scattered, still in profusion, the debris of the battle. Eager was my last gaze over the whole field; now silent and safe, lately—so lately, under "the sulphurous canopy" of loud and dangerous strife; for a moment more I peopled it with columns and squadrons—charging, flying, pursuing; I heard the shouts, the cries, the groans; I saw the heaps of slain, and "the garments rolled in blood;" I witnessed the final charge by the whole British line,—Napoleon's flight,—the dark mob of the routed French host,—the meeting of the Chiefs; the Prussian trumpets!—till, with my head giddy and my eyes swimming, I forced myself away from a spot where I could have mused and gazed, till night had closed upon me.

I found my friends purchasing relics. Amongst these was a brace of beautiful double-barrelled pistols, which had been found in the holsters of a French officer. They belonged to a poor woman who, in the transaction, paid a compliment to England, the sincerity of which she proved by the act with which she accompanied it. The price was three Louis-d'ors, a coin which none of us happened to

have. We offered her guineas, but she refused the coins; not, she said, because she believed them to be bad money, but because they were strange to her. We assured her that she could exchange them in Brussels for twenty-six francs each. She still hesitated, and pleaded her poverty if we should deceive her. All at once, however, she took the money, adding, "Well, you are English, and the English never deceive." For a nation, of which such an impression prevailed so widely as to have reached a Belgian peasant, was reserved the victory which delivered the world.

CHAPTER IV.

REFLECTIONS WRITTEN IN 1815.

WHEN giving examples of the valour and steadfastness of the British troops through the whole of the day of Waterloo, I postponed some reflections which at the time forcibly presented themselves, that neither description nor narrative might be interrupted.

The author of "The Character of the European Armies" gives to the British the credit, as formerly stated, of being the most intrepid people in Europe. It is a higher feeling than national vanity which prompts me to apply this opinion, by asserting that no nation in Europe would have triumphed, placed in the circumstances of Waterloo, but the British. Certainly, least of any the French. They have not the *morale*. Well their leaders know, that to wait attack with them is always unsafe, and often fatal. To their enthusiasm the momentum of motion is necessary—the excitement, the *abandon*, of forward hurried onset. The stimulus of shouts and acclamations *carries* the French troops, followed by a marked reaction when the blow fails, or the impetus is jarred, or balked of its full swing, by resistance. It is hopeless, in such a crisis, to draw the engine back, to be wound up and let off again and again, each time with decreasing force.

The English character, on the other hand, is intrinsically strong; it is self-contained, it needs no external impulse; it resists as effectually as it assails. This dif-

ference was strongly marked throughout the Peninsular war, but never more strongly than at Waterloo. When the French were *attacked* they were broken, and fled from troops which had withstood their utmost efforts for ten hours.

The British soldiery worthily represents a high-minded people, a people of manly energy which invigorates every part of their system, civil and military; the result of the progressive improvement of centuries, without one retrograde step. In their undertakings, individual or national, failure must not be. The soldier of such a country must be invincible. His energy is but a portion, directed to his own vocation, of the steady enterprise which is found in every other. If his enemy make great efforts, he will make greater—

"His spirits rising as his toils increase."

"*He must not be beaten.*" * He is, at the same time, assured that, in the battle, the same determination actuates his right and left-hand neighbours; he can rely upon them as long as they keep their recollection and their feet. In aid of all comes the conclusion of his reason, that firmness is safety; that flight is certain destruction; that it is much wiser to drive off the danger, than to turn a defenceless back upon it.

Yet does this compound of feeling and reasoning belong to a people of a superior order alone. It is principle and good sense, totally different from the habit, the superstition, or the attachment, which rivets the Russian to the spot allotted him, in a state of comparative insensibility or passive endurance; and, brave and spirited as are the Prussian and the Austrian, it is but lately that they have been brought to the practical conclusion that it is really possible to make head against Frenchmen,—a spell, thank

* "We must not be beaten!—what would they say in England?" —*The Duke to the 95th.*

Heaven, broken now for ever. But at no time of the long war did the British soldier, any more than the British sailor, hesitate for an instant; and although the mighty system of France often obliged him to retreat before her overwhelming power, he never actually fought in vain.

It is important to know that the French, although the most aggressive people in Europe, possess least of this respectable steadfastness. In the fair onset of the open field they have generally fled from a spirited attack, by opponents at all approaching to their own numbers. From Maida to Waterloo, there has not been one example of their repelling it, when British. In Spain they were confounded with the attacks at Salamanca and Vittoria. If there were no other solution of the question, the contrasted character of the British and French armies would at once determine on which side is the great, the good, the just cause; which army rushed with profligate ferocity to destroy — which stood with unshaken constancy to preserve, the peace of the world. Further comparison would be a waste of words; one hour of the solid virtue of Waterloo is sufficient to eclipse twenty noisy years of French triumph, to turn their *glory* into a term of ridicule, and to veil all the pillars and arches of victory with which they have deluded themselves, or insulted the world.

Without refusing to the brave Prussians any part of the high credit due to the service which their exertions contributed at Waterloo,* we may, without vain-glory,

* Ridiculous as it is in 1852, the assertion is made in some parts of Germany — it is said in Austria, and chiefly among the adherents of the restored despotism, with the purpose of spiting English travellers, whom, as citizens of a free country, they are pleased to dislike—that Waterloo was a Prussian, and not a British victory! It might have been thought that the palpable truth was many years ago settled. It can do no harm, however, to *re*-record a summary of the facts, in a work like this, and leave the conclusion to the rational, if not to the candid. 1st, The *duration* of the battle was divided between the British and Prussians in the proportion of ten hours to one, or at most two. 2d,

rejoice that the power of Britain, almost single-handed, has been so satisfactorily displayed. It is of great consequence to the European cause, that the fact should be remembered that England, with hardly one-fifth part of her regular force, was strong enough to defeat the finest army of France. The reviving presumption of the French would have been in proportion to the amount of the force which was necessary to put them down; and no result, but their triumph, would have been more unfavourable, than that the grand victory had been gained only by dint of the whole million of the enemies of France, which have poured into her bosom; leaving her in the belief that she would not have been humbled, and therefore never would again, without the assemblage of the whole world in arms against her. It is the chief value of the Wellington victory, that by it the future security of the

The British fought with their whole force, the Prussians with a single corps. 3d, The British fronted the entire line of the enemy, the Prussians one flank. 4th, The British repulsed all the attacks of the enemy during the whole day. 5th, The British completed the disorganisation of the French army, by defeating the last grand attack—the general advance being little less than a pursuit. 6th, The French had eight hours to defeat the British before the Prussians appeared, and, nevertheless, signally failed to do so. 7th, The contest with the British had greatly weakened the French army before the Prussians attacked its flank. 8th, The British attacked and defeated the whole French front, the Prussians their right flank, which was left at their mercy when the front gave way. Lastly, The *whole* Prussian army was defeated two days before by the same enemy, whom it is now absurdly said was defeated by them with a *single corps*, at Waterloo.

The Prussians themselves would disdain to echo the above silly and spiteful assertion. These gallant soldiers never claimed more of the credit of the great battle than their due and honest share; which the British army, and the British people, have always most cordially and gratefully conceded to them. That share is briefly comprised in two great truths: THE PRUSSIAN ATTACK ON THE FRENCH RIGHT FLANK DETERMINED THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON TO ADVANCE WITH HIS WHOLE FORCE; and, THE PRUSSIAN MOONLIT PURSUIT ANNIHILATED THE ALREADY DEFEATED FRENCH ARMY.

world is greatly advanced, from where it was left last year by the combinations of Leipsic. If a single power baffled the efforts of France, that power itself will, in future, keep her in check, and prevent the destruction of any other, before a coalition can be formed. To none of the powers was it of more real consequence that this behest should fall, than to Great Britain. The blood which it has cost—blood which has not sunk into the ground—might have been poured out less profusely, had the Prussian army come up in the morning rather than in the evening; but the effect on men's estimates of the result, and especially on the French themselves, would have been greatly less favourable to the future equilibrium, and consequent peace of Europe.

There can now be little doubt that, had Buonaparte directed his whole force against the Duke of Wellington first, he might have overwhelmed him; and the omission of this is charged against him, by Marshal Ney, as his grand error. Assuredly, 150,000 men could scarcely have been withstood by 30,000, with their 40,000 newly raised auxiliaries—attacked, too, before they were concentrated. But this is an unfair manner of comparing the soldiers of Great Britain and France.

Suppose at Waterloo, first, That the 68,000 men under Lord Wellington's command had been all British; the French 72,000.

Suppose, second, That the French had exchanged relative situations with the British, and with 30,000 French and 40,000 raw foreigners, *they* had to make head against 72,000 all British! It is asked what would have been the saving of time in the British army's progress to victory on the 18th of June, in these two cases respectively?

Except when driven to it, as the author sometimes found himself during his visit to Paris, by some violent instance of *égoïsme* or presumption, the above were not suppositions which, in civility, he could offer for the consideration of Frenchmen with whom he conversed. He kept them,

however, as a never-failing reserve to abridge discussions of this kind when, without being sought by him, they came in his way. But they must not be forgotten, either on the Continent or at home, in estimating the victory of Waterloo; for they are just the considerations which confer upon that victory its full effect on the future security of the world; the more when it is considered that, by directing her well-awakened attention to that branch of her power, there is nothing to prevent England, if unfortunately she shall be called upon to go to war again, to produce an army, on the Continent, of at least 100,000 men—all British; a force, we are well entitled to conclude, strong enough for any effort whatever.*

Moral reflections on the grand interposition of Waterloo are for ever conflicting in the mind. The thought by far the most prominent, is the speed of the course which has been run—"the fell swoop" which in an instant, like a judgment of Heaven, has made such an enemy to vanish, and wrought such a change in the face of human affairs.

What has been effected? A few short days before, Europe entire was dazzled with the spectacle of the throne of Napoleon Buonaparte again erected, as if by enchantment, as towering as ever;—the ascent crowded with the princes of his dynasty and captains of his host; that host in countless numbers, encircling its Chief, enthusiastic to frenzy in his cause, and conducting the electrical ardour to sympathising, applauding, undoubting millions around; armies rolling on to the war; and oaths and shouts from a people of power which had often shaken Europe to its extremes, astounding the world, and making the stoutest hearts to tremble for the issue. A

* With our very proper precautions against invasion, it is consolatory to reflect how much may be done by very inferior numbers of determined troops. If the present generation will fight like Waterloo men—and so they will when called upon—50,000 men would defy any force that could land on our shores.

few moments before, and language had for them no terms of sufficient confidence, defiance, and vengeance. "We shall not soon hear again of the Prussians; and as for the English, we shall now see what will become of them. The Emperor is here."* Where is the Emperor now? Where is his mighty army? Where is the beautiful, the invincible, the sacred France? Never was there so short a space between the highest presumption and the lowest prostration; between an attitude which was the terror, and a humiliation which is the by-word of nations. It is no vain-glory when England, who dealt the blow, exults; as would have been the shout of France, had the victory been hers. It is no triumph over an unfortunate and virtuous people. England rejoices, because principle is vindicated, and the times restored when Justice has again some chance of making her voice heard in the world.

Last of all, has England with one blow launched from his pinnacle the almost deified captain of the long invincible soldiery of France, and forced him, with an inapplicable scrap of sentiment about Themistocles in his mouth, to bow his head to her grandeur, and mendicate his life from her mercy! No part of the *dénouement* of the wondrous drama has more astonished the French people, and exalted England in their eyes, than that charm of hers, that spell of her power, which has drawn the god of their senses and imaginations, their Emperor, with something, to them, like supernatural fascination and fatality, absolutely into her own hands, to determine his future destiny.

Had all been reversed—had France overwhelmed England, language is in vain searched for a term to qualify the evils which such an event would have wrought to the cause of humanity. By us the thought cannot be endured—the victory of France over England! the triumph and the reign, for generations, of profligacy, and cruelty,

* French letters from the field, immediately before the battle.

and fine sentiment; of the words without the reality of exalted virtue: whilst honour and principle, driven to a doubtful, at least ceaseless, struggle for their own existence, lost place every hour among mankind. No interposition of the God of Battles—the God of Peace, could have bestowed such a blessing on humanity as the reunion of power with right; the heart-reviving combination of real national glory with the less ostentatious but more substantial virtues which morals and religion recognise, and which have shown that they can neither be talked, nor laughed, nor fought out of fashion: A combination from which France herself, as most she needs, will yet most benefit; when the ruffian violence, the knavery, and the pretensions of her many revolutions and aggressions are remembered only as a warning to mankind.

NOTE.

The conjecture hazarded in the first chapter, as to the probable motive of the attachment which the wounded French soldiers in the hospital at Antwerp manifested for their Emperor, has not passed without animadversion. It has been considered as illiberally denying to an enemy an exalted or even respectable motive for sentiments and actions abstractedly most heroic. I trust that a few words on this really important subject will not be considered impertinent. I can scarcely accuse myself of coldly estimating disinterested heroism, and I feel that were I to find it in an enemy, I should only love it the more. One well-authenticated instance of true greatness of mind in a single individual of the millions of soldiers whom the French Revolution has bred, demoralised, and devoted, would be a refreshment, like an oasis in the desert. There may no doubt have occurred many, for the gratification of others more fortunate than I have been in this particular. I am giving no opinion of the French nation at large; being quite willing to judge of them by many individuals of real worth and feeling, whom I have the happiness to know; but assuredly these were not in any way connected with the army. *Self*, I will venture to say, is the real idol of revolutionised French soldiers. The truth forced itself

upon my observation at every turn, when viewing closely that dangerous class of the French nation. An enumeration of the occasions were here out of place; but from a number to which I could appeal, I shall select one incident; and if my readers can imagine the hero of it shouting the Emperor's name, and tossing his arm in the air—as he would no doubt have done had it been his lot to have had it amputated, *in public*—after the battle of Waterloo, they are at liberty to draw their own conclusions with regard to the motives by which, in such a case, he would have been actuated.

Wishing, when in Paris, to hear more of the conversation of Frenchmen than I could meet with at the *restaurateurs* and coffee-houses, where it is understood that no one table shall know what another is saying or doing, I frequently dined at *tables-d'hôte*, where I was often witness to very free discourse on the part of the enemies of the government. On one of these occasions, in a hotel in the Place Carousel, I chanced to sit at table opposite to a colonel of the Imperial Guard, just returned from the Loire, to arrange some private affairs in Paris previous to retiring to his home, in obedience to the *ordonnance* of the king. This man could not help his ill looks; but a singularly ruffian-like appearance was rendered in him tenfold more disgusting by his noise, presumption, and ferocity. He harangued in a sort of fury every moment of his intervals of eating and drinking; his theme,—not his country—not his emperor—but *himself*,—his own disasters and disappointments. Repeatedly striking his hand on the table, with much elevation of voice, he told us that the change of affairs had ruined *him*; that *he* had thrown away the labours of a life of warfare, that *he* had been in so many battles, and attained so many honours to no purpose; that the disasters of the French army had driven *him* back to poverty; that *he* scorned to solicit a pitiful half-pay from the Bourbon government, who might *enjoy*, if they pleased, the satisfaction of having destroyed *him*—but *justice* would one day be done! There needed no addition to this last virtuous hope, fully to explain his frequent allusion to the declaration of the allied powers—"Why, in the face of that, do they remain an hour in France? *Napoleon n'est plus.*"

Having some curiosity to feel the pulse of this *enfant de la Revolution* on the subject of the momentous appeal which was then depending, I asked a person who sat near him, what had become of Labedoyère. The answer was assumingly given by the colonel, who pointed to a clock in the room, and with another rap among the glasses, said, "in half an hour he will be *no* more." His information was quite correct. The half-hour elapsed, and the patriot,

pointing again to the clock as it was striking six, waited till the last stroke, and then with a sort of ferocious playfulness, which manifested strongly the *reality* of his sympathy with Labedoyère, he bestowed a smart slap upon his own cheek, filled a glass of wine, and helped himself to another peach. My own wonder that such a man actually was permitted to sit at table with gentlemen, amounted at this moment to a kind of shudder, which diverted several of the other guests who observed it. Never did I thank Heaven more fervently because of the Life Guards, the Greys, and the Inniskillings.

Next day I chanced to see the colonel seated in the cabriole of a diligence, proceeding *à ses foyers*.

My acquaintance with this interesting person solved to me another question much agitated—namely, whether the deposition and detention of Buonaparte is security of itself for the peace of France, and consequently of Europe; and whether justice would have been done to the human race, in the present extreme situation of the world, if the allied powers had withdrawn their troops the moment his person was secured on board the Bellerophon, in terms of the interpretation which the colonel put upon their declaration—a declaration which, he was pleased to forget, was an offer made and rejected, and again modestly founded upon *after* the war had failed,—that war being the alternative first preferred by the French army, and, as they maintain, by the French people.

REFLECTIONS IN 1852.

The preceding remarks were published thirty-seven years ago, when the great event which called them forth was recent. They may therefore be considered as expectant, if not predictive. It is interesting to inquire *now* whether or not the expectations have been fulfilled. It is itself a comprehensive answer in the affirmative to say that, saving some partial interruptions, Europe is now in the thirty-eighth year of peace. Every nation into which Europe is divided has reaped advantage in different degrees, but all greatly, from that long repose,—repose from

alarms and slaughters, with the stirring wakefulness of peaceful progress. England's place has been the van in this onward march. Her genius, skill, energy and wealth, too long worse than wasted upon war, have been concentrated on the arts of peace. Discovery and invention have more than doubled her resources, and with these her real power; and she is now what she could not have been, had another dark age of military despotism shrouded the Continent, and engrossed her whole powers and energies in an endless war against it of defence and defiance.

What is she now? Read the catalogue of her achievements. Besides innumerable inventions of less extensive application, she can boast of gas illumination, steam navigation, steam spinning, steam weaving, steam paper-making, steam printing, steam travelling. She has made distant intercourse easy by cheap postage, speedy by railways, instantaneous by electricity. She has achieved greater yet than even these physical triumphs, marvellous though they be. She has advanced opinion and vindicated moral sentiment. She has set an example to the world of religious liberation, constitutional reform, criminal treatment reform, lunatic asylum reform, law reform, police reform, sanitary reform—would to God we could add education reform! But she has placed Free Trade on a rock for ever, and secured cheap bread to the poor.

Last of all arose a temple of peace, the Crystal Palace, with all its stores of skill, genius, and civilisation! Nay, the illustrious promoter, himself, of that peaceful contest of nations—the Prince whose name is for ever associated with it, who stands forth as the manly champion of social and moral progress, exalts the tone of public sentiment, and towers above the level of commonplace greatness—that Prince himself never breathed the atmosphere of war. Had war continued, he might have been a gallant soldier, and no more—all his lofty aspirations and energies spent in battle-fields, his social virtues left uncultivated, and his deeds of beneficence lost to his fellow-men. One

step farther may we venture, and say, that She to whose gentle sway Britain's strongest manhood bows a willing head, was born and bred, enthroned and crowned, in peace. We cannot dissociate her name from peace. Spite of its warlike sound, it speaks to us only of peace—of peace victoriously won, but yet of peace. We cannot, if we would, connect it with war. It would be something less graceful, less beautiful, less peaceful. No! we would not roughen the brow even with the laurel, which the olive so well becomes; or harden the soft hand to grasp the sword which so kindly wields the sceptre.

Not only have many of England's improvements been adopted by other nations, but England's wealth has furnished them with the means. The subsidies once lavished and lost on war are now the reproductive loans of peace. It is impossible that the means of prosperity can have been bestowed without prosperity itself; and whilst England has enjoyed the largest share, there is not a people on the Continent who have not basked, more or less, in the sunshine of peace.

We hear it asked how the nations of the Continent can be said to have been benefited by Waterloo, when they have only changed despotic masters? What to them is the fall of Napoleon, when their own familiar tyrants have once more set their foot upon their necks, after cheating them, too, by promise of freedom made to be broken? The author of these lines shares largely in the general indignation roused by so grievous a fraud, practised over the length and breadth of continental Europe. But to say nothing of the elements of reaction existing in the Continental nations of the present age, and of the essential weakness of power founded on moral wrong, both holding out a promise of better times, which may not be far distant, Waterloo restored to the Continental peoples their lost nationality at least—itself a great boon, and a means to yet greater good, which, however, interrupted in its progress, is certain in its advent. But political indepen-

dence, it may be farther objected, is not in itself civil liberty. Waterloo restored nationalities, but it is too much to quarrel with it because it did not give free institutions; because it did not guarantee wise and just government, or enlighten and liberalise the minds of ignorant rulers to believe, and act upon the belief, that the only solid and permanent foundation of their own legitimate greatness is their people's freedom. England stands alone in the true dignity and real power of her crown, as much as in the lofty character of her free people: the one an example to sovereigns, whose sceptres are baubles compared to hers, and the other to the subjects of sovereigns, who pant to tread the path which she demonstrates to be practicable, safe, and glorious. Hence the jealousy, not of Continental peoples, but of their rulers. Well the former know that the extinction of England would take light and heat from themselves—lower the scale of even their present social weal, and rivet their chains for ever. The cause of the Continental princes, and the cause of the Continental peoples, are not only different, but antagonistic things; the one in antipathy, the other in sympathy, with British liberty and British power. The seas that gird Britain's isles—the bulwarks that rule these seas, and baffle the designs of the one, are the hope of the other; and virtually, though indirectly, are *their* seas and *their* navies not less than they are our own. Should any despot peril his forces against England, England's best allies would be his own subjects; and nothing would more certainly lead to the restoration of the liberties of the Continent than a crusade against England.

This is the true *rationale* of the enormous standing armies of the Continental powers. Their jealousy and distrust of each other would not justify such immense preparations. More moderate forces would, by the tacit consent of mutual interest, serve all the purposes of national defence; but the tyrant's war with his own subjects —a war which knows no truce—the jealous blockade of

every avenue of liberty, demands armies which may no more leave the home station than may the London police. Despots not only surround themselves with bayonets, but "sit upon them;" a seat wittily said to be as insecure as uncomfortable.

The whole fabric is baseless, the whole system rotten and doomed. It is but a question of time; and, however postponed, Waterloo will still be traced in that power which will effect its downfall. France herself, the last to admit that she can have benefited by her own humiliation, owes to the event of Waterloo perhaps more than any other Continental nation. The downfall of Napoleon was a grand deliverance to France. His false character and demoniacal system were utterly incompatible with her real prosperity and happiness. What but empty vain-glory, purchased by blood and tears, did the French people reap from that bad man's triumphs? Every hour she was sinking lower, as a people, in the scale of true national grandeur. A soldiery drawn from her own bosom, and systematically *trained* to ruffianism to increase the terror of their name, sat as heavily upon her as a conquering foreign foe. The potion was bitter to her national pride; but Waterloo was that medicine which restored her national health and subsequent greatness. Too true, says our questioner, the national greatness of France *is* restored; and if she is as powerful, as imperial, and as dangerous as ever, what boots the victory of Waterloo? I answer by denying the fact that France, relatively to this country at least, is as powerful as she was during the *first* Empire. She then commanded the entire Continent, and had put down all revolutionary distraction at home. She is now reduced to her own boundaries, and must rely on her own population, weakened as it is by party divisions. On the other hand, our population is increased since the peace, and our wealth and resources in a still greater ratio than those of France. I speak of England's capabilities, without noticing her temporary inadequate armament, a defect

which she will in good time remedy. But, moreover, the argument is irrelevant. Although Waterloo, for the time, humbled France and delivered Europe, her permanent humiliation was never contemplated. If it had been, *we* should have been the military despots instead of the tyrant whom we had put down. The pressure of defeat removed, France must needs have again grown up to that greatness which her resources and position in Europe justify. But it is something that she has been harmless for well-nigh forty years, and, if bent on conquest now, has that wicked career yet to begin anew, with difficulties multiplied against her, both at home and abroad. Her present ruler dares not send his Prætorian guards abroad on foreign conquest, and leave himself to his own popularity. Paradoxical as it may appear, it is not unreasonable to thank Waterloo for the marked change, observable throughout Europe, from the belligerent to the peaceful spirit. The people, in all the countries, are deeply interested to avoid war, and would make great sacrifices to avert it. The standing armies—and it is one of their most pestilent characteristics—desire war, because they thrive in it; utterly regardless of the incalculable suffering it brings in its train. It seemed as if the horrors of *that* battle only were wanted to crown the climax of thousands of battles in which man has torn his brother to pieces, without even Cain's provocation. The moon of Waterloo shone cold on a field deluged with human blood; on which lay, in ranks and heaps, thousands of human beings, writhing in agony, dying and dead, who not only had not quarrelled, but were unknown to each other when they met! A single life, especially by the individual who, like Iphigenia, were selected for the sacrifice, would be esteemed a high price for some great national good; but what shall be said of many thousands butchered in one field, for no end which reason or justice can countenance for a moment? An aggressive band of ruffians and robbers, who had spread desolation over the whole path of their unhallowed march,

rushed into that field, led on by the most unmitigated incarnation of evil that has scourged the modern world. What is a solitary murder to what they designed and perpetrated? Yet one of these will fill our journal columns for a month. How coolly we talk of going to war! Going to murder should be the term—and thousands, nay millions of men. Nevertheless, there is a people who, it seems, will not be happy till they have "wiped out Waterloo." Amiable people! A benevolent stranger would conclude that, by some detersive application of Lethe's waters, they wish to blot the fearful remembrance from the page of history. Innocent stranger! They wish to *fight* Waterloo over again, with all its unspeakable horrors—and for what? To heal the soreness of a contemptible self-conceit, in men who were not born when it was fought, and do not, in reason, share one shade of its disgrace, more than of Poictiers, Agincourt, or Cressy; or than Englishmen of the present day do of the recapture of Calais! But it is unjust to impute this exquisite folly, as well as depravity, to the French people generally. To wipe out Waterloo is the cry of the military ruffianism of France, echoed by vain, heartless, brainless Parisians, who do not mean, however, to be forthcoming from their cafés and their operas on the battle day. We should ask these worthies, and the hordes who enslave their countrymen and keep the world uneasy, whether it is to wipe out the disgrace of a defeat, to wait till the victors have disarmed, and, with a force which has increased as the opposite has diminished, to attack them in time of peace? Shame upon such "wiping out!" The honourable and the brave would call it deepening the stain. Waterloo, as it stood when the battle was joined, must be replaced on the field, like the pieces on a restored chess-board, to make the terms fair. Nay, more, it is not too much to demand, as another condition of a fair stand-up fight, that the armies should be precisely equal in number, and man for man of the two nations respectively. Hard conditions these for France, judging by

Waterloo as it actually was. But all this is puerility, which would be scorned by schoolboys in their play-ground. Yet a *fair* battle-field is possible; and from that the impatient soldiery, either with or without the coxcombs of the cafés, must return victorious, before they are entitled to open their lips on the subject. It is miserable to think that such nonsense as the "wiping out" of Waterloo can find utterance, in the middle of the nineteenth century. It is scouted by every person of common sense and feeling; and just because Waterloo has been fought, all would join in an earnest prayer to the God of peace and goodwill that it may never be fought again. Pity it is that the *morale* of other nations is yet so low, that, in order to avert such an evil, England must, at an enormous expense, lost to the objects of peace, be prepared for it. It is humiliating to think that we cannot even yet trust our neighbours, however ourselves indisposed to, and, I trust, incapable of, aggressive war. But ten thieves in a city will prevent the disbanding of the police. In our near neighbourhood there are half a million of men armed and trained for the sole purpose of blood and murder and rapine, who, to keep their "hands in," scrupled not to massacre their own unoffending countrymen. Seeing that their head is a man who, as a late writer of his own country said of him, looks drowsily one way, and springs vivaciously on his object the other, let us "keep our powder dry." Let us look on Waterloo as our Palladium—not of vain-glory, but of peace; resolved that, if it shall ever be called for, it *shall* be fought again. Let its details, horrifying as they are, but full of lessons of steadfastness and virtue, be studied by the youthful soldiers of England, whose fathers fought it; and, alike sacred in their memory the battle and its departed hero, may their watchword, in the hour of their country's danger, be "Waterloo and Wellington!" Once more, be this my apology for reviving the history of that memorable day.

CHAPTER V.

MONS—CAMBRAY—ROYE—SENLIS.

I SET off from Brussels by the diligence for Mons. I found seated in it the young Irish officer, and his heroic wife, of whom I formerly gave an account. He was most communicative about the battle, in which a slight contusion on the thigh, by a spent ball, was his small share of the general peril. He added, or rather his lady, who had heard it at Antwerp, another trait of enthusiasm for their unworthy chief, which was manifested by the French wounded. One of them in the Corderie at Antwerp had his leg amputated. Before the operation was commenced, he said that a sight of the Emperor would save them the trouble, for it would cure him! The leg was taken off, and, looking at the blood, he added he would willingly shed the last drop of his blood for him! He said this almost inarticulately, for he was dying; and in a few minutes breathed his last. We travelled through a fine country to Mons, where, on our arrival, we learned that communication with Valenciennes, *by the diligence*, was stopt. This detained us all the next day; and the morning following, five of us hired a very good barouche to Paris. The country, as we passed along, appeared bare from the want of enclosures, and, in this track, from the absence of trees. But it was rich in crops, and seemed well laboured. They plough with wheels, but very straight; and, as I had remarked that I had never seen a turnip

crop, I was informed that they sow their turnips, after they have reaped their white crops, for winter feeding. This practice, which can only suit a fine climate, was confirmed by the appearance, very soon, of a turnip-field just springing.

Mons is a large and handsome town. We were much pleased, in its market-place, to see the parade of a regiment of English dragoons, and another of infantry—the King's Own and the Buffs—the latter from America, and both on their march to Paris. Some native troops were parading at the same time; but the people naturally flocked to see the strangers.

Beggary is universal in this country, or rather begging; for the children of labourers at least do little else. You can hardly stop at an inn on the road, but, besides the ordinary beggars in sixes and sevens, you have a number of peasants, and oftener their children, attracting, in various ways, your notice, and whining a request for your bounty, in a most pitiable strain. The most amusing mendicants are the country children, who run after your carriage for a mile or two, throwing summersets, girls as well as boys, and bawling all sorts of loyal sentiments:—"Vive le Roi"—"Vive Louis dix-huit"—"Vive le Roi d'Angleterre"—"Vive le Prince d'Orange"—"Vive l'Empereur de Russe," &c. If this should be too general, they come a little nearer home: "Vive les Anglais, et les braves Ecossais." This, too, failing, the trial is personal: "Ah! vous êtes *jolie, gentile,*" &c. The thing is endless, for the guard is changed upon you every village. We went to the top of the cathedral at Mons, and enjoyed a superb prospect. We saw how a town may be defended by partial fortification, and inundation to prevent approaches. The water, however, was very shallow, and so foul as to be dangerous to health.

We dined very comfortably at the *table-d'hôte* at Mons, and were attended, as usual, by music. One boy, had he been regularly bred to the violin, would have made him-

self heard of. He imitated wind instruments, the flute, the trumpet, &c.; and putting a small tin plate under the bridge of the violin, and a few liards in it, he imitated the hurdy-gurdy of the Savoyards. But what most surprised us was, that, loosing the hog's-hair of his bow, he put the bow below the violin, and the hair above; and thus, enabled to touch several strings at a time, contrived to make very good harmony. I told him, from the easy and elegant manner in which he handled the violin, and the taste with which he brought out the notes, in the most difficult compositions, that he ought to go to London. I learned, however, that his playing was entirely by the ear, and that he would have to begin a new course of musical education, to great disadvantage. We were not very well accommodated at Mons, but the beds were clean; and I have hitherto found them so in the Netherlands. Holland, as formerly observed, is a pattern. The bedrooms want some accommodations to which an Englishman is accustomed. For example, in no inn did I see a bason-stand: a shallow oval dish is placed on a table. They have a convenient way of fitting up a bed. Something like a broad sofa is put close to the wall, and, without the aid of bed-posts, the curtains are hung from a large horizontal fixed ring, on which they draw—generally surmounted with an ornamented head like a crown—having altogether a neat pavilion-like effect.

We passed Valenciennes, famous in the earlier war, on the outside of the walls, and it certainly does appear to be very strong. It had surrendered to the King; but the Prince of Orange having doubts of the good faith of the governor, prevented communication with him by the *diligence*. This exception, every other carriage going, appeared to us very extraordinary; and on going to the general at Mons—a good-looking Dutchman—we were told that there was no help for it.

We arrived at Cambray (the see of Archbishop Fénélon) in the afternoon, the town which was the limit of the

advance of the Duke of Brunswick and the Prussians in 1793. It is a neat town, and strongly fortified. It had just been escaladed by the English troops, and surrendered to the King; who had passed through it, amidst very loud acclamations of loyalty, a few days before. The white flag hung from every window—generally a towel or a dirty white handkerchief; and the very beggars wore the white cockade.

The dress of the peasantry amuses an English traveller. The men generally have a carman's frock of blue over their clothes, a little nightcap on their head, and their hair powdered, with a thick and long cue. The women wear red petticoats, and have their heads closely bound up, as if broken, by a many-coloured cotton handkerchief.

We were now fairly in France, and a beautiful and rich country we found it. The wood, which we thought at first deficient, soon became abundant; and for many miles at a time, besides bearing good rich crops, the whole country presented the aspect of pleasure-grounds, in a handsome style of laying-out. The house, however, is generally wanting: very few country seats are to be seen. The crops of poppy were beautiful and luxuriant, to supply the manufacture of opium and laudanum.

Breakfasted at a house on the road to Roye, where we had an opportunity of seeing a French peasant family. We found them very simple and obliging. They consisted of a mother, two daughters, and a son; the latter bearing a life-mark of the accursed conscription—a wooden leg. He lost his leg, he told us, at Leipsic; and even with his loss, we thought him happy to get out of the contamination of the French army, to his mother and sisters again. These poor people had been shamefully plundered by the Prussians in their advance to Paris. They generally deserted their houses till they passed. Two English regiments were passing at our time; and the peasants rejoice to hear it, as, instead of being plundered, they make a good deal by an English regiment. At Roye we had a specimen of French

self-possession in our hostess. She told us the price of her dinner and beds, and said we might take or want them; she had more customers than she could accommodate; and there happened to be no other good inn in the town. Her charge was about triple what it should have been. I never met with a more impudent, haranguing woman; and so violent did she become, that we had several times to remind her that we were not deaf. For triple price she gave us about half allowance. We understood that she was cautious enough not to treat the *Prussian* officers in the same way. Two of our party were officers in uniform. When we asked her if she would have spoken so loud to the Prussians, she answered, "Ah! voila une autre affaire." Whether the effrontery or the gratitude of the answer preponderated, we shall leave the reader to decide. From Roye we travelled pleasantly to Senlis, and passed through another British regiment on the road.

Everywhere we heard complaints of the Prussians, contrasted with the good conduct of the English. Once on stopping to bait, I entered the cottage of an old woman, who, with her daughter, was absolutely reduced to beggary. The girl had been married about a fortnight, and showed me, with great *naïveté*, a little remnant, which was all she had left of her marriage gown—"*ma robe de marriage.*" The Prussians had carried off her stockings and shoes! The same people were quite delighted to hear that an English regiment was coming. "The English never do ill, and they do a great deal of good." Nothing has tended more to raise England in the esteem of the French than that very advance to Paris, in contrast with our allies the Prussians.

It is said that Lord Wellington remonstrated, as far as he could, with Blucher on the subject, whose answer was, "My Lord Duke, the French never were in England." To this there is an obvious reply. If the vengeance of the Prussians fell upon the identical tigers who ravaged Europe, it would be very well; but the poor wedding-gown, the shoes, and the stockings!

At Senlis we were very comfortably fed and lodged, in a rather handsome hotel, with a quieter hostess than at Roye. It is a very pretty French town, with a large forest near it, called by its name. On walking out in the evening, I saw a large building, which, on inquiry, I found to be an hospital. A gentleman at the gate asked me to enter, and said he was the surgeon of the house. He showed me a male and female ward, which, for arrangement and cleanliness, would have done honour to our own country. The beds were all provided with clean white curtains. In the women's ward I saw an old lady, seemingly attending the sick, in black, with a large white-crape hat like an umbrella, and a pair of clerical bands. The gentleman told me she was one of the sisters of the order of Charity, who devote themselves, without remuneration, to attend hospitals, not only in Paris, where their establishment is, but all over France. The surgeon showed her great respect. We walked through a very well-kept garden, and were joined by a young French officer, with his head bound up. He was one of several Waterloo wounded who were there. He told me he had been aide-de-camp to a French general. I said that the whole world admitted that his countrymen had fought with unparalleled gallantry, and had yielded to the fortune of war. He seemed much pleased with this, and put in, uncontradicted by me, that the thing was not so wonderful, when it was recollected that the French had only 60,000 men, and had both Wellington and Blucher to fight. I only said that, of the allied army, although 70,000, only 30,000 were British and German legion united. We parted, by hoping that England and France would be for the future at peace and in friendship, as becomes two great nations.

We breakfasted half-way from Senlis to Paris, succeeding in obtaining eggs, bread, and butter, and hot water, one of our party having some very good tea. The place was called Louvres, and exhibited, in its population and houses, visible marks of the desolation wrought by the Prussians.

A grand chateau in the neighbourhood had been gutted and dilapidated, and the poorest of the people had been plundered by them. Some of the English Life Guards were about the inn, who told us that the Prussian stragglers were yet so mischievous that it was found necessary to send out troopers to put them down! "Why were not Prussian dragoons sent out?" "Oh! that would never do; *they* would have made matters worse!" They assured us, however, that we ran no risk of robbery between this place and Paris. One of our officers, who had marched with the army, made this last stage interesting, by pointing out to us the spots of the successive encampments and bivouacs of Lord Wellington's army in their late advance to Paris. From a high ground we soon obtained a first view of Paris, with the neighbouring hills of Monts Martre and Martin. The approach to this, at present, doubly interesting capital was, it may be believed, very exciting, and every object was gazed at by our party. We passed the absurd works attempted by Napoleon—as if, seriously, such a place as Paris could hold out against a victorious army for more than a few days,—and soon arrived at the barrier of St Martin, a kind of gate, with the singular and encouraging spectacle of a Highland soldier quietly keeping sentry at it! The *douaniers* at the gate gave a *pro forma* glance at our luggage, and we drove along the Faubourg St Martin, and turned to the right along the Boulevards. We were soon in the Rue de Richelieu, a street of chief note in Paris, and took up our quarters in the Hôtel d'Espagne. In the afternoon I walked down to the Tuileries, to see the Palace and famous horses of St Marc, and afterwards go to the opera.

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CHAPTER VI.

PARIS.

ANY lingering doubt of the safety of moving about Paris was dispelled by meeting more than one English officer walking leisurely all alone; and still more by the first female voices which struck my ear, in crossing the Rue St Honoré, being in very pure Glasgow. Two soldiers' wives were debating the point which knew the way best. I was further greatly encouraged by the flattering circumstance, that not a living being took the slightest notice of me; and I soon found myself in perfect safety, in the grand Place Carousel, outside the massive rails of the court of the Tuileries, where Buonaparte used to review his troops, and where the very idea of the residence of his power and of his person, so recently, occasioned something of a nervous feeling. The Palace front is very grand at the first view, although defective in its details. Its spacious court displayed a number of soldiers of the *new* National Guard, many of them in rich uniforms. I was soon attracted by Napoleon's triumphal arch, with the famous bronze antique horses of St Marc, by Lysippus, on its summit. I was disappointed. They are so high placed that, on looking up to them, you only see their noses, breasts, and forelegs, whilst they are diminished to the size of ponies; 2d, I had formed the idea that they were in the rampant attitude of the horses of the sun, whereas they seem to be jogging on at an easy trot; and, 3d, They

are flouted with a gilded, lately built, although antique-formed, triumphal car, very ill suited to their own bronze; and which, if they shall be returned to Venice, from whence they were brought, will certainly not accompany them. The form and workmanship of these interesting relics of antiquity are pronounced, by artistic connoisseurs, to be unequalled in the world. On the triumphal building itself, which is very poor, I saw the first examples of what I was to see at every turn, traces of Napoleon's ostentatious display of his own greatness; less probably from vanity than from his belief that his subjects would identify themselves with his glory, and support him and it together. Louis XIV. was humility itself, in this respect, compared with the proud Corsican; and Versailles can testify what Louis thought of his conquests, and of himself. The bas-reliefs on Napoleon's arch were sculptured on large white marble slabs about ten feet by five, and their subject was the humiliation of the Emperor of Austria. His daughter's carriage passed under these records every day. In one of them, her husband is represented receiving the submission of her father—the latter kneeling! They are beautifully executed, but so unutterably insolent that the wonder is that last year the Austrians suffered them to remain. I anticipate their speedy removal, *this visit*, of their insulted subject.——My attention was called from the arch by a rush of the people from all quarters to the gate of the palace court. I followed the tide, and soon saw the King's coach and *eight* at an easy canter, preceded by a party of light horse, wheeling into the court. The crowd to a man took off their hats, and cried, "Vive le Roi!" The King bowed repeatedly, so that I had a good view of him, and certainly saw a face expressive of much kindness and good nature. He is really a benevolent excellent man, and it is only the Buonapartists that dislike him. The carriage drove up to the King's private door—the same by which Napoleon always entered; and his Majesty alighted amid renewed

cheers. The juncture never occurred to me more strongly. It saw reseated the legitimate monarch of France—the Republic and the Empire vanished—on the throne of his ancestors. Had it not been for Wellington, I was going in soliloquy to say, when I saw a Highland soldier looking on as I was, and substituted *Donald*, "Louis le Desiré," would not have been at that moment in his own palace.

Dictated by the same reflection was the smart answer of some Parisians to a party of Prussian soldiers who were boasting their courage and prowess, and demanding a high opinion of their external accomplishments. "Did you ever see such troops as we are?" An English soldier of rather low stature happened to be passing at the time, to whom the Frenchmen pointed, adding, "All that may be very true; but had it not been for that little fellow, your fine troops would not have been here; and, moreover, we rather think they would not have been in Berlin at this moment."

Went to the opera. The house is not worth looking at compared with the opera-house in London: it is much smaller, greatly less splendidly fitted up, and allowed to become very dirty without new painting or cleaning.

Here I first saw the singular varieties of uniforms of the allied troops. The pit seemed one-half full of officers in all the military dresses of Europe, presenting a very new and interesting sight. The Parisian part of the audience were very far indeed from exhibiting the gay and dressed-like appearance of the London opera-house, or even theatres. In the pit they were all in ordinary costume, and the ladies in the boxes wore their walking dresses, concealed, according to the mode, in large high-crowned plume-covered bonnets and shawls; the latter a most favourite article of their dress, and the most acceptable present (if India) from their admirers—the chief value of the latter to a Parisian lady, and the great inducement to increase their number as well as their devotion! Of course, in such disguises I could not have discovered beauty had it existed; and equally difficult I found it to distin-

guish youth. The dresses gave to all the ladies the look of matrons taking care of a cold and sore throat. The national and loyal, though most unmusical, air of France, "Henry the Fourth," was called for, and the whole house loudly joined in the cry. Every part was loudly applauded with lively cries of "Vive le Roi!" The latter affords, itself, the *huzza* of a French assemblage, as they dwell long upon the last syllable *roi*. Our "God save the King" is quite distinct from the cheer.

In one of the *loges* over the stage I saw a gentleman evidently concealing himself, but occasionally peeping out to see the house. I immediately knew it to be the Duke of Wellington, from the busts and pictures I had seen of him. This was confirmed by some of my immediate neighbours, who named him among themselves "Voila Vellington."

Of the opera I thought very little, either scenically or musically. In these particulars London, beyond all doubt, outstrips it; but when the dancing came, Paris just as decidedly carried the palm. It is impossible to imagine agility, grace, and skill, carried further than in the movements of the opera-dancers of Paris. The whole troop are admirable, but there are three of the men who really amaze the spectators. Sometimes they actually appeared for a second or two to be balanced in the air, in the inclined position in which winged figures are represented in painting. Several of the women dance admirably, but I had seen female dancers in London who excelled them. When men dance well they generally excel the other sex. This arises from their strength, and also from the nature of their form. In one general dance four of the performers were elegantly dressed as Highland soldiers: the latter much excited the Parisians. Their *entré* was loudly applauded, and the exact imitation of their dress occasioned much mirth. "Vive les Ecossais!" was the cry. It is pleasing to see how much these brave men make friends even of their enemies. One circumstance I may mention here: the print-shops are full of representations

of all the allied troops, both as portraits and caricatures—the latter often very laughable, and not a little irritating to their objects. The English soldiers were not spared. Of the Highlanders, not one caricature, either of their dress or manner, appeared—the portraits being even flattering in size, martial air, and style of dress. One ludicrous print, however, may be mentioned as an exception—it has relation to the scantiness of under drapery; the Highlanders are represented grounding arms, with their backs to a high wind, and to a line of panic-struck Parisian ladies. This could hardly be omitted; and, indeed, is the subject of a very old joke, and, I believe, a caricature in Scotland.

Changed my hotel to the Rue Vivienne, l'Hotel des Etrangers—a very clean, quiet, and reasonable house. I was most agreeably disappointed with every kind of accommodation which it furnished: I could not have been better lodged. The street is newer in its buildings, broader, and handsomer, than most of the streets of Paris; and lies in the very centre of every attraction to which, at least in the evenings, a stranger has occasion to resort. It is, moreover, immediately opposite to Galignani's elegant reading-room; where, for about three shillings a fortnight, one has access to all the principal London papers, besides everything of the kind published in Paris, damp from the press. Information of all public matters, sights, fêtes, &c. &c., is to be obtained here; and hardly anything can occur to puzzle an Englishman, but he will have it here unravelled. Galignani was long in London, and thoroughly understands the relations between the two cities. He sells books exceedingly cheap; and undertakes to deliver them in London, paying the duties at the outports. Commissions from England, either for books or journals, he faithfully executes. Here I learned that, at eleven o'clock, thirty thousand Russian troops were to pass in review before the Sovereigns and the Duke of Wellington. It was good fortune arriving the day before this opportunity. They formed in two lines along some miles of boulevards

These broad public walks are paved like the streets, and lined with high trees cut and trained to grow up like a wall or high hedge. On the two side-walks are one entire line of shops, cafés, restaurateurs, gates to fine houses, hotels, &c. The whole has a noble effect. The magnificent cortège of the Crowned heads and the British hero passed along the lines on the Boulevards, and went to take their station in the Place Louis XV., (just on the spot where the king was guillotined,) and the whole force passed in review before them. No troops could make a finer or more martial appearance, and their steady movement was like that of a vast machine.

The infantry passed by companies first, most of them of the Imperial Guard. The Emperor seemed very proud of them, and frequently appealed to Lord Wellington, who on all public occasions rode next him. It was evident that his chief aim was to attract the British hero. The King of Prussia and Emperor of Austria, alone, stood forward in the line of the other Emperor and the Wellington —all other princes, grand-dukes, and generals, retiring a little behind. The blaze of rich uniforms, in endless variety, was very striking, in the royal followers. When they moved, it was like a regiment of dragoons, they were so numerous; and the eye of the beholder was dazzled as it looked upon them.

The cavalry next passed, all of them cuirassiers, and very fine troops; their horses very active, and well broke, but inferior in size to the English horses. Attention is paid to matching the horses of each troop, so that in the same regiment is seen a grey troop, a bay, a black, a chestnut, a white, a roan.

The artillery came last, and made a very respectable appearance; but certainly far inferior to our own.

The Place Louis XV. terminates the garden of the Tuileries on the west, so that the troops passed along the Quai on the outside of the gardens. The crowd on the terraces and elevated places was immense, and the num-

bers of well-dressed people very great. No spectacle could, however, be more humiliating to the great nation than such a display of the foreigner's force in the capital of France; but it is always sufficient for the French that there is *spectacle*. Certainly the spectators did not go the length of cheering the Prussians; but I was told, by a gentleman who heard it, that when the English troops entered Paris, many people called out, "Vive les Anglais! Vive nos ennemis!" How Christian!

Among the reviewing generals was Prince Blucher, and the celebrated Platoff, Hetman of the Cossacks. The latter rode a grey Arabian, his favourite horse. Blucher has been much better represented in the engravings than Platoff.——On our way to the review we passed through the noble gardens of the Tuileries. They consist of broad gravel-walks, varied with grass and flower-plots; the latter enclosed with elegant rails, with fine trees, fountains, ponds, and numerous statues of marble, arranged through the gardens with great taste and effect. Numbers of people were lounging about, and sitting on the garden chairs, in the shaded walks, generally reading the morning journals. In equal proportion, at least with the men, were ladies, which, as it occurs every day, promises ill for domestic affairs. But more of this in the sequel.

We dined at a *table-d'hôte*—the company all French but ourselves; and found that, instead of looks and signs of insult, which we had been led to expect, we were treated by our neighbours at table with much civility. They engaged among themselves in keen political discussion; but, on the whole, seemed rather friendly to the King. With one exception—an old gentleman with powdered hair and well-dressed frills, a relic of the old school, they were examples of that coarseness, and not seldom ferocity, which the Revolution has stamped so extensively upon the present generation of the French people. I had not yet seen a single individual of whom we should say, in England, "There is a gentlemanlike man!"

We went to the Théâtre de Variété, on the Boulevards Italiennes; and, in passing along the latter, saw the Parisian gentlemen and *ladies* assembling in the coffee-houses, and sitting on chairs under the trees, "to pass the evening!" This last custom I was not till then aware of. We were not much gratified with the Varieties. There were no less than four short pieces; and as they profess to be a living picture of the follies or laughabilities of the day, they cannot be supposed to have much dramatic merit. It was here that "Jean Bool" was so much caricatured last year. He was invariably represented as very angry. Nothing amuses a Frenchman more than an Englishman's constant passion; for the French are remarkable for a calm and often provoking preservation of temper. "Enter Jean Bool *angry*," is a common scenic annunciation; and the two unlucky monosyllables G— d—, by which an Englishman gives notice of an access of rage, like a dog by snarling, are not spared, to the great delight of the French audience. It happened, on our night, that some more respect was paid to John Bull than last year. It was among the first proofs I had met with of candid acknowledgment by the French, of how much they owe to English generosity. It was a kind of pantomimic representation of processions in honour of the white flag and *fleur-de-lis*. The characters were chiefly National Guards; and the females decorated them with white cockades, and danced with them, as they do on occasions of public fêtes in the Tuileries, and other public gardens. When the flags displayed the word "Paix," the applause was enthusiastic. A scene truly French now occurred. Nothing was wanting but the accession of some of the real soldiers to this avowal of loyalty. Several fine-looking grenadiers in the soiled, and even tattered, uniforms of the campaign, entered, representing various proofs of having suffered at Waterloo. Loud and repeated shouts from the audience! All the other performers exert themselves to induce the veterans to exchange the tricolored for the white cockade, to which they show great reluc-

tance. At last the ladies prevail, and pin the white cockade on their breasts; the National Guards embrace them, and the whole house rings with "Vive le Roi!" Considering the *kind* of attachment which the one cockade or the other has proved itself to indicate, the scene was anything but pleasing to us. Indeed, it recalled to me that indiscreet policy of last year, which received, with embraces, into the King's service that very soldiery which hesitated not to betray him, when the man reappeared who suited better their own views and interests. I could not help hoping, that receiving again into confidence the soldiers of Buonaparte would never go farther than the theatre. A scene followed more gratifying to English national feeling. On seeing the wounded soldiers, one of the female characters runs to them, and by very eager signs seems to be inquiring the fate of a soldier in whom she had a very warm interest. She is answered by signs, which spoke too plainly that he had fallen on the field of battle. The lady faints away. On her recovery she finds that an English officer has entered, and with him a wounded French officer, whose steps he is very carefully aiding. The maid recognises her lover, or brother, in the wounded Frenchman, and is almost wild with joy. She asks, by signs, how he was preserved, when the officer points gratefully to the young Englishman, and presses his hand to his heart. The transported fair one falls on her knees to the English officer, and fervidly kisses his hand, while he gallantly raises her, and resigns his wounded charge to her care. The whole was well performed, and excited the loudest applause, with a cry which it was gratifying, for the moment, to hear,—"Vive les Anglais! Ils sont le plus genereux du monde." One circumstance aids the reality of this feeling in the French, and perhaps still more calls forth its expression—viz., the daily contrast between the conduct of the other allied troops, particularly of the Prussians, and that of the English. The Prussians have reaped a harvest of vengeance much more ample than was expected, although forbearance itself

compared to what the French inflicted for ten years on them. After all, the conduct of the Prussians is much exaggerated, and a few instances of outrage are extended as if they were of hourly occurrence. Making the French feel a little, is plainly winked at by the Prussian commanders; and it is even said that Blucher answered, to a remonstrance of Lord Wellington's on the subject, that the French never were in England. The French find it more difficult to submit to the dominion of an enemy whom they have so long despised; while that very circumstance induces the Prussians to carry matters with a higher hand. In the cafés they domineer over every Frenchman who enters; and I have seen the latter turn away when they saw Prussian officers sitting in the coffee-room before them. The Austrians are not at all complained of, except for the practice, equally harmless and foolish, of wearing laurel leaves in their caps.

On coming out of the theatre we were surprised to see the immense numbers of chairs still occupied by multitudes of dressed ladies and gentlemen, under the light of reflected lamps, seemingly doing nothing but idling away the night. This scene I witnessed continually, besides seeing the cafés, ice-houses, and tea-gardens full of ladies. In truth, *home* is a word and a thing unknown in France, at least in Paris. Domestic pleasure was never heard of. All the virtues, public as well as private, which an English home founds and rears, exist not in that volatile city. Children are put out to nurse, and then sent from home *en pension*—that is, to boarding-schools, where the girls are fitted for the coffee-houses and the trees of the Boulevards, and unfitted for everything else. The moment a Frenchwoman has dined, if she does not also dine in a café, she looks anywhere but to home for her evening's enjoyment. She goes to some public place, or at once to a café—most likely not to the same with her husband; and there, or in the Boulevards, lounges out the evening. It is difficult to imagine anything so comfortless, to say

nothing of disreputable, as such habits. A French family has no notion of what we call a fireside, and associate therewith so much of domestic delight. I really was never more convinced of the advantage, *morally*, of having actual fireplaces—an accommodation rare in French houses.

I had passed through the far-famed Palais-Royal in daylight. It was the palace of the dukes of Orleans, and in vastness and variety exceeds the Louvre itself. It is an oblong quadrangle, with piazzas completely round it, enclosing a garden planted with rows of trees, and laid with gravel, with flower and grass plots enclosed. The length of the building, longwise, far exceeds that of any building I had ever seen: perhaps about fifteen hundred feet long. The front may be nearly equal to that of Somerset House. It has long ceased to be a palace, though it retains the name, and has, in short, become the great mart of Parisian luxury. It has been called a world in itself; it is at least a city. It encloses more ground than most of the London squares; and exhibits, under its piazzas, by far the most brilliant shops in Paris, in countless numbers. On the same ground-floor are numbers of coffee-houses and restaurateurs, fitted up with great variety and taste, and at night brilliantly lighted. On the principal floor upstairs are superb coffee-houses, gaming-houses, exhibitions, &c. &c. Higher up still, all sorts of vice and profligacy abound; and the attics are inhabited by filth, misery, and crime, in endless variety, and in a manner that renders it much safer to take that fact on hearsay, than on actual reconnoissance. I should have mentioned that below the pavement are places much corresponding in character to the attics, though many of them are only cheap cafés, *traiteurs*, or pastry-cooks, of fair respectability. Of such consequence is the Palais-Royal to the Parisians, that Paris would be almost half annihilated were this, its very heart, suddenly destroyed; while, on the other hand, should a powerful reforming process be

put in action with regard to Paris, half its work would be done by cauterising at once this immense gangrene. The French boast there is but one Palais-Royal in the world. It is well that this is true. If the Palais-Royal astonishes in daylight, its wonders are greatly increased at night. Shops, cafés, restaurateurs, &c., are all in competitional illumination. The piazzas, when we entered them, were so much crowded as to make it difficult to move round; and, with the multitude of foreign officers, of all nations, mingled with the French, and the thousands of wretched girls, all in high dress, and apparently high spirits, it is difficult to imagine such a scene as the Palais-Royal at night. We had heard much of the taste and grandeur of the Café de Milles Colonnes, and its beautiful matron—who, it is said, was a favourite of Buonaparte's—a specimen of a very artful part of his *materiel*, which he occasionally played off upon ambassadors, whose state secrets it was desired to worm out; and even upon their masters. We entered the coffee-house, which is on the first floor up-stairs. Very few ball-rooms present the showy *coup-d'œil* of this singular place. It is very splendidly mirrored all round, the plates being divided by fluted Corinthian pillars, which, as well as the company, seem innumerably multiplied. Waiters, in great numbers and activity, are serving coffee, ices, fruit, &c., to the different tables, which are all of marble, having a very cool and clean appearance, and encircled, one by English officers, another by plumed Highland bonnets, a third by Prussian hussars, a fourth by Brunswickers in their mourning; many, by parties of French ladies with their beaux; and enthroned in the middle of the hall, close to the wall, with a marble table before and a mirror behind her, dressed in crimson velvet, and covered with jewels, sits *la belle Limonadière*, serenely looking down on the hundreds who are looking up to her, and only recalling to mind the fact that she is *not* an empress, by occasionally giving change when wanted by the waiters, and, as is

the case in all French coffee-houses, having spread out before her some dozens of small allotments of broke sugar, of five or six pieces each, on a little silver saucer like a wine-funnel stand; a remnant of the respect for sugar with which Napoleon impressed his subjects when he closed Europe against English commerce, and which has banished that profuse thing called a sugar-basin from the economy and vocabulary of Paris. *La belle Limonadière* is rather large, and *un peu passée;* but she is, no doubt, a most brilliant personage. A complexion like Parian marble, and black eyes and hair in striking contrast with it. The usual aids of colour to the cheeks were not forgotten, but quite what the French call *au naturel*—a word merely meaning something less artificial than the last stage of artifice. I soon found it necessary so far to qualify language in choosing my dinner, when attracted by *bœuf au naturel*, &c., dishes which I only found somewhat less artificial than the others in the *carte des entrées*. *La belle* (once more, and then I have done with her) has an air and expression of great good-nature; and, what most amused me, a most solemn attitude of correctest propriety. Nobody presumes to address her without previous formal presentation, and it is found impossible to give coffee orders to her majesty except through the medium of a gentleman-in-waiting! To my great amusement I saw sitting at the right hand of "the throne," eating ice, and now and then conversing with the lady, Mr Walter Scott, and with him several of his travelling companions, friends of my own. On joining myself to their party I was delighted to hear Mr Scott's remarks on the truly French scene in which we sat, and his commentaries on the singular personage who solemnly, brilliantly, and correctly presided—sparkling with diamonds, multiplied, front, back, and profile, in mirrors, and intrenched in arrondissements of sugar, peaches, and nosegays. We learned that the King of Prussia had been there the night before, and had said some handsome things; a circumstance which made it hopeless for

us to be listened to beyond common civility, till the royal impression should wear off. I should mention that the lady of the Milles Colonnes only conforms to the common practice of Parisian coffee-houses, by sitting to do the honours, or rather to superintend the business, of the establishment. Every coffee-house has a woman sitting on an elevated seat either at the door or head of the room, in the precise same circumstances, economically speaking, with *La belle;* and many of them will dispute the palm in beauty, and carry it off in youth, from the far-famed. Several cafés in the Palais-Royal are as superb as hers, and as well frequented; but everybody must see the Milles Colonnes, as a Parisian lion.

On crossing the crowded piazzas you step upon the garden, and under its trees are multitudes of ladies on their favourite chairs, as on the Boulevards. This cannot be even decent, for I should abuse the word respectable were I to apply it to the sallying-forth disposition of all descriptions of Frenchwomen. Yet is there such a mixture of the reputed well behaved with the ill, and so much of indulgence by the one for the frailties of the other, that an impatient Englishman rejects the task of discrimination, and hastily—certainly unjustly—vents unseemly epithets upon the whole. Every one knows how much the Revolution demoralised this singular people. It is painful seldom to be certain that you see a real gentlewoman, in the high English sense of the term; and as to the men, if their conduct did not enable us to judge for ourselves, we should have been obliged to Napoleon for his confidential hint given, just *entre nous*, to Mr Douglas, Lord Glenbervie's son, at Elba—"The truth is, they are all rascals." He divided mankind into two great classes—knaves and fools; and, as he would never include himself among the latter, his own choice was a narrow one. The French ladies have at present their hands full of their English gentlemen visitors; and really, if they had any other end in view but that of plundering them of valuable presents, which they

have no scruple to hint at and to take, there might be a chance of their behaviour escaping strong disapprobation. The facts I here allude to would not suit these notes, but, always with exceptions, I venture to say that there is much impropriety in the conduct of the Parisian women. *One* family of fine children, "with their heads all well combed," indicating maternal care, I saw in the garden of the Tuileries; but I had hardly said that there are no rules, however general, without exceptions, when I heard the little voices speaking in English! The French children are fine animated creatures, and much more beautiful than the adults; but one cannot help lamenting that they are not caught up early, and made respectable. The ready impudence of French boys has often been noticed, and Dr Moore, in his travels, tells several anecdotes of it—for example, the ready sophistry of the boy whose whole fortune was a washing-tub, which he hired out. I was one day accosted by five or six sharp little blackguards, who seemed to be the partners of a shoe-brushing concern in the street. They first offered to brush my boots. This rejected, they offered themselves as conductors to M. l'Anglais to see sights. "Voulez-vous un conducteur?" said the first. "A Nôtre Dame?" said the second. "Au Louvre?" said the third in quick succession. "Au Jardin des Plantes?" said a fourth to vary the choice—to something else the fifth and the sixth, as quick as the *lions* could follow each other; and then the first began again, "Au Champs Elysées—à l'Observatoire—au Luxembourg," and finally, with infinite archness, when all hope failed them—"Au diable!" The delight of these little vagabonds is to make John Bull angry, if they can, and enjoy his rage.

It may easily be believed that, on the 10th of August—that date of dreadful recollection—I went to visit the Palace of the Tuileries, and the gardens immediately behind it, the scene of the destruction of the Swiss Guards of the unfortunate Louis Seize. With a friend I walked

on through the Place Louis XV., where the King was put to death in full view of the palace. The Champs Elysées begin immediately beyond this great square, and form a kind of continuation of the Tuileries gardens. Here I first saw the encampment of the British troops. The 95th Rifle corps, 52d Light, and 71st Highlanders—Sir Frederick Adam's gallant brigade—were under canvass among the trees, and their tents made a striking addition to the landscape. We proceeded by the Barrier of Nieully to the Bois de Boulogne, in which, from its great extent, a very large body of English and Hanoverians are encamped. Nothing gave greater vexation to the Parisians. The wood is their favourite ride, being intersected in all directions by broad well-gravelled roads, and extending down the Seine all the way to St Cloud, Malmaison, and Bellevue. Much of the wood is destroyed; and the Hanoverians, famous, it is said, for fires, lately had one-half of their tents and huts accidentally burnt, in which conflagration the wood suffered considerably. On arriving at the entrance of the wood—which resembles that of Hyde Park, though much less elegant, we learned that several regiments we inquired for were two and three miles still farther on, so that we were glad to find that we could have breakfast at a *traiteur's* who has established himself at the entrance of the wood. We were lucky, however, in finding my cousin's regiment, the Guards, the whole of which fine corps have their tents at the commencement of the wood. The regiment happened to be on parade, so that I had an opportunity of seeing them, and marking his grenadier company, at the head of which he received his wound, in the wood of Quatre-Bras. The regiment had received some drafts from home, and were about five hundred strong. The men of the company were happy to hear of their young captain's recovery, and expressed a hope that he would soon be able to join. We drove back to Paris, and were set down at the Louvre Gallery.

CHAPTER VII.

THE LOUVRE GALLERY—FIRST VISIT.

It is difficult to know how to begin to describe this wonder of wonders. I went first up-stairs to the picture-gallery, through two very fine square saloons covered with pictures, and entered the gallery at one end. I never was so much struck with amazement, and for some considerable time I stood and gazed! Had the gallery been a mere granary or range for cotton-spinning, fourteen hundred feet of length under one roof would have been sufficiently novel; but when so enormous a hall presents a richly ornamented and gorgeously gilded ceiling, with a succession of nine noble arches abutted on pillars of porphyry and marble, lightened by mirrors between, and graced by alabaster vases multiplied indefinitely by cross reflection, perhaps there is nothing in the world which exceeds in grandeur and effect the gallery of the Louvre. Nothing can be more tasteful and relieving than the division of the mighty range by these arches and peristylic side-pillars. It gives a superb effect of architectural grandeur to the whole, and serves, besides, to separate the different schools of painting into distinct divisions of the gallery. At the extreme distance of the other end the living figures seemed pigmies. No one picture, of the multitude with which the walls were covered, had *yet* had power to fix my gaze—the *place* was enough for a first bewildered visit. By degrees, however, the pictures force themselves on the observation. Here is

a new *embarras de richesses*—at what *one* of fourteen hundred masterpieces to look with any degree of attention. The thing I found impossible, and determined to come to that power gradually, and to give the first day to a general *gape* at the stupendous collection from end to end of the gallery. First, on both hands, for at least two hundred feet of its length, into the first peristyle, you gaze on the brilliant and broad canvass of the French school — Poussin, Le Brun, and Le Sueur, the worshipped Raphael of France. Of the pictures of the last mentioned, the finest collection is in the gallery of the Luxembourg, having an entire hall to themselves.

The next four grand divisions are rich with the varieties of the Dutch, Flemish, and German schools, for a journey of six or seven hundred feet. Even in my rapid survey, several of the matchless pictures of Rubens arrested me, particularly the "Ascent to, and Descent from, the Cross," in Sir Joshua Reynold's opinion the finest pictures in the world. Paul Potter's *living* bull, in a large-cattle landscape, occasioned a full stop; and three French ladies who were looking at it addressed me, (for they speak to strangers without hesitation,) with "M. l'Anglais, you must seat yourself *vis-à-vis* to that picture for two hours at least!" The four last peristyles separate the various Italian schools, farthest in, and esteemed unquestionably of highest rank in the Louvre. Actually to be surrounded with the *chef-d'œuvres* of the mightiest masters —compared with which the boasted collections in other parts of Europe are as nothing—to know that you see the finest pictures in the world, in various degrees of excellence among themselves, till, on the summit of the wonderful scale, hang five or six, to any one of which the palm cannot be assigned—is a very enviable situation. How much I wished I could have conjured up many of

my more enthusiastic artistic friends! Raphael, the divino, seemed to live yet in his pictures; Michael Angelo, Domenichino, Correggio, and Titian were all present. The finest works of such men positively render one fastidious, and generously tolerant of *only* the best pictures of the four Caracci, the two Veroneses, Guido, Leonardo da Vinci, and a long etcetera, in all the schools. At the "Transfiguration" of Raphael, I took my first bewildered gaze—meaning to be very well acquainted with that matchless picture before leaving Paris. Opposite, and hung up as the admitted rival of the "Transfiguration," is the "St Jerome" of Domenichino. The aged saint, at ninety-nine, receives, on his knees, at the point of death, the last sacrament. But I am not yet entitled to say what these pictures contain. They were to me very new acquaintances, of the most imposing elevation; and, having never before "stood in such a presence," I really could do no more yet than gaze upon them, in ignorance and astonishment. I travelled back again, at a very slow rate, among the endless varieties on these memorable walls. The Venetian, the Bolognese, the Florentine schools, all so admirable, but something postponed to the Imperial Roman. I found myself again, in Germany, Flanders, and Holland. Rubens in great numbers, Vandyke, Rembrandt, Gerhard Dow, Albert Durer, Teniers, Potter, Vandervelde, Wouvermans, Cuyp. Lastly, a second general look at the French school, in which, after seeing the others, I was struck with a prevalence of more gaudy colouring, so characteristic of the nation.

In the saloons, on the outside of the gallery, are a great number of pictures of the earlier painters, three, four, and even five hundred years ago. These are of value chiefly as affording the means of observing the progress of the art, and as setting before us the appearance, manners, and mode of living, of former times.

I now descended the magnificent staircase to the Statue

halls. The staircases of the public institutions in Paris are generally grand. That in question passes under a superb colonnade of marble pillars with gilt capitals; and having alabaster vases interposed, as in the gallery. The pillars form peristyles, supporting an arched roof, ornamented in compartments, painted and gilded in the same manner. At the foot of the stairs you find yourself in the first hall or vestibule, finished with great taste. The roof attracts your notice, from the brilliancy of the allegorical pictures on it, relating to ancient mythology, and painted by Barthelemy. Smaller paintings are disposed round the centre one, in medallions. With feelings of great veneration I began to take a general view of the statues, vases, altars, chairs of antiquity; but with something of a different impression, when I read in my catalogue a full acknowledgment of plunder, with the original owners named. The place which had suffered most was, of course, the Vatican. In the vestibule were most of the colossal statues, namely, of Minerva, Bacchus, &c., several of them of the celebrated marble from Mont Pentilicus near Athens. Here, also, I saw the first of the numerous statues of Antinous, the favourite of Hadrian; who seems to have given much employment to the sculptors of his time to multiply portraits of this youth of matchless beauty. The next apartment is called the Hall of the Emperors, from being chiefly devoted to statues of the Roman despots. The halls are separated only by a colonnaded peristyle. In this hall I was particularly delighted with the noble Tripod of the Capitol, originally used as a fountain. The groups of figures of nereids and sea-monsters, with which it is surrounded, are very striking. The Roman Emperors are arranged in most imposing state, and are, in all probability, portraits. Melpomene, twelve feet high, with her mask in her hand, is scarcely judiciously placed beside the emperors, if it was not meant to diminish the grandeur of the con-

querors of the world. Here are several fine sarcophagi of great antiquity.

The Hall of the Seasons is so called, because the ceiling painted by Romanelli represents the four seasons. All the satyrs, bacchanals, fauns, and other grotesque rural deities, are here. Here, too, is the exquisite statue of Venus coming out of the bath, certainly, however, very inferior to the Medicean Venus. I was also much attracted by the celebrated statue of a youth extracting a thorn from his foot. The Venus Genetrix is in the same hall, of beautiful Parian marble.

The Hall of Illustrious Men exhibits a painful specimen of sacrilege. Eight antique pillars of granite, which formerly adorned the nave of the church of Aix-la-Chapelle, in which the remains of Charlemagne are deposited, were torn from their place and brought here. The hall has its name from containing statues of Demosthenes, Zeno, Phocion, Menander, Trajan, Alcibiades, Hippocrates, Hortensius, &c.

The Hall of the Romans is chiefly filled with statues of illustrious Romans, not emperors. In this hall is the finest figure of Antinous, of marble of Luni which has a kind of semi-transparency like alabaster. It is impossible to imagine male beauty exceeding that of this statue. There is here the small stooping Venus at the bath.

The Hall of the Laocoon is named from the glorious work of that name, which is enthroned, by itself, at one end. Of course, not a look is bestowed on anything else, except a glance, in passing her, at the Venus de Medicis; and one walks straight up to the admirable group of the unhappy son of Priam, with his two children, writhing in agony in the folds of the serpents. This wonderful work was discovered in 1506, in the ruins of the palace of Titus, contiguous to the baths. Pliny, who comments upon it with enthusiasm, saw it in the same place. It is to that writer that modern times are indebted for

the names of the sculptors. They were Rhodians—Agesander the father, and Polydorus and Athenadorus the sons. The group is composed of five blocks of marble, so admirably united that Pliny believed them to be one. The work is considered to be coeval with the Christian era. Veneration for a work so ancient, on which a Roman classical writer looked as I did, with hardly any difference in the object of our mutual regard, adds much, in contemplating this statue, to the artistic wonders of the work. It seemed to unite the extremes of the Christian era, and bring one into Pliny's very company. Space is annihilated, we well know, when two distant lovers agree, at a certain hour, to look upon the moon; and Time seemed to me to suffer the same treatment, as I looked upon the Laocoon. I resolved to pay many a visit to the interesting spot, before leaving Paris.

The Venus ought not to be in the same place; she distracts the regards from the Laocoon, and is herself of rank sufficient to give her name to a hall. This, I was told, had been intended by Napoleon. The marble of Paros has, in this statue, much lost its colour; and it is afflicting to see the joinings to repair the sad accident which happened to the statue on being removed from Florence to Paris. It was found in the case broken into thirteen pieces—the devil's dozen! It has been well put together, however, and still "stands the statue that enchants the world." The Venus appears small, after seeing the other two Venuses, formerly described, which are in the same attitude, and rather above the size of life. The Medicean is about five feet six inches high, well known to be the most perfect female statute. A first visit, however, was merely a general look of wonder. The other statues in this hall are chiefly of gods and demigods. The exquisite Meleager stood here formerly, but is now in the Hall of the Emperors. It is considered almost on a par with the first-rate statues.

Through the peristyle I entered the hall of the Apollo Belvidere. This certainly crowns the collection, and was formally inaugurated in its present place by Napoleon when chief Consul, who placed an inscription, commemorating the fact, between the plinth of the statue and its pedestal. The grandeur of this statue is indescribable. It is not known whence the marble was taken; but it is at this day of as perfect whiteness, hardness, and polish as if it were just out of the sculptor's hands. Some of the finest statues were in this hall. A beautiful Antinous, called the Egyptian, meant to celebrate his self-devotion for his master the emperor. The rest are very numerous, and all excellent.

Lastly, I visited the Hall of the Rivers, so called from having a noble statue of the god of the Nile. It has a number of exquisite baths of marble and porphyry, vases, candelabra, &c. The famous Hermaphrodite is in this hall, and some Egyptian remains of great beauty and value.

Gazing like myself were many spectators, for the doors are open to the whole world; and large parties of English private soldiers, and those of the allies, were wandering through the halls, and in the picture-gallery above. Great numbers of English travellers were there, many with their wives and daughters, and here and there a Frenchman or Frenchwoman. All the sights are without fee in Paris. They belong to the public; and more lately this principle has been pleaded, to endeavour to stop the retributive hands of the Allies, their former owners, in the Louvre, that the treasures belong to all Europe, and are merely *collected*, and splendidly accommodated, in Paris, for their admiration. In spite of this view of the question, I was just in time to see the Louvre quite entire. My next visit showed me the work of restoration actually begun. This last, of itself, is something to have seen in one's day.

A great display was announced for the evening at Tivoli,

the Vauxhall of Paris. I went with some friends, officers of the 95th regiment. The impression is very inferior, indeed, to that experienced on entering the enchantment of the latter place; for Tivoli is as much inferior to Vauxhall, as the French theatres are to Covent-Garden and Drury Lane. The whole dressed company of Paris seemed to have crowded the place, and a very singular scene it was. It was extraordinary to an adult Briton, to see the childishness of the various amusements with which the company seemed gratified, both as actors and spectators. Swinging, in *vis-à-vis* and single seats, was, we thought rational, when we advanced and saw grown-up persons of both sexes contentedly disporting themselves on merry-go-rounds! The gentlemen bestrode the little wooden horses, and the ladies sat in chairs! These very foolish persons followed each other round and round; and each hero and heroine, as they respectively passed, attempted to carry off, with a small sword, a ring hung out upon a post for the purpose. The very moderate triumph of carrying it off—which, by the by, rarely occurred—was applauded by a general shout from the sympathising spectators. Some of the more easily pleased of the rougher sex got into a boat on a small artificial pond, not twice the length of their vessel, and, unable to row, "struggled in the flood!" The fireworks were brilliant and fanciful, and rope-dancing in the middle of the blaze gave great delight. One poor girl, Madamoiselle Sachi, elevated about sixty feet on the tight-rope, lost her balance, to the horror of the spectators. She caught by the rope and hung there, till they stretched a cloth or carpet below, into which she dropped herself, without receiving any injury. *This* episode was a great addition to the pleasures of the evening! Wherever music was stationed, there was, of course, the never-failing French amusement, in and out of doors, of all ranks, sexes, and *ages*—dancing. The spectators form a circle round the dancers, who

delight to furnish the exhibition; and execute, sometimes awkwardly enough, all sorts of attitudes, every one striving to be more graceful, and, what is most delightful, to Frenchmen or Frenchwomen, more observed, than the rest. In one group danced a gentleman with a wooden leg, and with great ease and neatness: the wooden prop served him as a *point d'appui* or pivot, while the steps were performed with the other, whilst on the wooden he pirouetted with great success, much cheered by the lookers-on. Some older fools exposed themselves among the dancers, as well as on the swings and merry-go-rounds. To us their absurdities were exceedingly diverting. They were quite characteristic. It was rather the younger people who looked on. We heard a young girl cry out, as she discovered him among the dancers, "Ah! voilà mon oncle." The company moving about in the expanses, walks, and alleys, and sitting in the bowers and alcoves, were very numerous; and, of course, much variegated by numbers of the allied officers. Not one French *uniform* appeared; but many of the officers of the army of the Loire, in coloured clothes, were said to be present *incog.* Marshal Blucher had issued an order that any of them found in Paris should be immediately apprehended, and treated as prisoners of war. Nevertheless great numbers *were* in Paris, to the very considerable increase of the alarm and danger of residing there. Some of the officers with me told me that a plot had just been discovered to carry off Wellington, Blucher, and the Crowned heads, and that seven thousand men had entered Paris in disguise for the purpose. If ever French ascendancy again afflicts mankind, its revival may be ascribed to the indulgence with which its avowed and exasperated abettors have been, and still are, treated.

Of two things which we had been led to expect, we were disappointed, at Tivoli. The Crowned heads were not there; and a balloon of uncommon magnificence, decorated

and illuminated, would not be persuaded to rise from the ground, although no pains were spared with it. The whole company were displeased; but those who had been actually taxed to the extra amount of five francs each, to get within a rope stretched round the apparatus, were outrageous. The ladies were in their walking-dresses, and numbers of them seemed pretty; but so completely, to me at least, did their ungraceful costume destroy their attractions, that I never looked twice at any of them. I had some debates on this important subject with a French lady. The high head-dress, the hair drawn tight up from the temples and forehead over a coif, or hid with a very high-crowned bonnet covered with feathers, no perceptible waist, but a loose robe hanging like a sack from the throat to the ankles, carefully collected about the wrists, and a shawl worn three-corner-wise, as is usual with housekeepers, with characters from their last place: all this she maintained to be the height of elegance, and screamed with mirth when she described the English long waist and little shell of a bonnet. In vain I pleaded that the French dress constituted all the women forty-five years of age at least, completely hid their figures, and concealed their movements; the current association of ever-changing fashion had got too firm a hold of my lively adversary for me to shake; she trusted that her countrywomen would be firm and hold out, and not yield, as the men had done in the struggle. I assured her the contest would be hopeless, as the English ladies had a great example to animate them; and that, ultimately, France must yield. She hoped that the matter would be submitted, among others of like importance, to the Congress at Vienna, if they should again meet; and doubted not of the result.

In the Tivoli gardens I met my friend and relation, Colonel Little Gilmour of the 95th,* and soon after Sir

* Major-General Sir D. L. Gilmour died in 1847.

John Malcolm, who had been ambassador to Persia, and Admiral Sir Pultney Malcolm, both intimate India friends of the Duke of Wellington's. Sir Pultney had taken him to India in his ship, the Fox frigate, in 1796. He was then Lieut.-Col. Wellesley of the 33d regiment, with a fame yet to build.*

Among other friends, I met Colonel Hunter Blair, of the Guards, a hero of Talavera, where he was severely wounded; and who, at Waterloo, in the evening, was useful to the Chief.

I went to breakfast under canvass in the Champs Elysées with my 95th friends; Mr Urquhart, who had nearly come to the Scottish Bar, and Captain Le Blane, whose family I knew in London: much they apologised for what they called a breakfast *en Cossac;* which, however, was to me delightfully novel and pleasant. The trees in the Champs Elysées form almost as thick a wood as in the Bois de Boulogne, and it borders close upon the noble Place Louis XV. The English tents pitched under the trees, with the red and green uniforms seen in the wood, presented a very romantic picture; but a thousand times more impressive was it, when we reflected that the scene was close to the French capital, of which we were the masters. What a reverse to the conquering French, with armies once too numerous to be resisted by the whole of Europe, now without one soldier in arms, and the troops of foreign conquerors encircling and occupying their capital! My friends were of the second battalion of the 95th; but I saw Colonel Gilmour go through the morning parade duty of his battalion, the third, before breakfast. That battalion was not strong, but in high order, and had a remarkably fine band. He has since got the second battalion. Of course, I heard much of the battle at our breakfast-table. Lord Wel-

* The admiral was soon afterwards sent to St Helena to take care of Napoleon. Both the brothers are deceased.

lington came several times to the square of the 95th. The men, impatient of the repeated attacks, particularly of the artillery, called out to him, "Let us at them, my Lord: lead us to them!" His answer was, "Not yet, my brave men; but you shall have at them soon: a little time more of steadiness—you shall have your revenge." Like all the heroes of that wondrous field, with whom I had conversed, my entertainers delighted to hear how the news was received at home. I gave them the account of its arrival by express at Edinburgh on the Saturday, six days after it was fought, about 11 o'clock, where every face had previously exhibited despondency and alarm, the news in the morning having been, that Lord Wellington had found it necessary to retreat to a place called Waterloo! No one that witnessed it can forget the joy of that noon; and I recollect that while the bells were ringing, I met Walter Scott in the street, who told me that when he was, a short time before, in London, the Duchess of Wellington had said to him, that she was impressed with a presentiment almost to superstition, that whenever her husband met Buonaparte, he would destroy him at ONE blow!

It was from them I learned the fine proof of Prussian esteem for the English, and acknowledgment of the marvellous share they had had in the battle. The Scots Greys, or a Light Dragoon regiment, came up near Belle Alliance, with a regiment of Prussian cavalry. The Prussians halted and wheeled into line to let the British cavalry pass, all their trumpets sounding "God save the King," accompanied by three hearty cheers from the men.

My friends spoke much of Alava, the Spanish general, who had attended Lord Wellington through all his Spanish campaigns, and was with him at the battle of Waterloo. In his despatch to his own government, he may be considered as an impartial evidence in the much contested question, whether the arrival of the Prussians operated directly in producing *the first giving*

way of the French army. There never has been a question, that the pursuit of the Prussians annihilated the army *already routed.* General Alava wrote to his government that the French were in irretrievable rout before their right flank was seriously engaged with the Prussians. The English line had passed the French position a quarter of a mile before the most advanced of the Prussians, the black hussars, joined them. No doubt our Allies did noble service in the pursuit, and prevented the rallying of the French to return upon the British army in a few days, as they did at Talavera.

After spending a couple of hours with these fine young men, we walked back to the Tuileries, and were permitted to enter the palace, as English. We went up a noble staircase to the hall of the marshals, so called from having full-length portraits of all the French marshals of the Empire hung up in it, in full field-marshal's uniform. They are all said to be good likenesses, so that a stranger could form some idea of the originals. Those of the traitor marshals, Ney and Davoust, had been taken down, and the blanks left. Much in the present strange crisis must exhibit inconsistency. The system of which the marshals were the abettors is levelled to the ground; the King is restored; and yet, in the great saloon of his palace appear the most unwelcome remembrances of a revolution which so long excluded his family. The King in the midst of them is like Daniel in the lions' den. Through this hall the King and royal family were immediately expected to pass, to morning mass. The hall was crowded with well-dressed people, who were kept far enough back to leave a passage of six or eight feet wide diagonally across the saloon, for the procession. The *garde-du-corps* are in most gorgeous uniforms, some blue and silver, with superb helmets and very high white feathers—others scarlet and gold. The Duchess d'Angoulême passed first,

amid loud cries from the spectators of "Vive la Duchesse d'Angoulême—vive Madame!" This was my first sight of the interesting daughter of Louis XVI. If she ever had beauty, it is gone; and her expression is a confirmed melancholy, with a redness in her eyes, as if she had been in tears. A gentleman walked before, and a lady behind her. She preceded the rest of the royal family some minutes. Politically this lady is highly popular; but there are great complaints of her religious bigotry, which is said to equal anything of the kind related of her ancestors. Yet one cannot imagine circumstances again occurring in which it can possibly be dangerous. "Vive le Roi, le Duc d'Angoulême, le Duc de Berry!" announced that the King and his two nephews were crossing the hall. The Count d'Artois was unwell. His Majesty looked very benevolent, very soft, and very sorry. His situation is not at all to his taste; but he most properly perseveres in doing his duty in it. He is said to have answered, to an inquiry by the Duke of Wellington after his health and spirits, — "I wear a crown of thorns; if it were a crown of roses, I would resign it." It was his duty to wear that crown of thorns till he should make it a crown of roses—if *such* really ever encircled royal brow at all—for his successors. The King and the rest of the royal family received petitions from persons in the crowd, and gave them to the person who walked behind them. In how many cases this must be a mere form. Such petitions are often complaining of injuries, which have either no foundation, or are not capable of redress. Still they are all received most graciously. The French always call petitions *memorials*. One lady stood close to me with one in her hand, but lost courage as the procession passed. She waited, as I did, till the royal family returned, and was then more successful. She told me it was a petition for redress of a great grievance.

After this scene we went to see the rest of the palace—the noble hall in which is the fine picture of the battle of Austerlitz, at the moment Napoleon is receiving a captive Austrian general. It is painted on the roof, and is truly magnificent. There is an engraving of it. From this hall you look over, as from a gallery, into the chapel where Napoleon had so often been at his prayers. The repetition of the letter N was now very frequent; and Napoleon appeared in every variety of way, in painting, and in bas-relief, always in the act of humiliating his enemies—all but English. The furnishing of the rooms was splendid. In the palace is a very handsome theatre, with an elegantly fitted-up box for the late Emperor. I have not heard that there have been plays in that theatre since the return of the Bourbons. It was extremely interesting to see marks of the wonderful man everywhere, and to be at the same time conscious of his annihilation by our own still more wonderful man. In the grand state-room—indeed, in all the rooms—there was the uncomfortable effect, to an English eye, of bare floors. They were of old oak, arranged in small pieces like tesselation; and men were cleaning them, not only with hard brushes in their hands, but strapped to the right foot, with which they danced about as they did their work.

We had occasion to cross the Place Louis XV. on our way to visit the house of the Chamber of Deputies. As formerly observed, one side opens to the Champs Elysées, another to the gardens of the Tuileries, and the third to the Pont-Royal, across the river, at the end of which is the façade of the Chamber of Deputies, which seems to form, at a distance, one side of a vast square. The built side of the Place is called the Garde Meuble, or wardrobe, having once contained the royal robes and jewels; but it is now devoted to several government offices, and hotels of persons of rank. It is, beyond all

question, the grandest side of a square in Europe. It presents a noble colonnade of fluted Corinthian pillars, on the second story, supported by elegant piazzas below. This is the prevailing style of the Parisian palaces. The east front of the Louvre is the same, and a very princely effect it has. A fine street—the Rue de la Paix, one of the few in Paris in which all the houses are uniformly magnificent—runs out of the centre of the Garde Meuble, dividing it into two parts: a temple was erecting by Napoleon at the end of that street, so as to front, at a distance, the Palace of the Chamber of Deputies; it was to have been called the Temple de la Paix, but at present exhibits a range of unfinished pillars. If ever the Temple of Peace should be finished, it should be now.* With the exception of the Place Louis XV.—than which there is nothing nobler in Europe—and the Tuileries, Louvre, and Palais-Royal, there is no other part of Paris either grand or beautiful.

We went to the House of Deputies, and ascended its fine staircase, which is adorned with busts. The hall where the legislative body meet is very commodious and elegant, rising from the side on which the President's chair is placed, like a lecture-room in College. The walls, like those of all the courts of justice, are covered with green cloth, embroidered thickly with Buonaparte's favourite emblem the bee, each bee being about two inches by an inch and a half in size, and of gold lace. The form of the hall is semicircular, with a straight side; where, near the President's chair, and *before* it, is placed, by the worst of all possible arrangements, the tribune or platform from which the orator addresses—not the President, for his back is turned to him, pretty much like the clerk's to the clergyman—but the house. The uproars common in that strange assembly of legislators, were they not

* The building was finished some years ago as a church—La Magdalene—a place of worship of great magnificence.

occasioned by circumstances powerful enough over and above, would seem to follow from this ill-judged contrivance. This building was the Palais Bourbon, built in 1722. Its façade is like that of the temple of Theseus at Athens, presenting a range of twelve pillars and a pediment; in the tympanum of the pediment are more of Napoleon's bas-reliefs; and the house, outside and in, is dotted with N's. Some of the palaces have lately been cleaned or scraped, so as to have the appearance of new white stone again. This one has been cleaned among the rest. The view from the Pont Royal, or Louis XVI., in front of this building, both up and down the river, is truly magnificent.

We next visited the Hôtel des Invalides—the Chelsea Hospital of Paris. It is a very grand building, and is surmounted by a dome, which is gilded; and although it looks ill on the building, it is very striking as one of the most eye-attracting features of Paris, especially in sunshine, when it is quite brilliant. The veterans, with their various marks of hard knocks, were walking about in the gardens, and many of them were very polite to us when we passed. The *younger* invalides, for obvious reasons, looked rather sulkily upon us. They are said to be very well maintained. In a great range of upper rooms, lighted from the roof, we were admitted to see the far-famed models of almost all the fortified towns on the Continent. They are cut in wood, and placed on large tables. They represent the towns, every street and lane, the fortifications, and different roads leading to them, and the neighbouring country, with its verdure, rivers, woods, villas, &c. Some of them are twenty feet square, and you look at them as you would at a set-out dinner-table, with a rail round to lean the arms upon. Workmen were busy taking down some of them, which, from the names still left opposite the blanks, we observed were towns on the *Prussian* frontier. This was the first instance we had yet seen of

such retributive proceedings. The Prussians seem determined not to leave in the hands of the French these models of their own towns; though very likely, all the time, a clever French draughtsman was keeping copies, access being very easy.

The Chapel of the Invalids is magnificent. It is in a grand style of Grecian, with the favourite fluted Corinthian pillars, while the dome is little inferior to that of St Paul's. On one side of it is a monument with the impressive name "Turenne" sublimely engraved upon it, and opposite is another with "Vauban;" but the sublimity is lost in a further inscription below, that the monument was placed there, on such a day, by Napoleon Buonaparte, First Consul! If this is not erased, which it will certainly be, it would be a very suitable counterbalance to add his own displacement, on such another day. The gardens are not remarkable. Near the Invalids is the Ecole Militaire, forming one extremity of the Champ de Mars, where Napoleon held his Champ de Mai, his last imposition on the Parisians. This, however, we had not time to go to, and resolved to reserve it. We took a fiacre and drove to the palace of the Luxembourg, now the palace of the other branch of the French legislature, the Chamber of Peers. The palace is superb, in the style of the other French palaces; and the house for the Peers something like that for the Commons, with the emperor's, now the king's, throne. The committee-rooms are in the most elegant style of accommodation. A range of busts of ancient worthies surrounds the hall. In this hall, as in the Chamber of Deputies, were the scenes of agitation and squabbling, lately, when the Allies were advancing to Paris.

We went to dine at a restaurateur's in the Palais-Royal. As we took our places, a waiter handed us the newspapers of the day, with the bill of fare, or *carte des entrées*. This latter was as large as any of the newspapers, and in very

small print. It was really a curiosity for variety, and, to us, unintelligibility. Some dishes, however, we did make out, or resolved to try from the eccentricity of their descriptions. On the whole, we dined well—our wines, claret and Burgundy, with a handsome dessert—for about eight francs; which, by the by, is reckoned rather an expensive dinner in Paris, equal to 6s. 8d. sterling.

I breakfasted with Colonel Gilmour, at his billet in the Rue d'Angoulême, near the Champs Elysées, where his regiment was under canvass. He was very lucky in his quarters; and so thought the family that they were in their lodger, whom they often compared with what they might have had—a Prussian colonel. The family were only the tenants of the house, as their residence at Paris was merely temporary. They consisted of two middle-aged men and their mother, a very deaf, but kind and obliging old lady. They were proprietors of a good estate in Normandy, and were of some antiquity as Norman gentry. The brothers were quite unemployed country gentlemen—of course having, in town, the usual idle appearance of that otherwise busy class of men—and afforded an example of two sons who had succeeded equally to the paternal estate. Their wonder was without bounds that so just a country as England should persevere in the injustice of the law of primogeniture. It was impossible to make them understand that that very law was one cause of the general prosperity of the country, and of the higher rate of wealth and consequence of the younger branches of families themselves, by obliging them to exert themselves in the professional and commercial world, instead of slumbering and quarrelling at home on the unimproved estate of their fathers. Division in absolute property, of course, is out of the question, for it would reduce the third generation to shoemakers. In such cases the laws of entail and strict unalienability are quite essential to hold together the estate, as the common means undiminished of

a succession of generations. Still the collateral ramifications must make the demands upon it so great, that its claimants must be driven finally to do something for themselves. Our hosts, however, seemed the sole incumbents of their estate in Normandy. They seemed to be very attentive to their mother, who went quietly about all sorts of housewife work, with a towel in her hand; very like a *gudewife* in our own country. At table she regularly replenished our plates, without speaking or expecting to be spoken to. Her title, "Madame." The sons are likenesses, so striking that Colonel Gilmour had noticed it, of two brothers in Scotland, cousins to us both. The brothers do not resemble each other. It was difficult to know their sentiments on public affairs. Col. G. thought that they felt sore at the humiliation of their country, and even regretted the system which had been destroyed: of course, he was too polite to try them. His chief difficulty was steering clear of their excessive hospitality. They would not permit him to bring in provisions; and, to avoid constantly dining at their table, he always dined at a restaurateur's. He could not, however, escape breakfast. They often talked of the good-humour, and what they called the *hilarité*, of their guest. They brought him dogs for shooting, provender for his horses, and everything they could think of; he, in return, obtaining, for them, every possible indulgence from the strict regulations, both in Paris and Normandy, which were imposed on the French. Colonel Gilmour took no credit; he said the English officers all made it a rule to press lightly on their billets. Honour to them! Our breakfast was a fair specimen of that luxurious thing called the *déjeûner à la fourchette;* which is a dinner of cooked things, and even pastry! After which was the *entrée* of tea, coffee, and bread and butter.

After breakfast we mounted our horses and rode to Montmartre, to which, that morning, Colonel Gilmour's battalion of the 95th had been ordered to remove their

quarters. We were very desirous to see this famous height, so interesting to the mineralogist, the antiquarian, the soldier, and the politician. M. Cuvier has given to the world its geological wonders. On its summit once stood a Roman temple of Mars; and the hill gave its name to the final contest, which first put the Allies in possession of Paris, in 1814. We rode through the village of Montmartre, and reached the observatory on the summit, by a good road. We first observed the marks of Napoleon's late mock attempt to fortify Paris —meant, in truth, to overawe it; and we had a complete view of the whole plain where the great battle was fought when Montmartre was taken by the Prussians under General Langeron. The village and hill are held at present by the English, and the observatory is converted into officers' quarters. From its summit is seen Paris about two miles distant. We were disappointed with the view. It is neither grand nor beautiful, and the country around is not at all attractive. There is a cold, grey, chalky effect on all sides. This appearance is shed over the city itself, as seen from that point, and occasions very different ideas from those of wealth and comfort, which a view of London and its environs gives rise to, or of landscape beauty and variety which Edinburgh boasts. To this, as to all other distant points of view, the gilded dome of the Invalids is a very striking object. We saw the diggings and quarries from which the fossil bones of animals long extinct were taken, and from which the public collections of mineralogy and geology have been so much enriched. I may mention, that that comfortless appearance which strikes us in the approaches to Paris, and even continues through a considerable portion of the Faubourgs, is much increased by the real depopulation of the neighbourhood. Chateaus appeared ruined, and cottages demolished, all around. When to these symptoms are added the spectacle of women

everywhere doing men's work, and of beggary and mendicity abounding, we have a wretched impression of the country. Mr Eustace has calculated that in France there are twelve women for one effective man. Still, in the country there seems to be no agricultural sloth: every spot is cultivated; but the system is universally condemned, by English farmers, as wretched.

We left Montmartre and rode a considerable way along the north side of Paris, passing two or three barriers all guarded by allied troops. The roads are excellent, and always lined with trees, but still grey and cold and ruined and silent; a prodigious contrast to the bustle of the London vicinity, along the New and City roads on the north, and these to Clapham and Camberwell on the south. Indeed the contrast is marked in everything except—and it is the only exception—the grandeur of the public establishments. Paris is a village in all other respects compared with London, taking in the immense environs of the latter. It is well worth the while of a person who has ascended Montmartre, or the dome of the Pantheon of St Genevieve, to mount St Paul's on his return to London. The view from the first is certainly very grand, but that from the last is greatly more vast—certainly twice or thrice the extent. When we came round to the Barrière de Neuilly, where stands the unfinished triumphal arch which Napoleon intended as a monument to his conquest of Russia, and which is a speaking lesson on the uncertain anticipations of conquerors, we entered the Bois de Boulogne to ride through it to St Cloud, the favourite palace of Napoleon. The wood consists almost entirely of young trees, with broad gravelled riding roads, radiating from a large circle in the centre. It is the favourite ride and drive of the Parisians; and much they deplore its present use as the camp and bivouac of the English and Germans.

After passing the English tents, we came to the Hano-

verian huts, and the curious picquets for their horses. Numbers of the men were in the wood cutting brushwood, and frequently came out upon the road where we passed, with the romantic effect of banditti in pictures and plays. They were all moustached, and many of them wore beards. Our visit was a day or two before these same worthies occasioned the destruction by fire of their own huts and tents, and a considerable extent of the wood. Their hutting was compact, the walls of wickerwork and clay, and the roof of straw, as neat as a beehive. Approaching the village of St Cloud, we came to the outer circle of the cordon which the allied troops drew completely round Paris, in easy communication with each other, on a very excellent system. We passed the Seine by the bridge, the centre arch of which had been lately broken down in defence, but which is again made passable, and rode up to the gate of St Cloud, with an escort of a dozen little ragamuffins, called *gamins*, in clamorous competition to be employed as *conducteurs*, or *teneurs des chevaux*. The mode of their competition was not so much self-recommendation by each, as disparagement of his rivals. "Don't take him, he is *polisson*"—the term for blackguard, probably from police relations. The compliment was of course returned, so that the whole party had it bestowed upon them, every one in his turn. Of course we had no other choice left than to believe them all. There is nothing very striking in the approach to St Cloud. Its chief interest is certainly its late destination. The trees are lofty, and cut into alleys, in the Dutch taste; and a very splendid fountain pours down numberless streams, in cascades, into a series of large marble basins, and through the persons of many a lion and dolphin—an execrable and most offensive taste, in the worst style of the Dutch.

We entered the square court of the Palace, with all the associations of the place awake in us. On every stone had

trode the late conqueror of Europe; and now *his* conquerors were surveying his recent haunts in perfect tranquillity. The staircase is very grand, a part of French buildings always rendered imposing. The rooms are like other palace show-rooms, very gorgeously, and, many of them, very elegantly and tastefully, furnished. We much admired porphyry and malachite candelabra, superb branches of or-molu on elegant pillars highly polished; vases of all sorts, many of beautiful alabaster and variegated marble, and of exquisite antique forms. In lustres and lamps, the Continent is much behind England; and we took for granted that we saw the finest here that could be procured in France. I had made the same remark in the palaces of Amsterdam, Laken, and the Tuileries. We saw the bed of the late Empress Marie Louise, and the superb little crib of his Majesty the King of Rome, forming a canopy bed, surmounted by a rich imperial crown. Outside of it is an elegant blue and silver bed for his nurse. The engraving of the King of Rome, in this cradle, we have all seen. Lastly, we came to the bed of green velvet and gold of the Emperor, his bath, &c. The room was lately occupied by Marshal Blucher; and on our observing that the rich sofa was much soiled, we were told that Blucher had made a point of his favourite dog *bivouacking* on it during his stay at St Cloud.

The grand gallery of St Cloud is, on the whole, unmatched by anything I had yet seen in France. It is in the rich gilded fretted work of the state-rooms in all the French palaces, with a profusion of gigantic pier-glasses, showy lustres, and gorgeous candelabra, with a great number of very fine pictures of moderate size on the walls; and paintings by the first French artists on the roof and compartments. In the ante-room is the interesting picture, by Berthelemy, of the death of Dessaix at Marengo; and here begin the N's in great numbers, with much bas-relief about Napoleon's conquests—all devoted to erasure

by the Allies. On entering the great gallery, you see on each hand a splendid vase of Sevres porcelain, said to be the finest in Europe. They are eight or nine feet high, of exquisite work and colour, and gorgeously ornamented with or-molu. On the pedestals are bas-reliefs, in the style of alabaster or opaque glass; and, as usual, in praise of Napoleon. These have been covered over with a kind of paste by the Prussians; but I scraped a little off, so as to know what they were. At the further end of the gallery is one vase by itself, of blue porcelain and gold. It is impossible to imagine anything more brilliant.

We saw Napoleon's dining-room, and the table still standing, as it seemed to be a fixture. The place at table he used to occupy was pointed out to us. Many private gentlemen in England have superior dining-rooms. The French, seldom staying so long in the *salle-à-manger* as we do, never think of making it an elegant room. They remain in it no longer than necessary for dinner, and then leave it for the *salle-à-café*. This at St Cloud is a very elegant drawing-room, and is entered by a door from the dining-room. At the extremity of it was a glass door, through which Buonaparte used to pass to mount a little cabriole, or on horseback after coffee, and ride through the park. We next went to the famous Orangery in which the Council of Five Hundred were met when they were dispersed by Buonaparte after his return from Egypt. It is well known that he had almost lost courage, when his brother Lucien seized him by the arm and pushed him on. At the very moment in which we contemplated all this, the extraordinary man himself was on board the Bellerophon, and about to be removed to the Northumberland, for his voyage to St Helena.

The gardens are fine, and the view of Paris from them one of the best. We had not time to go to the Obelisk, from which the view is said to resemble that from Rich-

mond hill. In the palace, I should have mentioned, are four saloons which have the names of the Seasons. St Cloud is a favourite Sunday resort of the Parisians.

We rode back to Paris by the beautiful village of Passy, famous for its mineral springs, on which account it is much resorted to; and likewise celebrated as the favourite residence of Dr Franklin while American ambassador to France. We entered Paris by its grandest approach, and saw the Bridge of Jena, which Marshal Blucher, but for the Duke of Wellington, would have destroyed; and near it the well-chosen site of the intended and begun palace of the King of Rome. It was meant to be made the grandest palace in the world. It presents now the irregular appearance of the rubbish of the old buildings, and the foundations and truncated columns of the new. This is the grandest—the only grand entrance to Paris; for at one view it commands the river, the finest bridges, the Invalids, Ecole Militaire, Champ de Mars, Palace of the Legion of Honour, Mint, Notre Dame, &c., on the one hand, and the Tuileries and Louvre on the other. We rode through the Champs Elysées, or wood so called, and returned to dine with our Normandy friends in the Rue d'Angoulême. The dinner was in the best French manner—choice fruit, and wines of the greatest variety and richness; melon, with boiled beef as usual; coffee after dinner, without cream, and a small glass of liqueur called *chasse café*, after it.

I went, alone, a great way along the Boulevards, to meet the two Knights of the Bath, Sir John and Sir Pulteney Malcolm, at the famous Café Turque, which occupies about an acre of ground, laid out with singular ingenuity and taste, with bazaars, Turkish tents, &c., all in the style of Constantinople. On coming out, we found the Boulevards very much crowded, as usual, and heard a great deal of itinerant music, some of it exceedingly well performed. The violin-playing was often excellent—

concerto music in parts, with good execution; singers, especially the men, singing quite in the stage manner; and three little boys, the eldest not fifteen, and the youngest not apparently more than ten, playing trios on French horns, with uncommon effect and beauty. Many shows and small theatres or puppet-shows were loudly announcing their own merits, with great variety of attraction. Of these, one was a very good figure of a Highland soldier, with shouldered musket, standing as the ornament of one of the exhibitions. Multitudes stood and viewed it with great admiration. Many exclaimed, "What a superb soldier!" Among the spectators of the Highlander I saw many of the allied soldiers, and some Cossacks, who evidently thought it the strangest dress they had ever seen; but its character at Waterloo was well known to them all. None but the volatile French would so soon have assumed an emblem so mortifying. The Highlanders, however, were quite a spectacle at Paris. Their tartans, bonnets, and plumes were very much admired, and were imitated even by the ladies. My friends went to the Rongerie, another Tivoli, from which a balloon was to ascend; and I went home, very thoroughly tired.

On Sunday I went to the Royal Chapel at the Tuileries. A levée was held after service, and many people attended in uniforms and court dresses. A friend was with me, and we were to have met Colonel Gilmour, to go with us, that his military dress might admit us. He did not appear, and we were obliged to attempt to make our own way. For a moment we were stopped, but only to ascertain that we were English. "You may enter, gentlemen; you are English." After entering the Salle des Mareschaux, we were, again asked by an officer, apparently of rank, if we were English; for otherwise, he said, we could not be there, being neither in uniform nor court dress. This general order, at the palace, to

admit the English, by a dispensation with court rules, is a handsome compliment, and duly appreciated. We again saw all the members of the royal family. Loud were the cries of "Vive le Roi!—Vive Madame!" &c.—a cry anything but animating to an Englishman who doubts its sincerity.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE LOUVRE GALLERY—SECOND VISIT.*

I RESOLVED this day to confine myself to the first division of the gallery, in which are the paintings of the French School. Le Brun, Le Sueur, and Vernet, were the leading stars; but Poussin and Claude Lorraine were also there. The gallery begins with the pictures of Bourdon, who lived from the year 1616 to 1671. The subjects are all Scriptural. The most interesting is the scene, so affecting even in description, as beautifully evincing the benignity

* As formerly stated, the author's first visit to the Louvre gallery was one of mere feeling, in which the faculties of Ideality and Wonder alone were in activity, while Judgment was reposing in sinecure. In his subsequent visits, he did his best to call the last-mentioned power into actual service, without, however, discharging from duty the other two, which to do would have been as difficult as inexpedient. He does not intend to alarm his readers with the prospect of an artistic analysis of fourteen hundred pictures! Besides that a comparative few—and these stars of the first magnitude—will be noticed at all, even they will be spoken of in the general and popular terms which an average reader can not only bear but enjoy, as describing the feelings which the pictures must create in the minds of all who feel aright, which, of course, is every one; with the most passing allusions, here and there, to colours, lights, shadows, and other technical and mechanical terms —among which he pledges his word that such terms as breadth, handling, scummelling, and, above all, that sublimity chiaroscuro, shall not once occur. He will ever have before his eyes the awful fate of a somewhat pedantic technicalist, whose favourite terms, in

and kindness of the Saviour—"Suffer little children to come unto me," &c. It is most touchingly represented. Le Brun follows. The holy family visiting the infant Jesus asleep, and the Virgin gently preventing the infant St John from disturbing his slumbers. It is impossible to imagine anything more exquisitely sweet and beautiful than all the countenances. Saint Etienne (Stephen) stoned to death, lifting up his hands in a last effort to pray for his murderers—a most affecting picture. It is of great size, and remarkable for its strong relief as if it were independent of the canvass. The famous visit of Alexander to the tent of Darius, of which we have so long known the engraving; the Queen and her attendants on their knees. It is always interesting to see the originals of old engravings. The suicide of Cato, and the heroism of Scevola who thrust his hand into the fire, in proof of his defiance of the worst threats of the Epirean King. Glancing at the pictures of Fosse, Fresnoy, Gelee, Jouvenet, Loo, Mignard, &c., I gave more time to Nicolas Poussin, whose historical pieces and landscapes are of the

criticising old pictures, in which the colour had run into knots, were—*crisp bits* and *buttery touches*. An eminent artist, whom these terms much provoked, taught them to his parrot, and practised Poll to apply them at breakfast when the toast and the butter were touched by any one. One morning his friend breakfasted with him, and, as the bird had been taught always to add his familiar name to these technicalities, it was ready when he put forth his hand to the toast-rack or butter-dish, with—"Crisp bits, Davie! Buttery touches!"

The author does not mean to say that, in his numerous Louvre visits, he denied himself a minute, and, so far as in him lay, an artistic inspection of many more pictures than he has mentioned in these notes; for in his youth he used to handle the brush and pallet himself, and stand at the easel, and has, as a very humble amateur, paid some attention to the details, and even the terms of art. His present purpose is—and he trusts the reader will be sufficiently grateful—to spare his friends an intolerable infliction, and disappoint his enemies, if he has any, of a small triumph at his expense.

first order. "The Deluge," a terrific picture, combines his excellences in both departments. Abraham's messenger finding Rebecca at the well, and giving her the rich bracelets and ring. The Israelites gathering the manna. "The Judgment of Solomon"—the well-contrasted feelings of the real and pretended mother. The powerfully represented death of Sapphira. St Francis calling a young girl to life by miracle. The "Rape of the Sabines"—a most stirring picture. The landscape-painting of Poussin is well known: it is remarkable for one character—the minuteness of its finishing; every leaf would almost indicate the species of tree to which it belongs; the colouring is exquisitely sweet and harmonious. Of Claude Lorraine only a few pictures are here; the sun, with diffused and softened light, shines in them all. Migaud, among other fine pictures, has one of great merit, representing the very unseasonable visit, to say the least of it, of the old gentlemen to Susanna. Le Sueur's pictures are all of the first class of excellence; he was called the Raphael of France. An immense picture, of the most showy brilliancy, represents the magicians burning their books at Ephesus, as the effect of the preaching of St Paul; one figure, blowing up the kindling fire with his breath, seems to be actually alive. An exquisite picture of the burial of Jesus, by Joseph of Arimathea, Nicodemus, and St John, accompanied by the woe-worn Virgin and the holy women, and some others. Vernet's landscapes, especially in their moonlight, are exquisite. He lived till 1786. Of Vernet's there is a beautiful picture of the presentation of the infant Jesus to Simeon. I did not see a more interesting picture, though perhaps it was too gaudily coloured—a French fault.

Having spent about three hours in the French school, I denied myself one step farther in, and came down to the halls of the statues for an hour. I had before gone over them in the mass, and now paid my respects to the

leading statues, confining myself to the three of first, and amongst themselves, of almost equal, rank—the *Apollo*, the *Venus*, and the *Laocoon*.

THE APOLLO BELVIDERE.

If ever human imagination stamped a god in the perfection of the human form, it is done here. Much attention has been paid to the placing of the noble figure suitably to its rank. A recess of red Oriental granite, of the finest polish, is railed off to contain the pedestal, which last is about four feet high. The deep colour in which the statue is placed gives a still more noble effect to its white marble, which has the freshness and sharpness of a work newly finished. Where this uncommon marble was obtained is unknown; it is matter of discussion both with statuaries and mineralogists. It is decided not to be Pentilic, or, like that of the Venus, Parian, so much valued by the Greeks. Some mineralogists have thought they have found marble of its exquisite colour and grain in Syria. There is something in this very doubt which gives an additional and mystical value to this exquisite production. The god is in the attitude of having just discharged the arrow which slew the serpent Python, and delivered the Delphians; an allegory, of the influence of the sun in rendering the air more salubrious, and destroying the noxious exhalations. The attitude is majestic, and the air sublime. The left hand holds the bow, (or rather about a foot of it, where it is held,) at the full stretch of the left arm, and the right has just dropped down by the side. It has been remarked that, in the expression of the beautiful countenance, indignation is giving place to the assurance and pride of victory. So exquisitely is every part of this statue executed, that the most minute and evanescent expressions are represented, and, after so many centuries, have not lost one shade of

their truth. Eternal youth seems stamped on the whole figure, as well as the beautiful countenance; with a mixture of nobleness, vigour, and elegance, that cannot be exceeded, even in imagination. I got a seat near, and looked till my eyes ached. The height is somewhat colossal, which adds to its grandeur. The estimation in which this statue has, for three centuries since its discovery in modern times, been held, places it above all price. It is a national—a European treasure. It is, I had almost said, a living standard model of the human form when first created—when the fiat went forth that man should be made after the Image; the lasting type which preserves its youth, and grace, and grandeur, while countless millions of its wondering admirers, in the course of so many ages, have crumbled into dust; the same form upon which the Cæsars have looked, and Cato and Cicero, and Virgil and Horace, and Ovid and Mecænas. It is quite impossible to describe the various and almost conflicting associations which course through the mind in gazing on this marble. It was brought to light after the long sepulture of the dark ages, about the end of the fifteenth century, at Capo D'Anzo, about thirty miles from Rome, on the sea-shore, among the ruins of the ancient Antium, famous for the luxury of the Emperors. It was removed to the Belvidere, in the Vatican, (whence its name,) by Pope Julius II., where it remained till torn away by Buonaparte, as the fruit of victory, to be fixed *for ever* on the banks of the Seine! I formerly mentioned that Buonaparte in person, as First Consul, inaugurated this statue, placing it on its pedestal with something approaching to ancient idolatry—an affectation of the French revolutionists. By artists the Apollo is actually worshipped; and had the report turned out true (which I never believed) that it was to be presented to the British nation, in *full compensation* for their concern in the deliverance of the world, it must have been

inaugurated in a temple built for the purpose, almost with like formalities. As to its effect on the art of statuary, such is the improvement in the fine arts in England compared with their present state in other countries, a branch only of that healthy onward vigour which circulates through the whole system of our own country, that I have little doubt England would have turned its possession to the greatest advantage. The statue is completely nude, but is of a character to exclude the very notion of indelicacy. Indeed, it may be remarked of all the nudity in the Louvre, that it is so purely intended, that it would have satisfied Sir Joshua Reynolds; who used to tell his students in the academy that "modest nudity is divine;" and that, if there be immodesty, it is neither in the artist nor the statue, but in the spectator. The only drapery of the Apollo is the scarf which hangs from his left arm, with an indescribable grace. It is almost transparent as you look at it between you and the light.

THE VENUS DE MEDICIS.

It is delightful to come at once from the perfection of the male form to the perfection of the female—with all *its* distinguishing characteristics of softness, gentleness, timidity, and beauty. I was first struck with the great difference, compared with the Apollo, in the marble, which is Parian. It is probably referable to the age of Pericles, and time has sullied its marble, but has not impaired its form. One laments the patching together of this noble monument of ancient art. When taken out of the case which brought it from Florence, broken into thirteen pieces, what must have been the feelings of the first person of taste who saw the fragments! They have been carefully cemented, and perhaps the evil is more imaginary than real; but the joinings are very evident. The celebrity of

this statue is well known. Thomson records it, when he calls it the "*statue that enchants the world.*" There is an exaltation given to those monuments from their antiquity, from the idea of their having successively delighted the great men of so many ages. The grandeur of ancient descent, which exalts for his hour a living individual, is the shadow of a shade when compared with the endurance through ages of the youth and beauty of the Venus de Medicis. The plinth exhibits a Greek inscription, revealing the name of Cleomenes the Athenian, the son of Apollodorus, the supposed soulptor. The matter has been rendered doubtful, in consequence of the discovery that the plinth is comparatively modern. Still, it is conjectured that the modern plinth only renewed the ancient, and some admirable works are known to have come from the hand of this same Cleomenes; in particular, one of Thespis, brought to Rome, with which a Roman knight fell in love. I observed that the ears of the Venus represent piercing for earrings. Of this statue, it may be believed, I had a long and most delightful perusal, and ended my visit with a mental notification that I should frequently call again.

In a recess at the head of the same hall with the Venus, and giving its name to the hall, is placed the group of the Laocoon, the son of Priam and priest of Apollo, devoured by serpents, with his two children. This I resolved to leave for another visit; and, after taking one good look of the famous "Torso Belvidere" of Hercules, a colossal statue sitting, consisting of only trunk and thighs, thought one of the finest of ancient remains, I left the Louvre for the day.

In the beautiful full moon, with some ladies, London friends, I took a walk by the half-finished Rue de Rivoli, meant by Napoleon to have been a range of palaces, for nearly half a mile; then to the Place Louis XV., and to the Bridge of Louis XVI., the finest spot, as formerly

observed, in Paris, from which all that is grand in that city is seen at once. The lights of the British camp in the Champs Elysées had a very romantic effect among the trees, added to their bugles and bands of music. We stood with strong feelings in such a scene, and at such a time, on the spot of the execution of the unfortunate king; thinking, at once, of the commencement and the termination of the Revolution.

We resolved to go home by the Italian Boulevards and visit Tortoni's famous ice café. It is a very elegant suit of rooms, well lighted, and always full of company. The ice-creams and water-ices certainly excel any I had ever seen before. A *carte* was presented to us on a small wooden board, with a great variety of ices named upon it; and with your ice is brought iced water, in a neat *carafe*, which is lined with a shell of ice. The newspapers are handed to you if you wish them. Next morning I went to the court of the Military Council, where the trial of Colonel Labedoyère, for treason to the king, was that day to take place. I found the court in the quarter of the Luxembourg, but, for two reasons, did not get admission. I had no ticket, and the court, I was informed, was so crowded, as to make a ticket of no use if I had had one. Being near, I resolved to take this opportunity of returning to the palace of the Luxembourg, to see the gallery of pictures there at more leisure than I had had time for on my visit some days before. The gallery is divided into two parts. In the larger, which is decorated in the style of the Louvre gallery, are many pictures of the first masters. The finest, certainly, is the "Holy Family" of Raphael. A great deal of good painting is thrown away upon Mary of Medicis, and her history and fortunes. The smaller gallery is entirely devoted to the *chefs-d'œuvre* of Le Sueur, the French Raphael. These are a series of very fine pictures, the subjects chiefly Scriptural and monastic.

I went next to the Pantheon, the St Paul's of Paris;

Nôtre Dame representing Westminster Abbey. Before the Revolution it was called the Church of St Genevieve. Its portico of fluted Corinthian pillars, in a double row, supports a noble pediment, on which you read the words —"*Aux grands hommes, la patrie reconnoissante*"—(To great men, a grateful country.) The whole size of the building seems to be scarcely two-thirds that of St Paul's. The interior is very grand, and the dome of immense height. The building is plainer than St Paul's. We went down—for there were a number of visitors—to the passages below, destined for the remains of future great men, civil as well as military. Voltaire and Rousseau are there, and with simple grandeur: their names are the sole inscription on their tombs. De Winter, the Dutch admiral, who was defeated by Lord Duncan in the sea-fight of Camperdown, lies here; Marshal Lannes, and others. Each tomb is in a small arched vault by itself, lighted from above.

Behind the Pantheon, which is really a noble building, stands the college of Henry IV., formerly a monastery, now a kind of grammar-school for several hundred boys. I went to deliver a letter to M. Chevalier, the celebrated traveller to the plain of Troy, who lives in the college, and has the charge of the library of St Genevieve. I looked into the gardens, where the monks used to walk round the cloisters. M. Chevalier had just gone out. This is the literary, and formerly was the monastic, quarter of Paris; and next to the ancient island called the Cité which contains Nôtre Dame, the most ancient. I visited the famous Scotch College, founded by the last Catholic Archbishop of Glasgow at the Reformation; and the still more famous Sorbonne, where the learned French doctors used to hold their disputations. It is a very old building, with a dome of lead striped with yellow. Near it is the Place Cambria, where is the College of France, where the celebrated M. Biot, the astronomer, resides. I

had for him a diploma from Dr Brewster, of the Antiquarian Society of Edinburgh. That day I missed M. Biot, but found his very interesting lady, to whom I presented the diploma, and promised to return to breakfast on the following day. After seeing the convent where the monks were massacred on the horrible "Second of September," I found out the ruins of the baths of Julian the apostate. The baths are now a wine-cooper's cellar, with a very high-arched roof. A palace here was the residence of such of the Roman emperors as reigned in Gaul. The palace gave way to a hotel, built some centuries ago, by the Abbé de Clugny, whose name it still bears. A chapel is still shown, a beautiful ruin, in the florid Gothic style, like Roslin. It is at present used as a medical-lecture theatre. The woman who showed me the whole told me that the English are almost her only visitors. She marvelled much what they could see about those old vaults.

Passed a bridge to the ancient island called the Cité, on which the cathedral of Nôtre Dame stands, and, on my way, saw the façade of the Palais de Justice, so infamous in the Reign of Terror. The courts, both civil and criminal, are held here. I learned, at the porter's lodge, that a criminal trial was to take place in the supreme court, called the Cour Royal, on the following Thursday, which I resolved to attend. Along the northern bridge, in a line with the Palais de Justice, you reach the Place de Victoires, a square, in the middle of which stands an indifferent obelisk of stone, with a gilded figure of Fame on its top, on all the sides of which are inscribed, in gilt letters, the numerous victories of the French Revolution. It occurred to me here, as it has done before, in reading the records of the humiliation to which the French had subjected all their enemies, in their triumphal monuments, that neither this pillar, nor any other trophy, claimed even one advantage over England. All along the quay,

to the Louvre, was the busy scene of idleness so characteristic of Paris—of mountebanks, fiddlers, puppet-shows, *monkeys* generally doing the honours at the doors; satirising, as Voltaire would have said, the people they were placed there to entertain.

Dined at a *table-d'hôte*. It was the day of Labedoyère's execution; and its hour of six was known to some very ferocious-looking French officers, who were there. They were, of course, very hostile to the measure, on a different principle from myself. I was not satisfied that one only of the traitors should be condemned, while justice was abused by the advancement of others to power; at least by the impunity of all but one.* The clock struck six, and one of the officers (we were told a colonel of guards) struck his own cheek with some violence, pointing to the clock. There was something very unpleasant about that man. He was much exasperated against England, though civil to us. "I like you as individuals, but I hate your nation."† We were informed that Madame Labedoyère threw herself at the king's feet, imploring mercy for her husband in vain.

After dinner we went to the Théâtre Français, to see Talma, the celebrated tragedian, and Mademoiselle Georges —the Kemble and Siddons of France. The latter lady, it

* Ney was not yet brought to trial.

† The Buonapartist officers showed their puerile spite at Englishmen, by insulting them, and involving them in duels. Several of these were fought when the author was in Paris; and as the agressors were practised duellists, they generally ended unfavourably for the Englishmen. A Frenchman sitting in the garden would suddenly push out his feet, and try to trip a passing Englishman. One of the latter set an example, which others resolved to follow. He gave the Frenchman his card, but, suddenly pulling him up from his seat, administered to him a pugilistic pummelling in the English fashion, which gave him time for self-examination—like Squeers, in brown paper and vinegar—before he was in condition to take the field. The French officers were careful not to be "caught tripping" in future.

is said, was sent by Buonaparte to get at the state secrets of the Emperor of Russia.

It requires much practice in hearing the French language spoken, to enable an Englishman, who, nevertheless, may be able to read it as easily as his own tongue, to follow the speakers in a French play, especially a tragedy with its measured heroic verse and regular rhymes. I have always found that attainment difficult, and my possession of it imperfect. It may be offered as a proof of the powerful expression, and perfectly intelligible manner, with which Talma performs, that his acting was to me a glossary of his language, insomuch that I followed him nearly as well as if I had been listening to English. Presumptuous as it may be, in my circumstances, to say a word about this great actor, I may, at least, report the effect which the man and the player produced on myself. Connecting, as I was accustomed to do, the solemn dignity of tragedy with the noble figure, and mien, and movement of John Kemble, the inferior stature, and altogether less solemn, and greatly more common, aspect of Talma, disappointed me. But a neighbour said to me, "Wait a little."* The part was Orestes, said to be his *chef-d'œuvre.* His low stature and other external disadvantages were soon forgotten, and there appeared before us, not only the most affecting, but the most dignified dramatic portrayer of human feelings I had ever seen. The carriage, the movements, the large head, are all not only dignified, but majestic; while the voice, in variety of tone and expression, defies description. The solemn artificial measured step of the tragedy was, in his hands, unperceived. It seemed to be the natural vehicle for all the varieties of passion and niceties of feeling. Often looks and attitudes spoke in eloquent silence; and even these roused the

* Canning was advised to do so when he smiled at the rather vulgar countenance and broad Scotch of Chalmers commencing a sermon in London. The statesman was soon listening in tears.

sympathies of the audience, who were certainly more discriminating than an average English audience, to enthusiastic admiration and applause. To the scene where Pylades overpowers Orestes with the announcement of Hermione's death, I never witnessed anything equal on the stage: Reason seemed as if she were leaving her temple unwillingly. He mutters for some moments in a low but audible and most touching voice; and as the audience hold their breath with excitement, he utters a sudden shriek, echoed by the startled hearers, especially the females, which it is impossible ever to forget. Nothing in the histrionic art could surpass it.

Mademoiselle Georges played Hermion—the Siddons and O'Neil combined, of France. Past the period of youth, but still beautiful, though somewhat large, she represented the majesty of Mrs Siddons, blended with the grace and sweetness of Miss O'Neil. Her representation of violent passion quite equals what either of these English ladies ever achieved; but she failed to impress me with the respect, amounting to awe, with which I have witnessed the triumphs of the first-named, or the fascination with which the spectator is riveted by the exquisite tenderness of the other. To see Talma and Georges in the same piece, was a theatrical treat of the first order.

At the Théâtre Français, Fleury is justly the favourite comic actor. He is a model performer of genteel comedy.

Mademoiselle Mars is the chief comedienne, not only in France, but in Europe. Like Mademoiselle Georges, she has been exquisitely beautiful; and, at an age far past girlhood, she is still fascinating; and in girls' light, easy, cheerful, merry parts, she excels any actress of the present day. Her voice is melody itself, and her winning ways are irresistible. All comes alike to her, from the most *spirituelle* of Molière's comedies, to the most ordinary representations of life.

The French are fortunate in possessing such performers, considering that the theatre is a necessary of life to that people. It is far beyond a mere passing amusement, as it is to the British people. Like the press in England, and beyond the press, which in France is not quite free, it is an "estate" of the realm. The prevailing political opinions find vent, in the theatres, in the channels of sentiment; and besides regulating the representations, the government watch the popular manifestations which these elicit, with the most jealous care and attention. It is amusing to a stranger to observe the ready manner in which a Parisian audience apply, sometimes freely enough, passages of their dramas to passing affairs, and opinions of a public, but especially a political, character. Many passages about the greatness, the bravery, the invincibility, and, above all, the immutability, of the French people, afford them, however incompatibly —for a Frenchman leaps over incompatibilities with great agility—much consolation for the present, and confidence for the future.

The Théâtre Français, though large, is in its style and decorations very far, indeed, inferior to the two great London theatres. The French theatres are all of the convenient semicircular form, which affords breadth of stage, and easy vision to the house.

In spite of a temperature of 90°, I still went abroad. Breakfasted in a singular coffee-house, which forms a large semicircular projection, covered with a handsome awning, in the middle of the upper end of the Palais-Royal. A great number of foreign officers were at breakfast—*chocolate au lait* their favourite. The Prussian officers are remarked for their extravagance and luxury, and for their domineering behaviour. Frenchmen avoid the cafés which they frequent.

I had letters to Messrs Opperman and Mandroff, wealthy merchants in the Rue St George, north of the Italian

Boulevards. This quarter of Paris is the newest and most fashionable; and considering the Boulevards as corresponding to Oxford Street in London, these new streets have a local analogy to the quarter of Portland Place, Harley Street, Portman Square, &c.; but what a contrast in the appearance of wealth and splendour! This kind of local analogy assisted me much in Paris. The south side of the Seine I connected with the Borough, and the Tuileries and Louvre with St James's Palace and Carlton House; while the Tuileries gardens resemble, in situation, St James's Park. Mr Opperman received me most politely. He spoke English very tolerably.

This being the day of the procession to Nôtre Dame, on the Assumption of the Virgin, I went to see it. The royal family have a very long procession on foot through the streets, which were sanded and gravelled; the windows were hung with tapestry and white flags. The crowd was immense; and at the doors and windows I observed many old Royalists dressed in their best, as under the old regime—the ladies wearing hair-powder. It was to them like former days. I entered the church, and, as English, was admitted to the gallery; where, in a crowd of genteel spectators, I waited the arrival of the royal family, for whom a range of chairs was placed on the platform of the altar: on a contiguous range the Judges of the Supreme Court, in their scarlet robes, had already taken their seats. An extra bustle made me turn round to the passage which led along the gallery; it was occasioned by the entrance of the King of Prussia, with his two sons and the Duke of Mecklenburg. He is a monarch well known for the plainness of his manners. He was dressed in a blue coat, and otherwise quite in the English fashion, and much resembled an English gentleman. The procession up the long aisle was announced by music, and the King of Prussia hurried to the front of the gallery to look over

upon it. It consisted only of the two Dukes, Angoulême and Berri, and Madame; neither the king nor his brother, the Count d'Artois, being there. They took their seats, and the high mass commenced, the Duchess of Angoulême being particularly devout. I had heard high mass before at Brussels, and saw the procession of the host through the church. It begins with chanting by very bass voices; and on the present occasion the effect was even deepened by deep bass instruments. The effect is as unmusical, as if so many cattle were lowing; but the association of the ancient forms give it a solemn effect, as echoed through the immense aisles. Sometimes the deep bass ceases, and boys' shrill voices chant a few notes. A hymn is then sung, in which a very fine band of choristers join, assisted by the organ; the royal devotees then leave the church, and walk back through the streets in procession. As I mean to visit Nôtre Dame again, I shall not now describe it further than by observing, that it is of an immense size, nearly as large as Westminster Abbey, of very rich Gothic, with a brilliancy of painted glass quite unrivalled. It was differently used on this occasion, than when the madmen of the Revolution held a fête there in honour of the Goddess of Liberty or *Reason*, I forget which, —a woman who stood on a pedestal, on the occasion, in a state of nature! The cathedral of Nôtre Dame was then called *the Temple of Reason!*

On my way home I entered the church of St Eustache, and heard mass again there. The procession of priests was preceded by twenty or thirty ladies in pure white, with veils. They seemed very devout, and many of them were beautiful. I was informed that they are a religious society, voluntarily associated for devotional exercises, in this church. Except St Paul's, there is no church in London to be compared to St Eustache. It is a strange mixture of Grecian and Gothic architecture, but its interior is truly grand.

I had still light enough to see the Halle-au-Bled, the immense granary of Paris. It is circular, and the roads into it are radii to the centre. It is piled to the roof with sacks of grain, and is certainly the largest store-house in Europe. It is built of stone, with iron-grated gates at the ends of the radii.

"Drove in a cabriolet to the Library of St Genevieve, and had the good fortune to find M. Chevalier at home. I had left my letter of introduction from Mr John Murray of Henderland when I called before; and it was enough to be a friend of Mr Murray's to secure for me the good-will of M. Chevalier. Mr Murray had prepared me to see a very delightful old man; and cautioned me much against permitting him to fatigue himself in my service—his natural impulse. This caution I made known to him at the outset, which much amused him. By literary, as well as moral and political bonds, M. Chevalier is entirely English. He sets no bounds to his admiration of our country. In everything but what he called "gilding"—all sorts of tinsel ornament—he averred that England is four centuries before France. He would not listen to any modification: I pleaded hard for *one;* but he insisted upon his original position of four. On Buonaparte's return to what M. Chevalier always called his unfortunate country, he came to London, and returned upon the occupation of Paris by the Allies—*i. e.*, by the English—for he would not have trusted any of the others. He is a decided Royalist, and told me he had maintained some stout arguments with Mr Murray on the destinies of France. He dwelt much upon what he called the encouragement which the *Edinburgh Review* gave to the overbearing system of Imperial France. He hesitates not to accuse it of very mischievous ignorance of that country's real situation and relations. I never heard any one speak with more fluency and eloquence; and I completely followed his

distinct and well-chosen French. His views are enlightened, and evinced a very thorough knowledge of his countrymen. He considers them a self-degraded people, and smiles with just contempt on the ruins of what he calls their "gloire miserable." After inquiring about several of his Scotch literary friends, (for he had once, as he said, been *devoured* by kindness in Edinburgh,) particularly Dugald Stewart, he dwelt much on the memory of his Greek friend, and enthusiastic *Trojan*, Professor Dalzel. I rose much in his esteem when I told him I had been a pupil of the Professor's. It is difficult to imagine greater enjoyment than these two learned men must have had together, with Homer and *the plan* before them. Mr Chevalier lives old bachelor, in very handsome apartments in the old College of Henry IV., and has the care of its magnificent library, as his friend, Professor Dalzel, had of that of the University of Edinburgh. He seems, in the variety of his resources, a very happy old man; and his kindliness and good-humour adds to his enjoyment of life. He has a very complete observatory on the top of the building, from which a fine view of Paris is commanded. It is completely provided with Ramsden of London's best instruments — particularly a very fine transit telescope, and regulated time-piece. Immediately under the eye are the ruins of the very ancient church of St Genevieve. Here, he told me, was kept the famous casket of the Saint, enriched to an immense amount with diamonds. It was supposed to possess miraculous powers, and to remove all sorts of evils and difficulties. Processions of kings and princes were made to it. It was exposed in times of pestilence, dearth, &c.; and the last *ex voto* which was paid to it was for the destruction of the Bastile, 14th July 1789; and, still more incongruous, for the bloody day of the 10th of August 1791. As every one of the multitudes who daily flocked to St Genevieve,

for all sorts of private as well as public ends, burned a taper before the shrine, sometimes five hundred were lighted at one time. In 1793, the Revolutionists burned the casket of St Genevieve on the Place de Grève, or place of execution; after — as M. Chevalier added — having taken care to put the diamonds into the national treasury. St Genevieve was a beautiful shepherdess, and became the tutelary saint of Paris. On the other hand of M. Chevalier's observatory rises the mighty dome of the new St Genevieve, since 1791 called the Pantheon. It was destined by Louis XV., and his successor, to be a church; but the fanatics of 1791 made it a pantheon, or heathen temple, for a kind of apotheosis of their future heroes. Mirabeau was the first they judged worthy of the honour of being deposited there. Many worthies before the Revolution have since been admitted, the selection left at the pleasure of the legislature. It was most natural to recollect Voltaire and Rousseau among the first. From our crow's-nest elevation, M. Chevalier pointed out the different military localities of the neighbourhood of Paris, where, both this year and last, the Allies had been victorious. The library is a cross, each gallery being about a hundred and twenty feet long. From the appearance of the cases, there ought to be about the same number of volumes as in the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh; and not more, perhaps, than one-fifth of the number in the Royal Library in the Rue de Richelieu, which I was yet to see. The whole is well fitted up, and has all the venerable appearance of the library of an ancient establishment. M. Chevalier has a painting-room, and occasionally amuses himself with oil-painting in a very pleasing style; and allows young artists to come and copy some good pictures, which are either his own or lent to him. He showed me the different parts of the college, once the cloister of the monks of St Genevieve, and the gardens in which they

walked. We conversed with some of the boys, who were playing in the courts and gardens. Buonaparte, of course, made their education entirely military; and some classes of the boys yet walk about in most inconvenient and ridiculous cocked hats—always erecting the head, and protruding the chest, as M. Chevalier observed, when they are looked at, especially by foreigners.

It was now ten o'clock, the hour of my engagement at M. Biot's at the College of France, in the Place Cambrai. M. Chevalier had given me an order to ascend to the top of the dome of the Pantheon, which I kept till after breakfast. The Place Cambrai is very near, and I soon found myself with M. Biot, his fascinating lady, their son and daughter, and a most inviting breakfast *à la fourchette*, with claret, peaches, plums, and pears, succeeded by tea and coffee. M. Biot is a very talented and very agreeable man, and was most polite and attentive to me as the bearer of the compliment to him from the Antiquarian Society. I never found any difficulty to get very easily on in conversation in such situations; for the French have the knack of helping you forward. Madame Biot was quite delightful; I never heard French more sweetly spoken. M. Biot told me that, on the following Monday, a general meeting of the National Institute was to be held at three o'clock. He gave me an introduction to the librarian, that the latter might introduce me to the other *savans* for whom I had brought diplomas; and told me to be sure to be at the Institute by half-past two. He himself could not be there, as he was called to the country to vote as an elector in the approaching returns to the Chamber of Deputies.

THE JARDIN DES PLANTES.

My *lion* for the day lay in the same quarter; it was the Jardin des Plantes.

M. Biot offered me a letter to the celebrated M. Cuvier, who presides over that unrivalled establishment. To my great delight, *Madame*, in the liveliest French manner, interfered, and offered *herself* to be my conductor to the gardens, and my introducer to M. Cuvier. The heat of the day was excessive, and I made many objections to exposing to it this most delighful person. She had, however, formed her own plan, and in a few minutes reappeared with bonnet and parasol, with "*allons, je suis prête.*' Further resistance was in vain, and off went Madame Biot and I, with the perfect consent of the astronomer. We ascended the dome, from which we had by far the finest view of Paris I had yet seen. It had the advantage of a brilliant morning and an Indian sky. A French gentleman who entered into conversation with us wished to know if London was as large—a very common query. He was quite amazed to hear that London was nearly three times as large. He seemed to have a very exalted idea of England.

Madame Biot advised me to see the famous picture, by David, of Leonidas and his companions preparing for the contest of Thermopylæ. It is in an old chapel beside the Sorbonne, which the painter makes use of as his painting-room. This fine picture, and his other, of the intervention of the Sabine women, we saw to great advantage. Although exaggerations, like most French pictures, they are certainly first-class pictures of modern times. Good judges prefer West's picture of Christ's healing the sick in the Temple, and Christ rejected for Barabbas, which may be called their contemporaries. Indeed, West's two pictures would be well entitled to take their place among the foremost which adorn the Louvre.

With my lively conductress I soon came to the gate of the Jardin des Plantes. Forgetting that I had no letter to M. Cuvier, I asked Madame Biot if she had one. She answered, "La lettre! Elle n'est pas nécessaire. Me voici! Je suis la lettre." As in gallantry bound, I replied that she was worth a whole budget, so we boldly entered. M. Cuvier

was at home, and I was presented to him. The world know him well as the first naturalist, and especially geologist, of the age. His fossil bones, and reasonings upon the extinct owners, have founded a new science, and justly given him great celebrity. He gave us our orders for the mineralogy, the botany, and the zoology. The halls of the cabinets of minerals are splendid, and the collections not exceeded by those in the British Museum. The fossil bones are all arranged and classified. The collection of comparative anatomy is nowhere equalled, or the stores of preserved quadrupeds, birds, fishes, insects, reptiles. The place was filled with English visitors and allied officers. One English family I saw so often, that they seemed to have planned for the same days and places as I did. The parents were the owners of a very superb equipage, and the two daughters of very English cheeks and complexions. Among the collections of anatomy, in which there were very fine preparations in wax, we saw suspended the skeleton of the Arab who assassinated Kleber in Egypt. The burning of his hand had marked the bone. We next went through the admirably-arranged and well-stocked Botanic Garden, laid out with perfect taste and science; and, lastly, to the menageries of tame animals of rare species, and of the wild beasts. In the first, all the rare goats, camels, ostriches, &c., were enjoying the shade of the trees; and in the second were lions, tigers, and other "bêtes féroces," as my companion called them, contrasting them with the "bêtes tranquils." All of them had ample room to move about without danger to the spectators. The finest sight is an immense elephant, which has a large house to himself, with a courtyard in which he walks, and a pond broad and deep enough to allow him to bathe. This we saw him do, much envied by the heated spectators. As if for a joke he lifted some water with his trunk, and threw it among them. Men, women, and children, French and Allies, Madame Biot and myself, took to flight on the first movement of this kind.

With great regret, after much pleasant conversation, I parted with my guide at the gate of the gardens, I meaning to go to the tapestry manufactory of the Gobelins, in the same quarter of Paris, and she home. She resisted all my offers to go home with her, as it was out of my way, so I was obliged to submit. Madame Biot was by far the most agreeable and most interesting Frenchwoman I met with. It is said that she herself is a considerable *savante;* and both she and her husband gave to my charge many remembrances to Dr Brewster, but above all to Lady Davy, whose relative, Dr Brewster had written to them, I was. My bad French amused Madame Biot. She always corrected it with a lively pleasantry. It threatened a shower, which I remarked by using the word "qu'il *pleura*," which means, it will weep. She said "Non! il ne pleura pas, peut-être il *pleuvra*."

I should have mentioned that the Parisian botanic garden was founded in 1686, by Guy de la Brosse, physician of Louis XIII. It came ultimately into the able hands of the Count de Buffon, under whom it rose to be the first institution of the kind in Europe. Students of botany, chemistry, (of which there is a fine laboratory,) comparative anatomy, and natural history in general, are admitted to the free inspection of everything in the establishment, on producing a ticket from their professors.

THE GOBELINS.

This celebrated manufactory of tapestry is the first in the world. It was established by the celebrated Economist, and minister of state, Colbert, and put under the direction of the painter Le Brun. It was intended to work exclusively for the palaces of the Grand Monarch; and this destination was continued by the Emperor Napoleon, and still holds. A succession of the finished productions is shown you, which prove that the art is higher now than it ever was. Some of the tapestry cannot be distinguished

from the most finished oil-paintings. We saw the men at work in this wonderful art of weaving. They lay the painting, from which they copy, on its side behind them, with its head to their right hand, uncovering no more than they are immediately copying. They were employed upon some of David's pictures; and as they showed us, by uncovering it, what they were doing, we were astonished with their close imitation. Miss Linwood's needlework is the nearest approach, in England, to their work. My rosy English friends followed me here; and some Prussian officers went round with us, fine-looking young men.

I now crossed the famous bridge of Austerlitz, the highest up the river of the Parisian bridges, and continued my walk along the Boulevards, opposite to the old ditch and ramparts which defended the east of Paris, till I came to the site of the famous Bastile; the strength of which, as a castle, I was quite convinced of from its situation, forming a kind of large bastion in the wall and ramparts, and surrounded by a detour of the ditch, which was of great breadth, and faced with stone. I walked round and round the place, and viewed all the streets opening upon it, from which the successful mob of 1789 made their attack. I was at a loss to imagine what was the use of an immense wooden shed, in the middle of the site, and a half-finished colonnaded tower of freestone. The whole place was enclosed with a paling, to the gate of which I came round, and was invited by a woman to enter and see the "*Elephant.*" I immediately recollected that one of Napoleon's most popular works, and left unfinished, was a fountain on the site of the Bastile, as if by the emblem to purify or wash away its history; and as it was meant, after the bad taste in fountains, to make the water come from an animal, the Emperor suggested an elephant in preference to all other quadrupeds, birds, and fishes. This explained the vast wooden building. We entered it, and saw the model, built of clay, indurated and whitened,

exactly in size and figure what the bronze was intended to be, and standing at the enormous height of sixty feet. The legs were to be staircases, and the castle on the back a tower. The figure was to be placed on the stone pedestal I have mentioned, and a torrent of water was to flow from the trunk into a succession of basins all around. The woman told me that the work was *always* stopt when the Emperor lost his power. She evinced her own, and proved the prevailing idea in Paris, of English ascendancy; for what must be the measure, in the minds of the Parisians, of a nation that destroyed the invincible Napoleon? She said she understood that the English intended to finish it. I said it might be so, though there were many things they would do before it. She then most gravely asked, "What have *you* done with the Emperor?"—"*I* have just sent him to St Helena!" "Will he ever return?" —"Never!" "Tant mieux; mais l'Elephant!" This seemed the limit of her politics. She showed me, on inquiring for them, some remains of the old walls of the Bastile; and some half-unroofed vaults, in which the skeletons, and prisoners nearly skeletonised, were found on the 14th July 1789.

I returned by the Faubourg St Antoine, along which the mob came to the assault. It is one of the broadest, if not best, streets in Paris. I looked into the Place Royale, called the Place de Fédérés during the Revolution, and again the Place Royale. Most of the revolutionary names have of course been obliterated, when they meant anything. Some of pure and harmless nonsense have not been regarded. I read one of these — viz., "Rue de Contrat Social." The Place Royale is an old brick-built square, with piazzas all round of stone. In the middle of the garden is a basin with a refreshing *jet-d'eau*. The houses seem inhabited by inferior people now; but I imagined them once the resort of the highly-polished givers and receivers of the *petits soupers* in the time of Rousseau, Voltaire, d'Alembert, and their elegant coteries.

I had still time for the Hôtel de Ville, the scene of so much revolutionary activity, where the King was shown from a balcony to the people, after he was brought back from Varennes; and where Robespierre was taken, and hurried to the guillotine. It is a fine old building of the time of Francis I., having a statue of him in its front. During the Revolution it was called the Maison Commune, whence issued all the orders, and where took place all the arrangements for the horrors of the Reign of Terror. Many persons were here massacred; among the rest, the governor of the Bastile. The open square in front is called the Place de Grève, the stated place of execution in Paris for centuries, and in which a great deal of guillotine work was done in the Revolution. No spectacles were more popular among all ranks and *sexes* than executions, in the times of the highest French polish—a kind of polish which, like that on marble, does not soften the heart. All the horrid wheel-punishments were inflicted here, when windows for the ladies of the Court were in great request; and on no occasion in greater, than when Ravaillac, the assassin of Henry IV., was torn to pieces by four horses drawing opposite ways. The famous Madame de Rohan, for the mysterious affair of the diamond necklace, was whipped in this same square. It seems to be about the size of the smaller London squares, and is open to the Quai of the river on one side. It is still the place of execution. On the Quai, near the Place de Grève, is the Morgue, where the bodies of persons drowned, or otherwise found dead, are laid out to be claimed. They lie, often several at once, on an inclined floor, and are seen through glass windows. I saw three.

M. Opperman had politely postponed his dinner-hour to six o'clock, to give me a long day. He is a bachelor, but lives in a very elegant style. The dinner was in all the variety of French luxury, with the choicest fruits and wines. Music was introduced into the ante-room, after he had put a little champagne into our heads, that it

might have the finer effect. The voices were female, and very sweet, with a good harp and flute accompaniment. I have before remarked the excellence of the occasional, and even itinerant, music of the Continent. M. Opperman showed me great kindness, and gave me much advice and assistance, adding the most cordial invitation to visit him often, and refer to him in all contingencies and difficulties. Must I have slain M. Opperman, or he me, thought I, if we had met at Waterloo?

PALAIS DE JUSTICE.

Breakfasted under my favourite awning in the Palais-Royal, by appointment, with my brother advocates, Mr Alexander Pringle and Mr Robert Bruce,* who are Mr Scott's fellow-travellers; and went to the courts of justice to be present at a criminal trial—much marvelling how it would be conducted in a system so raw and so unstable as that of France, whose varying laws and shifting judges have not, one would think, a foot of public firmness or respect to stand upon. The building is very grand. After having been burnt down, it was built, as it now stands, in 1776. Like the Tuileries, it has an iron rail enclosing a court, on three sides of which stands the building. The centre has a noble flight of steps: at the summit of the steps are four massive Doric columns, surmounted by a balustrade, and on its entablature are four colossal statues, in emblem of the place. At each side of the steps is an arcade, through one of which, by a heavy grated gate, is the entrance to the famous prison of the Conciergerie, the scene of dreadful revolutionary massacres; the place once of the imprisonment of the Queen, and now of the last friends of Napoleon—all coming of the single question, In whose hands is the key for the time?

* The first, afterwards member for Selkirkshire, and a Lord of the Treasury; the other (now deceased) Sheriff of Argyllshire.

Entering the building, you come to the vast hall through which all the courts are entered. The one in which the Queen was tried is now the Cour de Cassation, or appeal, of the highest rank, the judges of which I had seen in Nôtre Dame. We were shown it, surrounded yet with *N's* and *Bees*, which, however, will soon disappear under the system of erasure which is now in active progress. We looked over a window into the airing courts of the Conciergerie—one for women, and another for men. Some very noisy women were in our view, several of them fighting. In a corner of the men's courtyard one of the traitors to the King, Lavalette, was sitting reading.* The window of the Queen's prison was pointed out to us. We then only saw the Criminal Court, being informed that the trial was put off till next day. It much resembled the Cour de Cassation, and is *now* called the Cour Royale. Above the bench is a striking emblematical painting by Berthelemy, representing Truth with her torch lighting Justice with her sword, to the discovery of a conscience-struck and flying assassin, whose hair Justice is just about grasping with her outstretched hand. The dead body (very preposterously, after the French fashion, stripped naked) is seen lying as just quitted by the murderer. A deep shadow is thrown on all the figures, only relieved by the moon breaking from behind a cloud, and the glare of the torch. The picture would not be endured in an English court of justice. Although disappointed of the criminal trial, we remained an hour in the ordinary civil court, and heard a debate, at the Bar, about a disputed house. The advocates were very fluent, and the judges most attentive. The dress of the latter was very slovenly; one or two had close-cropped unpowdered hair. The counsel have gowns like our own, cravats with lace borders, powdered hair, combed out and hanging over their shoulders, with a curl or friz at the end. Many of them have, however, short unpowdered hair. The presi-

* The subsequent escape of Lavalette, by means of Sir Robert Wilson and others, is well known.

dent frequently asked questions of the pleader, and the other judges occasionally conversed with the head of the court. There was great silence and decorum, and something that at least much resembled an established administration of justice. The very semblance is imposing to an Englishman, who so habitually associates the prosperity and the *morale* of England with the pure and solemn administration of justice.

The long-arched passages of the Palais de Justice are full of stalls and shops like Exeter Change in London, (since removed,) and seem to have been the arrangement from which, in former days, our own Outer Parliament House in Edinburgh was divided between lawyers and toymen.

In the great hall were held the meetings of the Parliament of Paris, once banished to Troyes for refusing to register an obnoxious edict of the King. They were, however, soon brought back again.

In the same hall the tremendous Revolutionary Tribunal sat to send food to the guillotine.

Under the grand hall are kept the records of the court from its first institution, forming a prodigious mass of papers. They show the coat of Damiens, the dagger of Ravaillac, and a singular contract by which two men agreed to exchange their wives.

In the Conciergerie, 239 prisoners were massacred on the horrible "2d of September."

As we came out of the Palais de Justice, we were told, by a very communicative soldier of the national guard, (who had accosted us in the court, and having nothing, he said, to do, seemed much inclined to abide by us,) that an *exposition*, or pillory, was about to take place, of six convicts condemned, at the last sittings, to the galleys, and to previous exposure to the public. On the outside of the gate, in a square or recess, a platform was erected, from the circle of which six posts rose with iron hoops, for

the necks of the culprits, like the Scottish *juggs*, (les jougs.) A cart moved out of the Conciergerie, to the tail of which were bound the six wretches—two of them boys, and the rest men. They mounted the platform, and were very quietly fixed by the neck, one by one, with their faces to the crowd, which was, at least at the beginning, far from considerable. I was glad to see that several of them covered their face with a handkerchief; but I observed that, contrary to all the rules of pillory, they were allowed to wear their hats. Over each man's head was placed his crime, and sentence. This is an experiment of the Code Napoleon, to displace the old system of too frequent capital punishment. It is satisfactory to the friends of justice to see the French yielding, at all respectfully, to its decrees, pronounced by men so lately raised by the Revolution from their own level, and so often as bad or worse than themselves.

ÉCOLE DE MÉDECINE.

When asked where lay the famous school of medicine, our obliging national guard offered to be our conductor. This is one of the grand public establishments of Paris. We were astonished, in particular, with the extent of the collection of preparations in wax, both of sound and morbid anatomy, the whole so naturally wrought as to make us almost uneasy. The halls and lecture-rooms are in the first style of French public magnificence. Opposite to the building is another fountain, made to descend from a rock like a cascade, in which there is much more taste than the beast-discharging system. Nothing is more ornamental to Paris than its fountains. They have a most refreshing as well as elegant effect, and do not in the least waste the water for general use. They are much wanted as ornaments in London, and would not be misplaced in Edinburgh, when sufficiently supplied with water.

MUSEUM OF FRENCH MONUMENTS.

Still under the guidance of our friendly guard, we went to this interesting place, in the Convent of the Augustins. M. le Noir collected many remains of ancient art which escaped the fury of the first revolutionists; and obtained the sanction of Government to the commencement of a museum by means of them. We first wandered through the garden or large grove of poplar and cypress, under which are some very interesting tombs. The first that strikes the visitor is the tomb of Abelard and Heloïse, which we surveyed with very unusual feelings—being assured that the bones of these very interesting personages were within, whose history is so affecting, and who have been immortalised in England by one of Pope's finest poems. We saw the tombs of Molière, La Fontaine, Boileau, Descartes, Corneille, &c.

The abbey itself is divided into several different halls, each containing the monuments of one century. First are seen the monuments and altars of the ancient Gauls, which had often been stained with human sacrifices; then the tomb of Clovis and Clotilde, the first of the French kings, with his queen; and so on to Charlemagne, whose statue is represented brandishing a sword.

The hall of the thirteenth century has the tomb of Louis IX.; the fourteenth century, the statues of Philippe le Bel, and John; the fifteenth century, the monarchs and great men of that period; the sixteenth century shows a great improvement in sculpture, as is proved by the tomb of Francis I. In the same hall was a statue of Mary Queen of Scots; and, engraved on a brass plate, was her celebrated apostrophe to her beloved France, on losing sight of it for bleak and barbarous Scotland. It is difficult to imagine any change of place and lot more undesirable than that must have been. A reclining statue is just opposite of the brave Angus, Earl of Douglas.

The seventeenth-century hall is crowded with heroes and philosophers—Richelieu, Turenne, Mazarin, Le Brun, Poussin, &c. In the midst of the immortal geniuses of his age, stands a grand statue of Louis XIV.

The eighteenth century has the monuments of Montesquieu, and many others of his age.

The whole has a very striking effect, and excites much interest, leaving only two subjects of regret; the one, that few people can at once recall the history of the person whose monument he contemplates; and the other, that the number unsteadies so much his associations, that he cannot fully enjoy any of them. This is a powerful objection to the rage for collection and museum-making which has long marked the French. It is execrable taste, and effectually destroys all the feelings with which we should see the same monuments in their originally allotted localities. This feeling is beginning to prevail with regard to the Louvre itself.

INSTITUTE.

Parting with my friends, I went alone to the Institute, and gave my letter to the librarian, who showed me the magnificent library, the hall of the meetings, and the different elegant accommodations of that most learned body. The library is a more elegant, because much newer, hall than that of the Genevieve, and may contain 50,000 volumes.

THIRD VISIT TO THE LOUVRE.

Having appointed to dine with the two knights, I had still a couple of hours for the Louvre gallery, and passed on at once to the German school, which includes the Dutch and Flemish.

It begins with the precise and minute painting of the Dutch, with such names as Van Asselyn, Backhuysen, Van Bambach, &c.—all in the seventeenth century. Intermingled are the earlier pictures of the Flemish and Ger-

man schools of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. A fine picture attributed to Barthelemi Boehm, but by many given to Albert Durer, has for its subject the progress to the cross in company of the two thieves—the Virgin fainting, supported by St John. The eye is bewildered among the variety of pictures of names only known to artists; yet there is a great deal, particularly in the Dutch and Flemish landscapes, to amuse, and even delight; for I believe it may be taken for granted that every picture in the gallery is excellent in its degree. Many of the pictures, of three hundred years old, have an additional value to the antiquarian, that they give to his eye the costumes, and much of the manners, of their respective periods. This is particularly true of the characteristic Dutch pictures, with all their variety of domestic, rural, city, and marine scenes.

The first painter who arrested me was Champaigne, of the Flemish school. An exquisite picture in memory of the restoration of his daughter, through the prayers of St Agnes, after, in a fever, she was given up by the physicians. Nothing can be finer than the countenance of the sick girl. Still more admirable is his picture of the "Supper," so well known by its numerous engravings. The person of the Saviour is inimitable, and seems to have been in West's mind when conceiving the same difficult and delicate subject. Two grand and pleasing pictures of the discovery, by St Ambrose, of the bodies of the martyrs St Gervais and St Protais, in consequence of the apparition of St Paul to him, and the removal of them into the Basilique de Fausta. During the ceremony a man is suddenly possessed with an impure spirit, which vented imprecations on all who denied the martyrs and the Trinity. Nothing can be more terrific than the expression of the possessed. I gave some time to these two pictures, and they were ever after landmarks in the ocean of canvass which we pass in the Louvre gallery.

I observed a fine picture of Charles I. of England, by

Coning. Vandyke's famous picture of Charles on horseback is in Warwick Castle. Next came Cuyp and Gerhard Dow, two names familiar to every one. The Louvre has not to boast of many of the pictures of the first, nor of his best subjects. There are four pictures only of rural scenes; but these are gems. Of Gerhard Dow's pictures there are about twenty, beginning with his own portrait. If the painter has a mother, you are sure to have her; and Gerhard's is there, reading the Bible to his father, who is respectfully included. His subjects of familiar life are well known, and the truth and force of his colouring.

A few pictures of Albert Durer. Jesus adored by the angels and shepherds—a singular picture, connecting several acts of the Saviour which were distinct in place and time; a thing certainly very ill-judged, but nevertheless admirably executed.

Vandyke, the well known, comes next, with Charles I., and all the family of Charles I., with their pointed tippets. A great many of his portraits, beginning with his own, about twenty in number, some of them of whole families.

The exquisite picture of the crowning with thorns, called the "Ecce Homo." The affecting scene of Jesus falling under his cross, and casting a look of woe towards his mother. "The Crucifixion," by Vandyke, a picture of the first class, and reckoned his masterpiece. The Virgin placed between St John and Mary Magdalene, bathed in tears, with eyes fixed on the cross. No idea can be given by description of the grief of these countenances. The livid paleness of the Virgin, with the redness of the eyes, are very true to nature; and one thing I marked for the information of worthy Bishop Cameron of Edinburgh, who has a doubt whether the Virgin's lips, in his duplicate, have not assumed a blue colour not intended: they are precisely the same in the original which I have described. The picture is inimitable; but why was Vandyke guilty of the absurdity, to say no worse of it, of introducing two comparatively modern characters, namely,

St Francis embracing the feet, and St Longinus *riding* away in consternation. It is remarkable that these improprieties attach most of all to Vandyke. In Bishop Cameron's picture there is a little cherub with wings!

The subject of the crucifixion is repeated in three different large pictures, and the subject is, in other ways, again and again repeated, always with the introduction of modern saints. They are admirable works. A fine picture of Venus demanding arms for Achilles from Vulcan.

After an immense range of Dutch and Flemish pictures of twenty different painters, I was attracted by a delightful small picture by Van Limberg of the Holy Family. I never saw female and infantine beauty more admirably conceived and executed. A great many pictures record the deeds of Louis XIV.

A long way further, by which time I had just passed the fourth peristyle, I came to the large picture of which I spoke before—the group of cattle with the *live* bull, full size, by Paul Potter. A sofa is placed opposite this *chef-d'œuvre*, and it is seldom you find a vacant seat on it. The landscape recalled Dutch meadows through which I had lately passed; the cattle are so real that you expect to hear them lowing. You think the bull will run at you. It was this picture that three stranger French ladies recommended to my particular and patient devotions, on my first visit to the gallery. A number of this admirable artist's rural scenes were in the same quarter of the gallery.

Rembrandt, whose name is harmony, beauty, mellowness, and richness, comes next. No less than six portraits of himself fairly introduce him. After ten or twelve portraits of others, I came to Rembrandt's fine picture of "The Good Samaritan," and of "Jacob blessing the Children of Joseph." The determined preference by the old patriarch to Ephraim, in spite of the direction of his hand by Joseph to the head of Manasseh, is in the first style of feeling and excellence. Delilah flying with the hair of

Samson; and the vengeance of the Philistines. A fine picture of the presentation at the temple, and a beautiful Venus. Then comes the rich plunder of Antwerp, the glorious pictures of Rubens. Fifty-three are present, some of them considered among the first in the world. It is useless to attempt here even to enumerate them all, still more to do them anything like justice by mere description. They were to me a rich treat at the time, and will form a delightful recollection. The two pictures, so often engraved, of the flight into Egypt, by day and by moonlight; the miraculous draught of fishes; the miraculous tribute-money; the exquisite picture of the murder of John the Baptist in prison; the resurrection of Lazarus, &c. &c. But the wonders of Rubens' pencil are the various scenes antecedent at, and subsequent to the crucifixion, given on mighty canvasses with terrible truth and effect. The three finest are "The Ascent to the Cross," "The Crucifixion," and "The Descent," each with their accompanying wing pictures in close reference to the main subject of each. Opposite to each other, on the two sides of the gallery, are placed, with great judgment, "The Elevation to, and the Descent from, the Cross,"—the latter pronounced by Sir J. Reynolds the finest picture, both mechanically and sentimentally, in the world. I first looked with horror upon the dreadful scene of the erecting of the cross; and never were demons more powerfully depicted, in all the fearful exertion of the utmost muscular strength. Turning to the other picture, "The Deplored" is in the careful hands of the gentlest and kindest of human beings, his own friends, who are employed in taking down the body, as if afraid to give it still further pain. The contrast is most affecting; the Virgin's livid countenance, a limpid tear on Mary Magdalene's cheek, and the grief-worn faces of Joseph and Nicodemus, form altogether a scene that has caused many a real tear in the beholders. The execution, of which an artist would best judge, is not exceeded by that in Raphael's pictures. The colouring is esteemed

even superior. Everything about it is reality. The numerous other pictures referring to the same dreadful subject are too much to go through in one day, and I had many before me yet in the school of Rubens. "The Ascent," "Crucifixion," and "Descent," were the noble altar-pieces of the cathedral at Antwerp, of which, and the vacancies, I formerly gave an account.

The dying St Francis, who throws himself out of bed to receive the last sacrament, is not surpassed even by the St Jerome of Domenichino. Coming to the pictures of Teniers, and finding my time was gone, I reserved them, and came off without a glance at the statues in two halls below, through which I passed. Some little self-command is absolutely necessary to reap real benefit from the Louvre gallery. Indeed, after all, it is but for a few of the finest pictures, of the first masters, that a short visit affords adequate time.

Dined with Sir John and Sir Pultney Malcolm, Mr Allan, M.P. for Berwick, and Mr Pringle, at a restaurateur's on the Boulevard du Temple, called the Quadron Bleu—the oldest and one of the best in Paris, kept by the lineal descendant of its first master about a hundred years ago—a gastronomic aristocracy. A most excellent French dinner, and much pleasure in the easy and agreeable company of the two admirable men first named, each at the head of his profession, and two of four Knights of the Bath in one family. In true Parisian style, we went for our coffee to the Café Turque, which I formerly described, where we had likewise the finest ice. One kind of the latter was new to me at least, viz. punch ice—very rich punch, frozen to the consistency of candied honey. It is served in a little silver bowl, with a punch ladle.

I had asked both the knights, who are valued friends of the Duke of Wellington, when I saw them last, as to the possibility of obtaining for me an admission to the Ball of the next night, with which all Paris rang. Walter Scott had

of course got his invitation, and Mr Pringle expected one. They told me they had tried, but I must make up my mind to failure, for the Duke had told them he had resolved not to issue another card, in justice to those already invited. Necessity, like many lawyers, having no law, I gave the matter up with great regret, as such an occasion would have been a star in one's course for life.

CHAPTER IX.

CRIMINAL TRIAL.

CALLED on Baron Humboldt, the Prussian traveller, to deliver him his diploma. Missed him, being told he was constantly with the King of Prussia. He is spoken of as one of the negotiators on the part of Prussia. At ten o'clock went to the Cour Royale, at the Palais de Justice. A *huissier*, who had shown us the court the day before, observing me among the crowd on the outside of the rails, came round and brought me within, where he found me a good seat, among very polite neighbours, who invited me to come farther in. The accused, as he is yet with much propriety called, had been brought in by two of the gens-d'armes; he was a young man of about eighteen, charged with entering a house by a window and stealing from it. The charge was read by the clerk, and the lad pleaded guilty. The advocate-general said a few words to the jury, who seemed very respectable. The counsel for the prisoner spoke in mitigation of punishment. The jury retired, and the Court adjourned for half an hour, and returned to receive their verdict, which, I should have said, was directed, by a very distinct charge from the presiding judge, to find guilty generally, with or without certain circumstances, as to them should seem consistent with the confession. He then read from a book the sentence, which was exposure, in the same manner which I saw the day before, and a certain term of hard labour in chains, as a convict. The cri-

minal was penitent and submissive, and listened, with great respect, to a very impressive address from the judge.

The audience was respectful and silent. The only persons to whom the *huissiers* sometimes turned, with a very gentle "hush," were two Austrian officers, who got seats beside me, and entered into conversation with me. They were very fine young men, and, they told me, aides-de-camp of Prince Schwartzenberg, the commander-in-chief.

Two women were put to the bar. The charge was read, and denied by them, with much energy and some noise. The jury were appointed by having their names drawn from a ballot-box by the judge. Witnesses were called from a room where they were enclosed, and examined with great clearness by the presiding judge. They were sworn, and then told by the judge, "Faites votre declaration." The first witness was the mistress of the *auberge*, or inn, in which the prisoners had stolen silver spoons and forks. After the witness had given her evidence, the judge addressed the first prisoner, (*première accusée,*) and asked her if she had not changed her name several times? The woman answered by a quibble, "Non, il est impossible de *changer* le nom." "C'est vrai," answered the judge with readiness, "mais vous en avez quelquefois prise un autre." To this the woman had no answer. The judge, then, to my great surprise, asked the first woman what she had to say, not to the witness, but to the testimony! As was to be expected, she commenced a violent tirade about its falsehood, and abused the witness. Decency, as well as business, required that she should be stopt, which was just so much time lost. She then wrung her hands, and wept most violently, accusing all about her of injustice. As if this was not lesson enough, the *seconde accusée* was asked what *she* had to say to the last testimony—all the time their counsel sitting without opening his lips. *La seconde* commenced in a strain so miraculously rapid, that the judge had repeatedly to stop her, to endeavour to make her speak more slowly. "Que vous volez!" he repeatedly

exclaimed. The other woman, as there was talking going, took the opportunity of not being behind, and opened again with a torrent of contradiction and tears. The matter was now at a crisis, and the guards were ordered to silence both the speakers. Meanwhile the *procès* was not advancing. The Austrians were very much amused, and asked me if this would be permitted in England: I assured them "no."

The maid of the inn was called, and clearly confirmed her mistress. Again, to our amazement, "What have you to say to *this* evidence?" Again both women recommenced, and "c'est impossible," was the principal commentary. The maid stood upon her own defence, and directed a cross fire at the ladies at the bar. This was three at a time, besides the judge and the *huissiers;* and, for the third time, silence was imposed, much in the same way in which it is done where several dogs are arranging their individual interests and precedencies, at a first meeting. Three other witnesses confirmed the mistress and maid, and the protestations of the prisoners were evidently losing weight with judge, jury, and audience. Fresh battle, however, was statedly allowed with each witness, and silence as regularly imposed. The advocate-general then addressed the jury with much fluency; putting on, while he spoke, a black velvet cap, like a Highland bonnet, with a rim, on the lower edge, of gold lace. He had not proceeded far in the statement of the evidence, and in the inferences of guilt which he argued he was entitled to draw, when the more violent woman fairly ran *him* down with a fresh flood of tears and counter statements. The judge tried to stop her, and the *procureur-général* sat him down tranquilly till the new storm should blow over. The judge, when he could obtain a hearing, told her with great composure that she could not be permitted to interrupt the *procureur-général*, and that he would be under the necessity of sending her back to the Conciergerie till she should become more calm. After the prosecutor had finished, several of the witnesses were re-examined by the court, being called

up from among the audience, after they had heard all the proceedings subsequent to their own examination. The prisoner's counsel, a very young man, now addressed the jury with great self-possession and ability.

The judge summed up the evidence, and I must say I had never met with a man more fitted for that difficult function. He was naturally dignified, calm, temperate, indulgent, but firm, and in a very great degree eloquent, clear, and ingenious. He spoke so distinctly that I did not lose a word he said. My Austrian friends, too, seemed very much pleased with him.

It may be imagined that, since the return of something like common sense in public affairs in France, much of the old model and form of legal proceedings would revive. The only men who could regulate the process were the former lawyers; and it is believed that, in their costume—of the powdered hair combed over the shoulders, the little plain velvet cap, the laced cravat, and black gown—they are externally pretty much the same persons as anciently practised before the Parliament of Paris. The judges wore black gowns and cravats, and were only distinguished from the bar by the gold lace on their velvet caps. The other four judges were entirely silent: they consisted of two old men, a third about fifty, and the fourth evidently not thirty, a very good-looking, rather lusty man, very much resembling an Englishman. I observed he looked very often at our party to see how *we* relished the proceedings, and once or twice smiled to us when the storms were loudest.

In the great hall we saw many of the counsel walking about. It is said that they alone retain something of the old manners. The judicial establishments, however, have a long progress of consolidation and improvement to run, before what is called the bar can be what it once was. Yet I could not help looking upon them as the originals from which, three centuries ago, our own bar of Scotland copied their forms and costume.

In my fourth visit to the Louvre, for which I found I had time after the criminal trial, I commenced, where I left off, with Teniers. He was born in 1610, and died in 1694. He is the first of characteristic painters. The variety of his curious and humorous pictures is very entertaining. They amount to about twenty in number. The "Prodigal Son" is one of his best, and the "Temptation of St Anthony" another. The "Village Marriage" is excellent, and the "Preparations for a Feast." Of course, all is Dutch, and there is much drinking, and smoking, and low life; but nothing can surpass the truth of the pictures, and their real merit in execution.

A number of names follow—viz., Van Zal, Van Ulft, Van Uliet, Van Veen, Vandervelde—all good painters; which shows how common excellence becomes in any age or country where good example is set, and real emulation excited.

The hunting-pieces and pastoral scenes of Wouvermans are highly thought of. They are about thirty in number. Hereabouts ends the Ecole Allemande. The pictures are very numerous, both large and small. In one's admiration of the galaxy of excellence which their assemblage constitutes, few have passed through that gallery without a feeling of indescribable indignation at the daring and insolent rapine which tore them from the countries which made them their pride, and from the sacred places where the painters allotted them their habitation. However, the day of restitution is at length come.

I drove to the Pont de Jena, which the Prussians meant to have destroyed. The Parisian bridges are fine, but inferior to those of London. On passing the bridge we were at once in the ever-memorable Champ de Mars, where the Confederation took place in 1790, when the King swore to maintain the new constitution, and where the late Champ de Mai was held, from which Napoleon went to his destruction at Waterloo. We drove to the middle of the plain,

the very spot where the *respective* thrones had been erected. My driver had seen both. The whole extent, which is oblong, seems much to equal that of St James's Park. The fine building of the Ecole Militaire is at one end, and a kind of artificial acclivity or bank rises all round it, on which thousands sat at both spectacles; beyond which, along the two long sides, are several rows of trees forming walks. The field itself is not meant to be grass, but gravel or sand, although some grass has grown on many parts of it. It is difficult to describe the feelings which actual presence in this renowned spot occasions. I found it very difficult to leave it. What scenes it witnessed! From my reverie I was called to the singular reality of Prussian soldiers exercising on the very ground. They occupy the Military School, and the extensive ranges of buildings are converted into stables for their horses. The ideas which conflict in the mind, when all this is thought of, are such as no events in the world ever were calculated to excite.

My guide pointed out the spot behind the trees, (the Place de Grenelle,) where, a few days before, the first blood *counter*-revolutionary had been shed by Justice—Labedoyère's.

We drove round by the front of the Invalids, which I had seen before, and so by the Palace of the Legion of Honour, formerly the Palace of the Prince of Salm. It is a low building, with a projecting circular portico of fluted Corinthian pillars, as usual. Driving along the southern Quai of the river, I stopped at the Ecole de Natation, or swimming-school, established by Buonaparte. It is formed by oblong gangways which enclose about fifty yards of the river, by twenty broad, the gangways being about ten feet above the water, and sheltered by neat bathing-rooms all round. I went down and asked at the gate if I might enter "pour voir." I was most readily admitted, with, "Oui, Monsieur l'Anglais," and walked forward to the corner of the gangway. About a dozen young men were bathing, each provided with short blue-check drawers. They leapt from the gangway into the water, with great

boldness, dived deep, and rose again to swim with great vigour and swiftness. They swam faster than I could have done; but I thought that in the sea I had done as much as I saw any of them do. The master came to me, and explained fully the institution. It is quite open to the public, who pay a trifle for bathing only; and, if they wish instruction in swimming, they of course take a set of tickets. He told me it is much resorted to, and that ladies, at separate hours, use it; many of whom, he said, are bold divers and expert swimmers. He told me I should be very welcome to come and bathe and swim whenever I chose. I meant to have gone, for the curiosity of saying I had swum in the Ecole de Natation of Buonaparte; but a kind of feverish cold hung about me, occasioned by the fatigue and heat of Paris, and I never realised my intention. Among the swimmers were a tall man and two fine boys, who came along the gangway, having swum to the other end. The master told me that he was a marquis of the old noblesse with his two sons, whom he was very desirous to make good swimmers, as he was himself. I was much struck with his figure, which was remarkably fine; and, in the white sheet which he had wrapt about him, he much resembled John Kemble in Cato, and his sons, two young Romans practising in the Tiber. On passing our corner, he heard me speaking bad French, and stopped with a query as to whether we had such an institution in England? On my answering, "No," he said, "I was long an emigrant in England. C'est une nation glorieuse; there are many more wonders in it than in France. How much even France," he added, "owes to England!" He said his sons were almost Englishmen, and that was the way to be good Frenchmen. The striplings had again leapt the ten feet into the water, and the father went off to give them directions. The institution has introduced very superior swimming among the French. I stood one day on the Pont Neuf, and saw a young man climb up to the top of a piled charcoal barge, certainly not under

twenty feet high, and plunge from it into the water, in which he must have gone down at least eight or ten feet before he rose to shake his ears. I saw him do it twice. He saw me; and before his second leap called out, "Voici, M. l'Anglais."

Walked home, sadly regretting the Wellington ball, and much envying my Austrians, who told me they were to be there. But who knows the lot of the next moment! I had seen the King of Prussia, with his two sons and suite, in two carriages, pass along to the dinner which was to precede the ball, and believed that that was all my share of a spectacle which perhaps no crisis in the world ever did, or ever will present again—a constellation of princes, conquerors, and statesmen, assembled in splendid conviviality, under one roof.

THE BALL.

It was nine at night of a hot and most fatiguing day, my only remaining ambition then being to be lifted by some good angel, and put into bed without the labour of even undressing. I did not move a muscle without the greatest reluctance, and lay on a sofa, a good subject for an experiment of the power of mind over body, which was the next moment to be made upon me.

A note arrived, which I had just strength to unseal and read. It said, "Dress quickly—get a *chapeau bras*—jump into a *fiacre* which waits for you at your hotel gate—and come off to the Place Vendôme, without asking a question!" This spoke too plainly to be misinterpreted. Fatigue fled as if by magical influence; I could have leapt over the house; and in an incredibly short time I was dressed, hatted, fiacred, and away, as directed by my good genius, and literally without having put a single interrogation to my conductor. Arriving at my excellent and most considerate friend's hotel, I was considerably cooled down by finding that he and a large party, of which Walter Scott was one, had departed for the ball, leaving

only a verbal message for me to follow, and make my way, and, if I should find any difficulty in gaining admission, to call him out, when he would set all to rights. My first feeling was that the game was up. Make my way! call him out! with the halls, corridors, and staircases of the palace, before my embarrassed imagination, crowded with guards and attendants speaking all the languages of Europe, and a splendid multitude in the saloons themselves, amidst which my friend appeared lost beyond recall;—the thing seemed impossible! I therefore gave orders to the driver of the fiacre to return to my hôtel, when it occurred to me that, at the worst, it was only failing. The object was well worth a bold stroke, and, if I should not succeed, I should at least fail in an undertaking of no common kind. To the palace, accordingly, of Marshal Junot, in the corner of the Place Louis XV., then the residence of the Duke of Wellington, I heroically drove.

In my still doubtful state of mind, I desired that my fiacre would wait five minutes for the chance of a fare home, and entered the courtyard. A guard of honour from each of the allied powers, displayed by a blaze of torch-light, was the first of the striking scenes of the night. The mixture of troops and nations was as splendid as it was friendly. In approaching the door of entrance, an accidental circumstance "set all to rights," without the intervention of Sir John Malcolm. An English carriage, with a coronet on its panel, drove up, and discharged a gentleman and two ladies; I stepped back to give them the lead, but followed so closely, without intending the effect, that I became, to the perceptions of all the persons we had to pass, a fourth component of my lord's party. His name alone was announced, and the two ladies and I passed halls and staircases with him, and entered, without question, into the saloon, where the duke was receiving his illustrious guests, the first party within the door of which was that of my friend's. "Well, you have made your way." "Yes, I

have, and done the most impudent thing I ever did in my life." "Never mind, you are really an invited guest, and I will by and by tell you how. In the mean time, take your place with us, and you will learn to know the guests by hearing them announced." We were fortunately early, and no very illustrious visitor had yet arrived. As we gazed with intense curiosity at the door, nobles, statesmen, generals, marshals, entered it, in rapid succession. Schwartzenberg, Benningsen, Bulow, Platoff, Prince Wrede the hero of Hanau, Barclay de Tolly, the warriors; with Castlereagh, Metternich, Nesselrode, Humboldt, the diplomatists, passed us, announced in French. The company included, as might be expected, every British officer of distinction. Amidst a splendid display of scarlet, mingled with rich foreign uniforms, was a profusion of the uniform of Austria, which, being white, gives its wearers, to a British eye, the appearance of the musicians of a band. Diamonds blazed, and stars, crosses, and ribbons were seen in every direction. "Son Altesse le Prince de Benevento" was announced, and for the first time I saw, close to me, the celebrated Talleyrand. The wily politician's appearance surprised us all. It did not indicate that superior talent and vigour which had politically survived repeated revolutions, and warned Napoleon himself of the commencement of the downward movement which hurried him to his fate. All seemed old-beau-like about him—a powdered, old-fashioned gentleman, something younger, but much resembling Lord Ogilby in the play, and as unfit apparently to govern the diplomacy of Europe. But we did not allow his countenance to go unscrutinised; and we saw, or thought we saw, in its very calm and mildness, the practised tranquillity of the prince of diplomatists. The Duke of Otranto, Fouché, soon followed, and we beheld the minister of police, the mover of the most tremendous engine of tyranny known to modern times. He looked the office well, and it was very exciting to see, almost to touch, a man whose name had exercised a sway

of terror not exceeded by Napoleon's own. A bustling cortège of officers and aides-de-camp, with a veteran at their head, were explained by the announcement, "Son Altesse Sérénissime le Prince Blucher." On his entry there was a rush to gaze upon him, and a strong feeling experienced when the Duke of Wellington met him halfway down the saloon, with a hearty shake of both hands. Walter Scott was, I remember, moved to tears, and said to me, "Look at that—a few weeks ago these two men delivered Europe!" The spectacle, by the way, seemed to make an unusually deep impression upon this talented person. Wonder and Veneration sat upon his countenance during the whole of the evening, to the marked diminution of its usual intelligent expression; and he appeared like a man engrossed by mastering feelings, as was the Frenchman, who, overpowered by the beauties of Loch Katrine, when asked what he thought, answered, "I do not think—I only feel." Our common Edinburgh friends remarked his extraordinary aspect.

Crowds of every-day rank and nameless beauty continued to arrive, and we all acknowledged our ungallant indifference to what is the chief adornment of ordinary balls, the charms of the ladies, with a virtuous reservation that it was for once only in our lives. In the midst of some gay chat upon this subject, our eyes were suddenly called to the folding doors, when, on their flying open, we learned that the next entrant was to be a monarch. In louder accents than usual, we heard the following announcement:—"Sa Majesté le Roi de Prusse—leur Altesses Royals les Princes Royal de Prusse—le Duc de Mecklinburg." The King entered with his splendid cortège, and, after being solemnly received by the illustrious host of the night, and shortly conversing with him, passed on among the gay crowd, and joined a circle, the centre of which was Lady Castlereagh, and one of its components the veteran Blucher. This monarch had been remarked in Paris for gentlemanlike appearance and great plainness of circum-

stances. He seemed about forty-five years of age, and would have passed for a well-bred English gentleman. There was also observed a sober and rather melancholy expression of countenance, imputed to his great loss in his amiable queen. His two sons were mere youths. The Prince of Orange followed, pale from his recent wound, and with his arm in a sling. He spoke some time with the Duke of Wellington, and then joined the circle of Lady Castlereagh. I observed General Alava much beside the Duke; he had distinguished himself by writing a spirited account of the battle. After all had assembled, there was no figure present which commanded a larger share of attention than the Duke of Wellington. His person was new to the majority of the company. It was a most exciting novelty to those who had followed him only in the Gazette, during his career of victory; and there was an eagerness to get his form into the memory by studying it well. He was in field-marshal's uniform, and seemed in remarkably good, and even high, spirits, as befitted the gay occasion. He was seen in every room, noticing every one whom he at all knew, and conversing with many in the most frank and easy manner. It was said that he was induced to dance; but I did not witness this proof that the hero of Waterloo, the pacificator of Europe, was after all a mortal man, and a dancing animal! The most powerful sovereigns in Europe seemed to shrink beside this son of an English baron; mere external rank being felt as little or nothing in comparison with the greatness of commanding intellect, and the merit of having wrought out the deliverance of many nations.

One of the most striking and significant features of the scene was the appearance of a portrait of Napoleon, which had been recently finished for Junot; and was left leaning against the wall in one of the rooms. The Duke, with true magnanimity, had allowed this picture to remain; so that the fallen emperor also seemed to form a part of the company. I saw the King of Prussia and one or two other personages, whose fates had been strangely connected with

his, stand for a few seconds before the portrait, and make a few remarks on the fidelity of the likeness. At this time the original was on his passage to St Helena, discrowned and a prisoner, while here was one of his palaces occupied in triumph by his conquerors, men who, a few months before, would have given him one of the earth's best kingdoms; but had now put his neck beneath their yoke, and were employing themselves in criticising his portrait, which was all that remained of him. Can such vicissitudes of fortune ever again be witnessed on earth! Walter Scott observed to me, that if he should venture, in fiction, to depict such a scene as was here presented to our eyes, with all its circumstances and associations, brilliant, noble, and affecting, he should be charged with unpardonable exaggeration. He was right. Reality only is privileged to write such wonderful things.

When wearied to a certain degree with the feelings excited by what we saw in the rooms, we strayed out into the gardens, which were lighted up gorgeously, in a serene starry night, and enlivened by the performance of jugglers and *grimaciers*. A sumptuous supper was spread out in the gardens under elegant awnings, and, on returning into the rooms, we learned that the banquet had just been announced. I made an effort to enter the grand *salle-à-manger*, where I expected to see the Duke presiding over monarchs and princes; but it was already full, and I failed. Disappointed, I went into a small room close at hand, where supper was spread on several small round tables. At the next to that where I was seated, sat two very beautiful Englishwomen of high fashion, Lady W. W. and Lady C. L., keeping a chair vacant between them. In a few minutes the Duke of Wellington himself looked into the room, when the ladies called to him that they had kept a place for him. He joined them, passing so close to where I sat, that I rose and put my chair under the table to let him pass, for which he thanked me. When he had taken his seat, I could not help remarking—for such things had

then a strange interest—that, over his head, by mere accident, was a bust of Napoleon. The *trio* were presently joined by Walter Scott, of whom I had for some time lost sight, and the *four* formed a very merry supper party. I could not help hearing their conversation, for it was rather loud, but there were no state secrets in it. Lady C. L. startled us by an occasional scream. What became of the Crowned heads and *their* supper, I never heard or inquired. About four in the morning, I again came in contact with Mr Scott, who said he was quite worn out with excitement; and, presuming I was in no better condition, proposed that we should walk home together. I at once complied, and left the extraordinary scene as one awakes from a splendid dream—a dream never to be forgotten.

Next day, when I came to thank my friend Sir John Malcolm, I naturally asked him how he had got me an invitation, after all. He said he had made one more attack upon the Duke, who answered, "If you will show me how my rooms can be made to hold more people than they *will* hold, you shall have tickets for all the surplus." My friend replied, with that readiness for which he stood unrivalled, "I will tell you how your rooms will hold more than they *will* hold: light up your gardens as we used to do in India, and put a juggler or two and a punchinello into them, to draw out the crowd." "It shall be done," rejoined the Duke, and the result was a hundred or two additional tickets. The effect was as anticipated. One-third of the company was always in the gardens, and a large portion of them supped there. I observed a *grimacier*, or maker of faces, performing to a crowd, in which stood the young Princes of Prussia, who appeared much delighted, especially with his wig, which seemed to have been transferred, without any of the ceremonies of preparatory manufacture, from a sheep's back to his head. When speaking, perhaps lightly, of this worthy, my friend said, "It would become you, in gratitude, to allude to the gentleman in the wig a little more respectfully, seeing that you owe your admission mainly

to him." "How, in the name of the succession invariable of cause and effect, could that have been?" "Oh, most logically thus: But for him the gardens would not have attracted out a large part of the company; without the certainty of that result, the gardens would not have been lighted up, and you would not have been present, at what certainly will stand on record the most memorable ball which ever was given."

Caricaturing has, in imitation of the English, with whom it originated, become frequent in Paris. Buonaparte, *in his disgrace*, is an inexhaustible theme. His destruction by the redoubtable English appears in many different forms. I observed one in which they call him "the new Cæsar:" "I came, I saw, I—fled."

The English dress is much ridiculed, and most impudently exaggerated. It is nevertheless very laughably caricatured. In addition to the numerous attempts of last year, they have exhibited, this year, "une famille Anglais en escalier"—as steps of a stair. On the right is the eldest son, of immense length and tenuity, in a coat, the waist of which comes to his knees, and the skirts to his heels; next papa, a little shorter, and somewhat better filled up; then a girl or two, with waists like unto their dear brother's—one front, the other back. A younger brother or two are the steps before mamma is descended to, as round as a pin-cushion, with a very curious allotment of rotundity between the regions of the stays and the under drapery, so that it matters not, for her shadow at least, whether she stands on her feet or her head, or lies on her back. The little ones are next arranged, till the youngest of all holds in his hand, resting on the ground, in its proper place in the series, a figure of Punchinello! It is impossible to look at the whole without being much diverted. The allied costumes have all been ridiculed by the frivolous people whom they have humiliated. Many sketches of the Highlanders have appeared; none of them, however, are caricatured, but very respectful portraits; if we except the

irresistible subject of their scanty clothing, with the concomitant idea of the possibility of high winds. The supposed crisis has not escaped the pencil.

Visited the Bibliothèque Royale, the greatest in Europe. It is contained in five apartments up-stairs, each of them as large as the new hall for the Advocates' Library, besides many smaller apartments down stairs, for the MSS., antiquities, curiosities, &c. The halls are venerable, having an appearance of considerable age. They are chiefly of oak, and floored with the same wood. They are, for a French library, wonderfully plain, and seem to be intended for real business and utility. The occurrence now and then surprised me, in this generally showy people, of a sober reasonableness of means and ends, in their great establishments. It almost amused me. It is like the sudden gravity of a merryandrew, who has set his spectators in a roar of laughter, the reason of which he demands, reproving them, in a paternal way, for their levity. The number of books, it may be believed, is bewildering. The arrangement, perhaps, may be judicious, but to the eye it is distracting. The books seemed huddled together, and many of them in the shelves were unbound.

The French will out, however, with their incongruity. In one of the halls, of grave oak and ancient tomes, with massive tables surrounded by silent *literati* engaged in their researches, there is a monument of the folly of Louis XIV. A bronze, representing Parnassus, and its usual allowance of Helicon, with all the French poets scrambling up in very diverting competition, some tumbling down again, and all, though in French coats and curled wigs, sharing the paths with clusters of cupids and nymphs in a state of nature, clustered like shrimps or cherries; while on the very summit, surmounted only by Pegasus himself, sits Louis in the character of Apollo; leaving the spectator in fresh wonder at the lengths to which human impudence will go, when supported by absolute power on the one hand,

and slavish adulation on the other. The floor of one of the halls is open in the middle, forming a gangway round, to accommodate the upper part of two immense geographical globes, which stand in the room below.

At some of the tables were ladies occasionally mixed with the men, leisurely prosecuting their inquiries.

The public have unlimited access, in this way, to the stores of this immense collection; a liberality for which the French deserve unbounded credit, and, in imitation of which, some advances are making in the British Museum. For a library which may comparatively be called private property, there is none in the British Empire so extensively useful, or so easy of access, as the Advocates' at Edinburgh.

The number of printed books in the royal library at Paris is about 300,000; MSS. about 80,000; many of them plundered, and of course now to be restored. The cabinet of medals is the richest in the world. The repository of engravings is quite superb. There are 5000 portfolios, divided into classes — viz., architecture and sculpture; emblematical and devotional subjects, Greek, Roman, and mythological; medals, coins, heraldry; processions, banquets, tournaments; natural philosophy and mathematics; romantic and ludicrous subjects; natural history; geography; plans of ancient and modern buildings; 50,000 portraits; and the manners, customs, and amusements of every region of the globe. Many of these engravings are from ancient windows, tapestries, and monuments. In other apartments are many fine specimens of ancient art—Etruscan vases, baths, &c. The whole establishment has no parallel of the kind in the world.

LOUVRE GALLERY—FIFTH VISIT.

After the library, no employment so well suited the heat of the weather as a lounge in the ever-attractive Louvre. There was now some urgency; the work of restitution had begun in earnest—to have seen which is

itself something in one's life. As the pictures belonging to the Prussians and Belgians were fast disappearing, and when I saw the operation, it was going on with great tranquillity in the hands of upholsterers' journeymen, without the presence of a single soldier. I meant to do no more this day than enjoy the Rubens, and other fine pictures of the same school. The three grand pictures of Rubens, pronounced by Sir Joshua Reynolds the finest in the world, were the altar-pieces of the great cathedral at Antwerp, where I had seen their blank places. It would have been even more interesting than witnessing their taking down in the Louvre, to have seen their reception in Antwerp, and re-inauguration in their own consecrated home.

The "Elevating of the Cross," and the "Descent," are judiciously placed on opposite sides, for the sake of the touching contrast of their subjects. Turning to the first, the painter has given to the executioners, who are drawing the cross up by cords, the most demoniacal aspect of ferocity which can be imagined; rendered tenfold more horrible by contrast with the bland and forgiving resignation of their bleeding, suffering, but yet living, victim. Looking to the second, we see the Saviour in the hands of his gentle and afflicted friends, who are lowering the body, by the help of a sheet, with the most anxious care—Nicodemus and John standing on the ladders, while Joseph of Arimathea, and the three Marys, on their knees, receive it below. Grief was never more exquisitely painted. One tear stands on the beautiful cheek of Mary Magdalene, who seems to hold the arm of Joseph as if to prevent him from giving more pain to the deceased by touching the body roughly. The Virgin's countenance is indescribably fine; and the whole figures, which are as large as life, are given with so much truth and boldness, and with so exquisite a colouring, that the spectator never doubts their absolute reality. If I had a fault to find, it was that Rubens' women are rather *embonpoint* for very dignified personages. These

pictures, with thirteen more by Rubens, were to go back to the Cathedral of Antwerp. It would be tiresome to describe the impressions and feelings of a visit of several hours to these pictures. I sat and perused them till I had them by heart; and I have them now as vividly in my recollection as when I was in their presence. There is something in the works of deceased masters which brings the spectator much more into their ideal presence than even reading an author's writings. Rubens seems to live for ever in his pictures, and to be present with the spectator, enjoying his wonder and delight. I observed that these pictures arrested the most barbarous-looking of the foreign soldiers, even for a few moments, with an exclamation of wonder.

Rubens' favourite subjects are connected with the sufferings of the Saviour—the scourging, and crowning with thorns, the burial, &c. "The Flight into Egypt," and the same subject by moonlight, are exquisite pictures. "The Beheading of John the Baptist," and, above even these, "The Resurrection of Lazarus."

Passing the Ruysdales, the Saft Levens, the Lalaerts, the Leiboldts, and the Sneyders, I came to the pictures of the renowned Teniers, at which, on my last visit, I had left off. They are seventeen in number, and all in the style well known as his, namely, cottage, alehouse, and boorish scenes, highly humorous and characteristic, and showing, at the same time, the most minute attention to the mechanical parts of painting, both in light and shadow, colouring and finishing. Teniers did occasionally make trial of graver subjects, and, as was the fashion of his day, especially religious; but he is much more at home on such subjects as "The Village Wedding."

Went to the Theatre Fedeau, a very elegant theatre, for comedy and spectacle. It does not boast very celebrated actors.

Versailles was the expedition of this day, with some English friends. We set off after breakfast in a light car-

riage. As the rest of the party had not yet seen St Cloud, we resolved to stop there, by which means my impressions were refreshed, and my recollections improved. I visited now, what I had not done before, the obelisk or pillar, in the park, from which the view is said to rival that from Richmond Hill. It is very fine certainly, but it will not stand comparison with Richmond. Paris is full in view, with the windings of the Seine; the fine park of St Cloud, with the romantic Prussian bivouacs appearing in it, among the long avenues of trees; the palaces of Bellevue, Madame Pompadour's residence, Malmaison, and many others; and a very fine country, as far as the eye can reach, around. From our high ground we had pointed out to us the scene of the operations of the Prussian army immediately before the Convention of St Cloud; the same which Marshal Ney founded upon as the amnesty for his unquestionable treason to the King which amounted to betrayal of trust. Continuing our drive, we passed through a beautiful country, and arrived at Versailles—certainly the most splendid place, in all respects, in France, or perhaps in Europe. The Boulevards, with their walks and streets, had been named after the Empress; but we observed that that offensive name had been erased, yet none substituted. We drove through a part of the park, and first to the PETITE TRIANON. This was the favourite fancy resort of Marie Antoinette. Its rooms are small, almost in the cottage style, but most fancifully elegant; and the ex-Empress having taken a liking to the place, some of them were newly furnished for her. The grounds are laid out in the style of English gardening, evidently before that art—unquestionably one of the fine arts—was carried to its present pitch of improvement.

Much noise has been made about the Petite Trianon, because it differed from everything else in France, and because it was valued by the Queen; but many a cottage near London has grounds around it more tastefully laid

out; and really noble parks in England would not admit the Trianon grounds, even for variety, into a corner. Nothing could be more absurd than the affectation of introducing an imitation of an English farmhouse, mill, &c., purposely made old and shabby, into the middle of the miniature grounds. One of my friends mentioned that she had often heard her father, Sir N., say, that on occasion of his marriage-jaunt to France, he had seen the Queen, Marie Antoinette, at a public fête at the Petite Trianon, and, with his lady, had the honour of being noticed by her.

Marshals Vandamme and Bulow had, a few weeks before, been fighting in these very grounds. We saw their traces too evidently, and in particular on one statue, which had been struck and considerably injured by a ball. One gate, out of the grounds, was pointed out to us, where there was some smart skirmishing. I had been so much spoilt by the excitement of visiting scenes of striking events, that to see the spots of minor occurrences, although so recent, was not so impressive as it would otherwise have been. We were attended by an intelligent guide, who was a kind of gardener about the place, and one of his children, a girl of about fourteen, a very well-behaved little girl, and evidently much impressed with respect, and almost awe, in presence of *les Anglais*. She was a pure supernumerary; but, with her little dog, to which, she said, belonged the Asiatic name of *Zemire*, she attended our steps most faithfully. The most trying questions never affected her gravity, and were all answered with a respectful curtsey. "Comment appellez vous ce joli chien?"—"*Zemire*, Monsieur." "Mord elle?"—"Un petit peu, Monsieur." "Elle se couche avec vous?"—"Oui, Monsieur;"—each answer with a profound curtsey. Why should there not be perfect innocence and simplicity in France? or why should it be educated out of the young? Is it the fault of the great body of the people that they are heartless, and often corrupt?

We sent back our carriage to the town of Versailles, and walked to the GRANDE TRIANON, still accompanied, so far, by Zemire and her mistress, to show us the way. She took her leave of us very modestly and prettily. I was vexed that she mistook a movement of mine to shake her by the hand for an expected little present, which, it happened, I did not mean, having just paid her father reasonably. She blushed at her own mistake, and walked very quickly away, without ever turning round again; for when she was at some distance, my conscience stung me for letting her go without her little expected franc, and I waved and called after her, but neither she nor Zemire would look round. We were delighted to see innocence and gentleness in anything French, being so much, perhaps unjustly, in the frame of presupposing the contrary.

The Grande Trianon is about a mile from the Petite, situated in another part of the park. It is an imitation of an Asiatic palace. Indeed, it has the appearance of having been intended more as a grand summerhouse for fêtes —the royal family living in the palace of Versailles—than as a residence for any part of their vast establishment. It consists of a range of colonnaded buildings, one story high, entirely built of marble. The pillars are red marble of Languedoc, and green marble of Campan. There is a great profusion of statues, vases, and other ornaments. Forming one side of the square, the whole range is one noble hall, with a white and black marble floor. In this hall Louis XIV.,—by whom the fairy palace was built, in the wantonness of luxury, as if the wonders of Versailles had not been sufficient for his splendour—gave one of the most superb balls that was ever seen in France. The gardens, particularly for their collection of the choicest plants and flowers, are considered the finest in France. It seems to have gone into disrepair, for we thought little of the conservatory.

The park of Versailles is extensive and noble: the grand canal, especially, striking. There is, however, a

sameness and formality in the laying-out of the grounds, which, although proper when associated with the idea of the Grand Monarch, who was worshipped at Versailles as a god, are to an Englishman anything but tasteful or elegant. As we walked back towards the palace we observed some Cossacks galloping about; and such galloping I never saw horses put to! Their bellies seemed to touch the ground. The French have a phrase—*ventre à terre*—for a horse's utmost speed.

I forgot to mention that, in the picture-gallery of the Grande Trianon, which was gorgeously painted and gilded, there were some beautiful small paintings, and several interesting portraits. Among them was one of Madame de Maintenon. The famed beauty of her hand was made very evident, of course. She seems to have had a grave and sensible, rather than a beautiful, face. The picture is an original, and probably was placed where we saw it, by the joint taste of the great Louis and his mistress. Several of the younger favourites of Louis XIV. were on the walls, some of them perfectly lovely. Two of them are represented as the buyer and seller of a singular commodity, a truly French idea: the one, as a fruit-woman, was offering a basket of very small cupids to the other, taking up a specimen by the wings, as if it had been a chicken or a pigeon!

As the palace of Versailles is closed to the public at six o'clock, we feared we had left too little time for it, as it was near five when we reached it. We came in view of it first in the gardens behind the palace, or rather at one end, next to the Trianons. Everything called a palace shrinks into insignificance in his mind, when the stranger, for the first time, finds himself in presence of Versailles. Its extent as a building, to say nothing of the richness of its parts, is almost bewildering; the beauty of its cream-coloured stone, while a vivid afternoon's sun shines full upon it, with the multitude of statues and other sculptural ornaments in white marble, both on the build-

ing and all over the magnificent gardens, is perfectly dazzling. What singular recollections the first view of royal Versailles excites! The whole of the ever-shifting scenes, from Louis XIV. to Louis XVIII., pass through the imagination; and the reality of the splendid fabric before the eyes, seems to bring the tremendous history in all its variety to one point. We lost not a moment in visiting the interior of the palace, reserving the outside for a more leisurely survey, after six. It is a journey to pass along the piazzas, porticoes, and passages, of this immense place; but when you reach the staircases, corridors, saloons, and galleries, you are forced to confess that you never saw magnificence before. We ascended the grand staircase of variegated marble, to which the beautiful Madame Lavalière alluded, when, in the privations of the convent to which she retired, she remarked that the narrow dark stairs recalled, by contrast, to her mind the grand escalier of Versailles. The fault we found with it was, that (by three flights of steps) it ascended only one side of the hall, instead of both sides or the centre. Passing through a number of gorgeous apartments, gilded to excess, very brilliantly painted on the ceilings, and adorned with mirrored panelling, we came to the grand gallery, unmatched for vastness and beauty, perhaps, in the world. It is two hundred and fifty feet long, with a splendid range of windows nearly of the height of the room, extending on one side its whole length, while mirrors, of the same size with the windows, are ranged along the opposite wall, each mirror corresponding to a window. The richness of gilding is quite dazzling, and the effect splendid in the extreme of the painted ceiling for such a length, and of the smaller paintings in medallions, all along the slope between the ceiling and walls. These ceiling pictures, as well as almost all the ornaments about Versailles, record the deeds and the grandeur of Louis XIV., with the same knowledge of the French character as led Napoleon to multiply the marks of himself with similar assiduity. The figure of Louis

is often introduced in Roman garb, with the absurd but invariable additions of a full-bottomed wig on his head, and a thunderbolt in his hand; a combination which was not likely to shock, with its incongruity, an age which could stand an opera in which Jonah is produced upon the stage, from his lodgings in the whale, in complete court dress, with *chapeau bras*, sword, frills, and buckles, singing a melting air. The flooring of this noble gallery is of oak, kept, as usual, highly polished, and very slippery. The whole effect is, beyond all comparison, grander than that of the same kind of gallery at St Cloud. The gallery at Versailles is bounded at each end by a sumptuous apartment, finished in the same style as the gallery itself. The next room was the Queen's bedroom, into which the Parisian mob rushed, which came to Versailles to bring the royal family to Paris. We saw the door where three brave men of the Swiss Guard were killed, who devoted themselves to give the Queen a moment to fly, by a secret door under the tapestry, to the King's apartment, whither she was not followed. We stepped out upon the balcony in the centre of the main front of the palace, where the King and Queen were forced to show themselves to the mob—the queen holding the Dauphin in her arms. We stood with strange reflections here, and looked down upon the great square which had been at that awful moment filled by the enraged and bloodthirsty mob of Paris. The King's own apartment seemed entirely covered with gilding. We were shown into one of this dazzling description, in which it was the fanciful custom to give a sumptuous dinner to twelve poor old men, once a year, at which the King did the duty of a servant. There is but a refinement of pride in these voluntary self-humiliations of princes.

We were by this time very ready for dinner, resolving to make it very short, and return to avail ourselves of the remainder of the light, to see the exterior of the palace and the far-famed gardens.

The *traiteurs'* charges at Versailles are as proverbial as those at Richmond Hill. We found five officers of the English guards fighting down the unconscionable bill of fifty-seven francs for their dinner, which they told us had been a very poor one. We gave the hostess a hint that we would not pay in the same way, and our bill was much more moderate.

On our return to the gardens, we viewed the façade of the palace in that direction, fair from the centre, and gazed on its magnificence. It is at least a quarter of a mile long, and of a noble height, with proportional windows. None but the Grand Monarch would have dared to lodge himself in such a house. It is, indeed, the acmé of human self-importance.

The gardens of Versailles are famous all over the world. They are therefore interesting; but they are anything but tastefully laid out. They are too Dutch-like; yet their population of statues, their marble ponds, *jets-d'eau*, and all the wonders of their waterworks, are unparalleled. We were not fortunate enough to see the last-mentioned in full play. This, we were told, was intended next Sunday, in honour of the feast of St Louis; and some of my friends who saw it—for I did not—report it to be one of the most astonishing sights they had ever looked upon. The gardens, of course, are laid out in terraces, and seem to reach an immense way. They were enlivened by groups of well-dressed people, on the gravel-walks. The view of the park and country beyond it, from the higher terrace, is very fine. Proceeding round, we came to the famous Orangery, the finest in Europe. The trees are all of large size, in immense tubs, standing in the open air in a large garden, on which we looked from the terrace above. It is surrounded by handsome piazzas, leading into commodious conservatories, into which the orange-trees are removed when winter approaches.

The sun was now set, to our great regret; but we still had a kind of light to see the principal front of the palace, to

the Paris side, and to have a glance at the immense stables for the horses, and the separate establishment for the ministers of state; the famous building called the royal kitchen, the numerous hotels and palaces of the former nobility, and the elegant town of Versailles. Through a great part of the latter we drove in bright moonlight, in which it appeared to be very grand. In a small area or garden, before a house we passed, were a number of dancers; and in several other parts of the town there seemed to be some festivities going on.

We drove back to Paris, passing Sevres, the celebrated manufactory of porcelain, and arrived safe, not without having feared being robbed by the Prussians, many of whom we saw on the road. Whether or not they deserved it, the Prussians, and they alone, have got a bad name. If well founded, there is surely some defect in their discipline.

The town of Versailles, before the Revolution, had a population of 100,000 inhabitants; it now scarcely contains 30,000. It was almost the constant residence of Louis XVI., and in his time the houses of the nobility much increased in number. Versailles seemed to supersede Paris, having superb accommodations for every department of government, and barracks for large bodies of troops. Some of the halls on the ground-floor of the palace are large enough to permit the parade of two regiments of guards within doors. Since the assassination of Louis XV. by Damiens, it was usual to encircle the King at Versailles with a strong body of men, when stepping into and leaving his carriage. The stables form two distinct buildings, which are really palaces. Between them and the palace is a large space called the Place d'Armes. Everything that can contribute to the pleasures of a luxurious court is of course to be found at Versailles. We saw the far-famed theatre, which must have been one blaze of gold and crystal. It has now lost its lustre; but it is said that when the royal family was present, and the nobility in their rich dresses, the theatre presented a *coup-d'œil* the most gorgeous to be seen

in Europe. Was all this necessary for good government? At the time the people wanted bread, and were told they might eat grass!

Versailles was the scene of several memorable revolutionary events. The Convocation of the Notables in 1787 was held there; the Convocation of the Clergy of France in 1788; the States-General in 1789; the portentous adjournment of the States-General from their proper hall—shut by order of the King, on the 20th of June 1789—to the Tennis Court, M. Bailly, president, where Mirabeau answered, to a message from the King to discontinue their sittings, "Go and tell those who sent you, that we are here by the will of the people, and that we will not leave the spot but at the point of the bayonet."

To Versailles, as before mentioned, on the 6th of October, the Parisian mob came to change, by their own authority, the seat of the court to Paris, to be more under their own control. The royal family quitted Versailles, and travelled at a walk, amidst 50,000 persons, to Paris. About six in the evening they arrived, covered with dust, at the Hotel de Ville, where, after again showing themselves, on the balcony, to the people, they remained till they could proceed to the Tuileries. The arrival of Lafayette at Versailles, with a strong force of the national guards, limited the fury of the people to the murder of the three poor Swiss soldiers, at the door of the Queen's bedchamber.

The moonlight scene, as we passed the site of the palace of the King of Rome, the Bridge of Jena, and the Quai *ci-devant* Napoleon, to the Tuileries, was extremely beautiful.

THE INSTITUTE.

Went to the National Institute, and was present at a meeting of the physical class. We entered through the great library to a handsome and commodious hall, in which the meetings are held. The members sit round a large table, at one side of which stands an elevated chair

for the president, with the secretary of the class on his right hand. This office is filled by M. Cuvier. I had the good fortune to see almost all the *savans* of the class of natural science; and was introduced to some of them—having diplomas for these from the Antiquarian Society of Edinburgh—Laplace, Arago, Cuvier, Lacépède, Saussure, &c. The last-mentioned read a paper on communication, on which the members were asked by the president to offer their opinions. It was listened to with great respect; but, except a few words from two members, nothing was said upon it.

M. Cuvier read a memoir on the subject of a lock used in China, which, although of very extensive use there, was found to possess several high mechanical properties, which seemed much to surprise the philosophers, in whose hands it circulated for inspection. Having observed M. Laplace and M. Arago go out of the hall into the library, I followed them, when I had the opportunity of conversing a few minutes with each. M. Arago, the great astronomer, and keeper of the royal observatory, is a tall dark-complexioned man, of middle age, with a singularly acute expression; while Le Compte Laplace is an older man, the very opposite in stature and complexion, with an aspect as little French as can well be imagined. There is something very quiet and even quaker-like in Laplace; while a manner of abstraction, almost amounting to absence, seemed not unsuitable to the greatest philosopher in Europe. His appearance and manner would become a grave Scottish clergyman; and I had one in my eye whom he resembled —the late Dr Charteris, of Wilton, in Roxburghshire. But his most striking duplicate in this country is Mr. Innes, the member for Ross-shire. The likeness was noticed by Dr Brewster. His words to me, of course, were very few. He put a few questions, chiefly about leading philosophers in Great Britain, such as Sir Humphry Davy, Sir James Hall, and especially Mr Playfair, for whom he expressed the highest admiration. He gave me, for Mr Playfair, a

printed memoir of his own, on the subject of the ebbing and flowing of the tides.

The National Institute, it is well known, consists of three distinct classes—the physical, the literary, and the esthetical or the fine arts. This arrangement is favourable to science, and it makes much progress in France. But it is in Britain that scientific discovery is immediately and efficiently applied to the arts of life; whence that elegant comfort which, in its wide diffusion and universal enjoyment, forms an aggregate of real grandeur which towers above average civilisation, and leaves at a much lower level all its social accommodations. Even English engineers are employed on great works in France. It is to the vigour and skill of what the French call the *mechanique* that this contrast is owing. M. Chevalier, one of the ablest men in France, remarked to me that his country was four hundred years behind England in improvement, both moral and physical. I pleaded, in mitigation, for *one*—for there is perhaps little advance since the days of Louis XIV.; but he insisted upon four, and added, that they would never get up with us. They had, he said, for twenty years, made a great noise with a false national greatness founded on military glory—even *that* England had wrested from them, and was the true great nation; that they were all noise and ornament, but that substantial grandeur and substantial worth were England's.

The palace—for all great public buildings are styled palaces—which is in part devoted to the accommodation of the National Institute, is a large and not very elegant building, called the College of the Four Nations, or the Palace of the Fine Arts. It was an establishment founded in 1661 by Cardinal Mazarin, for the education and entertainment of sixty young gentlemen belonging to the countries conquered by Louis XIV—a singular piece of generosity, or probably deep policy; as all was, is, and will be, in that people. It was probably to Frenchify, as

much as possible, the Netherlanders and Dutch. The bones of the Cardinal are within the building; his mausoleum, or monument, with execrable taste, is removed to the museum of French monuments formerly described, where, stripped of all their proper associations, the whole seem either a fable, or the savings from a general earthquake. Nothing but the latter would make their mutilated accumulation justifiable for a moment. Like Somerset House, the Palace of the Fine Arts is divided between the artists with their Academy—formerly in the Louvre gallery—and the Institute, which may be called the Royal Society of Paris. The hall of the Institute, already described, was the chapel of the College.

The Mazarin library occupies a wing of the building. It consisted of sixty thousand volumes, and has been considerably augmented since the Revolution. Here, likewise, is an immense globe of the earth, made under the direction of M. Buache. Connecting this building with the Louvre, on the other side of the Seine, is the Pont des Arts ou de Louvre, the only cast-iron bridge in France, built in 1804. It is only used as a foot-bridge, being floored with wood. It makes no great figure, as the stone piers are placed near each other in case of accidents, so that the span of each arch is inconsiderable. After seeing the mighty arch of Sunderland, in all its wonderful airy lightness, the Parisian attempt sinks into insignificance. It was by mere accident I observed that it was of cast-iron. The grander mechanical efforts, which we find as common as the houses in every manufacturing town in England, when, here and there, they are *achieved* in France, are *raree-shows*. The water of the Seine is raised by a steam-engine brought from England; it is called the *pomp-à-feu*, and invariably catalogued among the *lions* of Paris.

When I was leaving the Institute, I found M. Chevalier waiting for me in the court below, as he had fixed that day to dine with me at a restaurateur's. Mr Grant was with me, a mercantile gentleman, who had had the honour of being

paraded in Rotterdam as an Englishman, on the shoulders of the delighted Dutch, when they lately hoisted the Orange and Mr Grant together. He was much pleased by being introduced to M. Chevalier. The latter told us he was quite ready to go with us wherever we chose; but being unwilling to take him—for he is near eighty—across the river, we asked him if he knew any good *traiteur* nearer his own home, which lay quite in the opposite direction. Was it to be then understood that we put ourselves under his direction unreservedly? He called a *fiacre*, and we drove off to his own restaurateur's, opposite to the east gate of the Luxembourg gardens.* The kind-hearted old man ordered dinner, after consulting us *pro forma*, with a science so non-philosophical, but so entirely French, as much to amuse us; and certainly no dinner which I, at least, sat down to in Paris was either better or cheaper. He was himself most delightful. I have never met with a man possessing the talent of amusing and edifying conversation in such perfection. He told us there was no such treat to him as the company of Englishmen, and, forgetting his years, he toiled to please us. It is plain that he is a happy scientific and literary enthusiast, with an eloquence of communication, a pointed wit, and neat mode of expression, that are quite captivating. Good-nature seems to overflow in him; and I had, as formerly mentioned, been warned by Mr Murray—to prevent, *if possible*, his killing himself with fatigue in my service. After another visit to his library and the gardens of St Genevieve, we took our leave of this fine old man, under promise to announce to him punctually, *par la petite poste*, when we could meet him at "the Luxembourg gate" again.

I visited Mr and Mrs Boyd in the evening. She lived with her daughter, some years, in Edinburgh. The govern-

* A short way from the spot where Ney was afterwards shot.

ment debt to Mr Boyd's banking-house (Boyd and Benfield) is said to be nearly half a million sterling. They expect a part of it when the contributions, with which the French have purchased peace, are paid! The contrast of their style now from what it once was, almost princely, must be very painful to those who have witnessed both. Although quite comfortable, Mr Boyd seemed to feel it, even with me; and hoped, on my next visit to Paris, to receive me in a better style. Mrs Boyd and her daughter were very happy to see an Edinburgh friend. As nearly the whole middle ranks of Paris are lodged much as I found the Boyd family, it will afford an opportunity of describing a Parisian house in separate stories, called in Edinburgh *flats*, which Edinburgh borrowed, but has so much departed from that the resemblance is well-nigh lost. I have observed a nearer approach to Parisian flats in the Glasgow houses. But in both the Scotch towns, there is so complete a shutting-in of your own door, that the common stair is as public, and often as dirty as the street. In Paris, the different families have much more of a common interest, something like a lodging-house in London. You enter, as into most common stairs in Glasgow, by a *porte-cochère*, or what in Scotland is called a *pend*, to a neat courtyard behind, from which the staircase ascends. In the pend, and sometimes in the court behind, is a small lodge, where sits the *concierge* or porter, generally a woman, to whom you are directed to speak, by an intimation painted on her lodge—"Parlez au concierge." You find that she can tell you the present state of the three or four families to whom she is the *concierge* or porteress—whether they are at home or not. In ascending, of course, you find the staircase as clean as if it all belonged to one family, the different doors opening as they do in a house not so divided. This is all rendered safe by the *porte-cochère* and porter's lodge, which secure all the convenience of houses in flats for families of limited means, without those disadvantages which, in

Edinburgh, render them in too many cases intolerable in themselves, and a nuisance to the neighbourhood. The *porte-cochère*, however, much disfigures the street, as it does in Glasgow. When you enter the house of the family you visit, you pass through a small lobby, into rooms which are generally small, and connected *en suite*, a defect, I believe, universal on the Continent. The sitting-rooms are generally showily furnished; but the bed-rooms have brick floors, in octagonal pieces, kept bright with polishing with a red powder, which, in my hotel, I found regularly informed me when I had put my foot to the ground without a shoe upon it. In short, the house I have described is the usual kind of house in Paris; while there is nothing to prevent one family possessing all the flats as one house. M. Opperman's house was of this last description, and, although all possessed by himself, might have been occupied, like that where Mr Boyd lived, by different families. In this way it happens, that, except the shops, no house in Paris enters by what we call a main or front door. They shut in a huge gate at night, which the porteress opens when necessary. This is the rule in hotels invariably; and when you return home late, you receive your candle and key from the porteress, and go to your apartments. The chamber-*maids* in the hotels of Paris are all men—an arrangement, from our habits, at first disagreeable; but custom reconciles to everything.

CHAPTER X.

LOUVRE, (SIXTH VISIT)—ITALIAN SCHOOL.

PICTURES belonging to the Prussians were still being removed, and a good many blanks were observable. The report was again current in the gallery that the Apollo was actually coming to England.

Passing the Dutch and German schools with a little more study of Rubens' "Descent from the Cross," I arrived higher up the interminable gallery into the blaze of the glories of the Italian schools—the minute, showy, Venetian, the brilliant Bolognese and Florentine, the sublime Roman, the poetic Neapolitan. To be surrounded with these wondrous remains in which the artists seem to live for ever, although they have all long returned to the dust—Titian, Guido, the two Caracci, the exquisite Corregio, Tintoreto, Marrati, Paul Veronese, Julio Romano, Salvator Rosa, Murillo, Carlo Dolci—and "they above the rest," Leonardo da Vinci, Domenichino, Michael Angelo, and last and greatest, Raphael le Divino—there is music and poetry in every name—gave rise to a kind of joy and pride which only arises in the mind in situations of singular excitement, and rare good fortune.

Although I trusted that I had before me yet more visits to this wonderful scene, I may not, possibly, write any more on the subject after what immediately follows.

Beyond all competition the Italian schools in the Louvre contain the most splendid varieties of the art. They com-

bine the utmost excellence of mechanical execution in all its varieties of drawing, colouring, realising, and substantiating, with the higher reach of sentiment, feeling, and passion, in the most thrilling modes of expression. While the passion of the French school, like the character of the people, is artificial, strained, theatrical, and frantic, the passion of the Italians is true to nature, and irresistibly arrests our sympathies. Their subjects, with comparatively few exceptions, are confined to Scripture history. There are many delightful realisations of the Old Testament scenes; but the great majority are the history of the Saviour. We seem to accompany him in his progress doing good, kindly giving ease, and dispensing comfort of mind and body. We gaze on the exquisite scenes of his infancy, and that of St John, with the gentle beauty of the Virgin; but much oftener on the affecting, and often horrifying, pictures of his betrayal, insults, sufferings, and death; and, lastly, on the persecutions of his followers, and the appalling martyrdom of the earlier Christians. Some of the latter represent the torturing in every mode of cruelty, and butchering without mercy even innocent females, whose self-devotion obtained for them the rank of saints—St Agnes, St Catherine, and others.

Nothing can be conceived more terrific than the works of both the Caracci, and the powerful Domenichino. The "Saint Jerome" of the latter, where the aged devotee is receiving the last sacrament on his knees, is considered as rivalling the "Transfiguration" itself. All the three painters last named abound in the agonies of the crucifixion, the austerities and mortification of the monks, and the heaven-sustained energy of the martyrs; and all three are masters in the expression of both sorrow and suffering.

Guido is gentler and sweeter: such subjects as "The Holy Family"—in all the attraction of infant and female beauty, "The Youth of St John, "The Penitence of the Beautiful Magdalene," are his favourites. He, too, aims at the excitement of emotion; but it is the gentler affec-

tions which he summons—"the soft green of the soul," according to Burke, "on which the eye loves to repose." Hence Guido's emotions are more permanent than the brief paroxysms to which nature has, in mercy, limited the more violent and terrific. Beauty, particularly in woman, seems to have reigned in the amiable mind of Guido. I never saw it more exquisitely represented.

Of the same cast are the pictures of Maratti and Murillo.

It happens that the great majority of Titian's pictures in the Louvre are portraits—many of himself, his beautiful daughter, and his wife. They are all unrivalled. There is a beautiful picture of two angels adoring the Infant Jesus, "The Crowning with Thorns," "Christ carried to the Tomb," "The Pilgrims of Emmaus,"—all showing the power of that great master. His colouring is allowed by all the world to be unrivalled both for richness and truth. To conceive and design like Raphael, to draw like Michael Angelo, to colour like Titian, are proverbs.

There are six pictures by Salvator Rosa, in the wild but interesting style of that eccentric genius. He was the chief of the Neapolitan school, and most happily united the rarest beauties of landscape with powerful historical painting. "The Witch of Endor," and a famous Battle-piece, are both in the Louvre; the latter presenting one of the finest landscapes in the world.

There is one small picture of Carlo Dolci's, of "The Infant Jesus asleep, watched by the Virgin," in whose beautiful countenance is expressed an affecting union of anxiety, tenderness, and maternal joy. With her hand she gently raises the veil from the infant's face, and discovers the most unrivalled infantine beauty in the most perfect sleep of innocence. All is silence and repose; and there is a softness in the shadowing, and a mellowness in the lights, in perfect unison with the lovely scene. It is one of those pictures which make a vivid and lasting impression on the beholder.

Corregio, the amiable, the gentle, the delicate, long and often attracted me. The fineness of the human form is in

his works unrivalled; but it has been allowed that his chief merit is the beauty of his individual figures, more than the effect and impression of his groupings and combinations. Every one knows the engravings from the marriage-ring given by the Infant Jesus to St Catherine of Alexandria, and the dead Saviour taken from the cross by Joseph, and laid on the knees of the weeping Virgin, the Magdalene also in tears.

Leonarda da Vinci, the chief boast of the Florentine school, and a father of the art, has contributed but few pictures to the Louvre. His subjects are likewise pleasing. Nothing can exceed the picture of innocence which his design of the infant St John caressing a lamb presents.

Tintoreto is a master of the Venetian school. His "Last Supper" is very fine; but his masterpiece is "Susanna at the Bath."

It is a pleasant waste of time to attempt to describe the treasures of the Louvre; for one is conscious of being in the dilemma of addressing either those who have, or those who have not, been so fortunate as to have seen them. To the first it is unnecessary, to the last impossible. But Raphael yet remains—the prince of painters, the Shakspeare of the pencil, the man whose conceptions soared to the sublime; and who disdained, almost when he had revelled in the ideal forms and scenes of perfection, to descend to give them permanence in earthly materials. To the unpractised eye, Raphael's pictures have not nearly the brilliancy, or the mechanical correctness and finish, of those of very inferior artists. But there is a poetry in them—a thought and feeling, which are only rivalled by the most godlike efforts of eloquence and song. It should excite no wonder that, in the height of his flights, and the inspiration of his efforts, this mighty master, like all his rivals, should have occasionally strained the expression of the more violent passions, and been misled into an endeavour after the impossibility of telling more than the scene of one moment of time permits. This universally admitted vain attempt has,

in some instances, multiplied his figures and crowded his canvass, to the effect of injuring the unity and the harmony of his picture, and distracting the spectator's attention. The matchless "Transfiguration"—the boldest attempt ever made by artist—possessing perfections in every part and portion of the art, is not entirely free from this fault. Yet, owing to the hopelessness of the attempt to represent the glory of present divinity, the distracting emotions of the witnesses, with the almost painful scene of the "possessed," for whom the agitated crowd on the lower stage of the mountain are imploring the aid of the Saviour, there is more wonder than pleasure created by this sublime monument of human greatness. It has been called a *chaos* of genius, rather than a perfectly well-accorded scene of beauty and pathos. To my less practised eye, too, the colouring seems green and cold and dingy; I mean of the human figures below; for the blaze about the higher figures is brilliancy itself. I was much more pleased with the colouring of Rubens, to say nothing of that of Titian and Corregio.

It is strongly averred, and generally believed, that the French have dared to *refresh* this picture! If mischievous assurance ever cursed a people, it has the French. There is not a human being, in any other nation under heaven, that would have dreamed of touching the "Transfiguration," farther than with suitable tenderness, to wipe off the dust from the precious canvass. Many, who knew the picture before it was plundered, aver that they have not been able to recognise it again in the Louvre gallery! If this be true, it is atrocious. West and Canova have severally protested against the thought of supplying the mutilations of the Elgin Marbles, as a daring sacrilege. Yet—

"Fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

We know something of the tiger part of the French character; when Voltaire added the monkey, he certainly had in view mischief as well as grimace. A coxcomb called Girodet

has painted over all the heads in one of Corregio's finest pictures!!!

All Raphael's pictures partake of the sublime cast of his mighty imagination; but some of them are exquisitely tender. Such is his picture of the "Virgin and Child," —the harmony of the holy family, with the beauty of the Infant Christ, and St John. This matchless picture was painted for Francis I. of France in 1518, two years before the painter's death. When we consider the period, and compare these pictures with the state of barbarism in which our own country then was, we can scarcely believe that such should have been the period of those first and mightiest efforts of human genius. Raphael seemed fond of the innocence of infancy. In one picture, the infant Saviour, held by the Virgin, caresses the infant St John, whom Elizabeth, in a respectful attitude, presents to him. In another, the Virgin lifts the vest to show the Saviour asleep to St John in an attitude of adoration.

The "Assumption of the Virgin" is likewise a glorious picture, by the same master; considered almost on a level with the "Transfiguration," and the "St Jerome" of Domenichino.

It is whimsical enough to read, in the Louvre catalogue, that the "Transfiguration" was meant for the cathedral of Julius de Medicis, Archbishop of Narbonne; but its destination was changed. It adds, "France owes to *victory* this *chef-d'œuvre qui lui etait destiné!*" Impudent varlets! a few hours more and that destination will be changed again, and the plundered treasure wrested from them!

The "St Jerome" of Domenichino attracted my attention even more than the "Transfiguration." Many artists contend for that picture as the *chef-d'œuvre* of the Italian school. It was to the sentiment of the picture, the moral feeling it so powerfully calls forth, that I could alone address myself. I took all its mechanical perfections for granted, on the credit of Domenichino's name. I could no more have endured the prating of a cold connoisseur on

relief, and keeping, and breadth, and scope, and colouring, than I could a lecture on the paper and printing of the volume, when hearing Mrs Siddons read the finest passage in Milton.

Never was old age so truly represented, or approaching death. The saint is ninety-nine years of age, receiving the last sacrament on his knees, at the foot of the altar of Bethlehem. So entirely does every muscle appear relaxed, every bodily function suspended, so evident is the tremor of the very lips, as if the spectator heard the dying accents, that, in the effort which you believe he is actually making to join his trembling hands, and lift, for the last time on earth, his lack-lustre eye, you expect the old man to fall dead before you. This noblest of Domenichino's efforts was plundered from the altar of the Church of St Jerome at Rome, whither it is "destined" to return. What must have been the feelings of the devotees who, with their fathers before them, had associated *its* presence there with the saint's intercessory power, when they first gazed upon the blank left by its removal! What will they be on its return!

There was no resisting the recurrence of indignant wonder, when turning and returning to the glories of human genius on the Louvre walls, at the calmness, the sublimity of impudence, of this *sentimentally* virtuous and *sentimentally* feeling people, who, disregarding every kind of suffering, moral and physical, indiscriminately shocking the prejudices, deriding the consolations, plundering the property, and butchering the persons of the owners, had brought the whole to one point of unexampled concentration! The exclamation of Shakspeare was seldom out of my mind in the Louvre gallery—

> "O but man, proud man!
> Drest in a little brief authority,
> Most ignorant of what he's most assured—
> His glassy essence—like an angry ape,
> Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven,
> As make the angels weep."

Then always followed the reflection—what a world of wrong was, in one hour, righted at Waterloo!

Paul Veronese is the painter of a picture of great size, as well as celebrity—"The Repast in Simon's House, and the Pouring out of the Box of Ointment." The tears of the penitent, and her beautiful hair, with which she wipes the feet of Christ, affect the spectator more than if he listened to the most pathetic description of the scene in the power of language to convey. The astonishment of Simon and his wife at the daring act of Mary, and at the benignant commentary by the Saviour upon that act, speaks with such reality as almost to be audible. The picture allegorises Christianity. Judas is present: he seems to have risen as if to interpose and prevent the waste of the perfume.

"Lot and his daughters flying from Sodom," with a distant view of the Statue of salt, is a very fine picture. There are fifteen pictures of this master, all Scriptural except one, which is mythological,—"Jupiter destroying with his bolts the Vices."

Alexander Veronese was a later painter, and of nearly equal merit with his great namesake. He has been immortalised by his picture of the "Woman taken in Adultery," which we have seen lately in a series of beautiful coloured engravings. "Delilah's Treason:" the figure of Samson is glorious. "The Death of Anthony and Cleopatra," when their fortunes forsook them, is well known by engravings.

The senses and imagination are apt, at every interval of intense gaze and study of a particular painting, to wander over the vast variety with which the place abounds. All the masters of the divine art compete for your attention; they are all in life about you; and you recollect that they are all long since dead. You glance, in thought, at the value of the immense collection; the good and the evil of its assemblage, and the heartless tyranny that brought it there; and the profligacy which imagined and executed the daring project! Confounded with these conflicting

thoughts, you turn round, and standing beside you is a "whiskered Pandour, or a fierce Hussar," a Calmuck, or a Bashkir, gazing, in silent wonder, at the same picture with yourself, who assents to a motion by which you endeavour to express your admiration. A party of the men who have "wiped out" Austerlitz, wearing laurels in their caps, are busy with the walls on the opposite side. Jena's revenge appears in some Prussian officers at a little distance, with their gallant romantic bearing; and Waterloo, which avenged a world, crowns your musing dream, when some Life Guards and Highlanders come to pay their homage at the shrine of genius. Presently a French party put you in mind that they, not less than yourself, are looking their last at the magnificent plunder, the workmen actually removing it before their eyes. Anon you meet a friend from London or from Edinburgh; you witness other meetings — always surprises — of Englishmen with each other, and remember that the caricaturists have noticed these wonderful rencontres. Again you turn to the pictures, again to the masquerade of spectators, look out of a window upon the Place Carousel, the Court of the Tuileries, the bronze horses of ancient Byzantium; while the Revolution, and Napoleon, flit through your mind, and you rub your eyes to be assured that the whole is not a dream!

In the German school is the finest collection of Wouverman's exquisite pictures in the world. No less than thirty-eight are there, all remarkable for variety of fancy, accuracy, truth, and delicacy. There are battle-pieces and pageantries, and rustic repose after labour, and war. No painter ever gave to the rudest scenes so much of poetical effect.

Of the French school, Verney fills a large space. Few landscape-painters have surpassed him. The seasons, times of the day, and state of the atmosphere, are admirably imitated. Each picture tells one tale, and is remarkable for the unity and harmony essential to that difficult

end in landscape-painting. His moonlight is matchless. In the same school are some masterpieces of Le Brun. "Alexander in the Pavilion of Darius," and two pictures of enormous size and splendour, by the same artist, the "Battle of the Granicus," and the "Defeat of Porus." Each of these pictures is twenty-five feet long by fifteen high. It is difficult to describe the effect on the spectator of these vast canvasses. Le Seuer's "St Paul preaching at Ephesus" is a noble picture. Nicholas Poussin shines in the Louvre with no less than twenty-five pictures. Claude Lorraine, although a French painter, makes a much better show in M. Angerstein's collection in London, than in the Louvre gallery. In the latter, however, are some fine "Claudes."

I had been too long among the pictures this day, to lounge long among the statues. A walk through the different halls, however, I never could deny myself. If possible, the tone of the mind is higher among these venerable marbles, of remotest historical antiquity, than even among the triumphs of the canvass, which are comparatively of yesterday; but I am going to repeat what I have said before, which I fear I have too often done; so here will close my sixth visit to the Louvre galiery.

Dined with M. Opperman in his usual style of Parisian luxury. In the same street several large courtyards seemed occupied by Austrian cavalry, their horses picquetted around. Prince Metternich's hotel was near; and as I often had occasion to pass it, I observed how well it was guarded. A strong detachment of the allied troops, in rotation, did constant duty there. There was nowhere that I had a better opportunity of seeing closely, and comparing, the different appearance and equipment of the Russians, Austrians, Prussians, Dutch, and Belgians. I never saw an English guard at the gate of Prince Metternich.

In consequence of a notice the night before, from Colonel Gilmour, I was ready for his horses, by six o'clock in

the morning, to go to a review of the whole British troops which had joined the Duke of Wellington since the battle of Waterloo, including, of course, all the troops which had arrived from America. Colonel Gilmour's own battalion of the 95th was among the number. The review was to take place on the plain of Clichy, where the battle in 1814 was fought, which ended in the taking of Montmartre. The line, ten thousand strong, was drawn out to receive the Duke, for whom they waited about half an hour: when crossing the plain we descried him approaching with a few attendants. Beside him rode a very pretty woman, whom I recognised to be Lady F. W., whom I had seen at the ball. The Duke rode a white horse, which is always a conspicuous object. After receiving the salute of the line, he cantered forward, followed by his aides-de-camp and servants, and Lady F., to pass along the line; and as I knew that that ceremony would require at least half an hour, I took the opportunity to ride to a large wood about half a mile off, round which, I had been told, I should see a corps of Prussians, sixteen thousand strong, halting, in marching order. The moment I turned the wood I found myself in view of the whole force, and close on the flank of a regiment of Yagers, several of the officers of which came about me in a moment to learn my news from Paris. The spokesman, a fine-looking young man, addressed me in French, but soon discovered that I was not French. I answered I was English, and was sensible of an immediate improvement in his manners towards me. He called out in German that they had got an Englishman among them, when nearly twenty of his brother officers joined us. Every one told the spokesman something which they wished asked. Their chief curiosity was to know if the Duke of Wellington was in the field. As we had a distant view of the review of the British, I pointed out his white horse, when many an eye was strained to look at him. I spoke in high terms of Prince Blucher, and pleased the party much by telling them that he was a great favourite with

the British people. I could not help thinking on the novelty of my situation in contact with an army of Prussians. Their bugles, sounding the march, put an end to our interview, which had been very interesting. My warlike friends were in their ranks in column in an instant, and the whole force began to move from the ground.

On my return to the *English* army, they had wheeled into columns, and were marching in quick time to pass the general in review. It cost me a smart gallop to cross the head of the column to place myself opposite to the Duke. Two or three regiments had passed, officers saluting and bands playing, when a gallant cortège of *foreign* officers, at least fifty in number, came galloping in the same direction in which the Duke had entered the field. I first thought they might be Prussians come to join or inspect the army which I had just left; but their dark green soon showed me they were Russians, when one of them, whom I immediately recognised to be the Emperor, rode up to the British chief, and gave him his hand, after raising it to his hat. Several companies passed, of course unnoticed, during the salutations, after which the Emperor, taking his station beside the Duke of Wellington, all his suite keeping a horse's length behind, attended most seriously to the review, often apparently asking questions, and evidently paying compliments as the more striking regiments passed. I had never seen Alexander *en militaire* so well and so near before; and a fine, free, gentlemanlike man he was, very unlike many stiff coarse Tartar-like figures, who, in the various relations of princes, ministers, generals, and aides-de-camp, attended him. The troops passed and marched homewards, most of them in the direction of Montmartre; and after the last company, the reviewing party turned the heads of their beautiful horses, and set off at an easy canter towards Paris.

What scenes I was every day, every hour witnessing! Scenes resulting from a juncture which could only have been produced by the greatest moral convulsion the world

ever came through, or, it is to be hoped, ever will again. There, thought I, as they cantered off, is not only the Duke of Wellington going through an easy morning inspection of a small British force on the plains of Paris, where vast armies, which would have eaten it up, lately ruled, vanished now from their own land, and from the face of the earth! And there goes with him the Autocrat of all the Russias, the potentate of whom, and of his ancestors, I had been accustomed to hear as of mysteries shrouded in their boundless power and barbaric grandeur! There rode, side by side, the actual sovereigns of France, returning back to once redoubtable Paris, with barely an ordinary attendance, to—breakfast! I thought that I could, without any outrage on probability, saving etiquette, have rode after them and breakfasted with them! When prince after prince was announced at the ball, Walter Scott remarked, that "the romance of the round table is probable in the comparison. No romance ever came up to this."

My friend Colonel Gilmour had marched off with his green regiment to Montmartre, and I found that twenty-six thousand men had left me the vast plain of Clichy to myself. It was one great stubble-field, with some roads running through it, the latter, as usual, bounded by two rows of trees. A more unpicturesque scene I scarcely ever beheld. Where there is a want of the appearance of appropriation—enclosures, embellished spots, good houses, and neat cottages, a boundless ill-cultivated plain, with here and there burnt-up grass, plentiful crops of weeds, and stubble that defies you to know what has been reaped, is as disconsolate as a bare heath or sandy desert. Such was my conclusion as I rode still farther on to the town and château of Clichy, where, I learned, the Highland division of the army was quartered. In the château itself, formerly the residence of a noble family, and more lately belonging to Marshal Ney, I found Captain M'Pherson, brigade-major to Sir Denis Pack, under whose immediate command the plaids and plumes then were. Captain M'Pherson was lodged in

the château, in a suite of rooms which had been most gaudily furnished. His bed, chairs, sofas, &c., were all of light blue silk, with silver fringe, with the floors of brick. Several other original incongruities were apparent; and although the rooms made excellent soldiers' quarters, a very inferior house in England would be greatly preferable. We should have called such a château a hundred years behind; yet in France there are few, in the country at least, much better. We breakfasted, in a building near the château, with Colonel Dick of the 42d.* A fruit-seller improved our morning meal with some remarkably fine large peaches. I recognised in Colonel Dick the officer to whom I sat next at supper, at the ball, who told me who the ladies were, on each side of the Duke.

The gardens of Clichy seem once to have been fine. They were, when I saw them, a bivouac, or rather camp; and to see the occupants, our own honest countrymen, whose tartans were seen among the tents and trees, was to me not the least interesting sight of that memorable morning. Some of the officers going to Paris, we all mounted together; and two remarkably fine-looking men of the 42d, who had been in both the battles, did the honours of my bridle and stirrup. Thus ended a series of scenes, every one of which Napoleon was but lately in such condition to spoil, that the man would have been adjudged a strait-waistcoat who should have predicted their possibility. We overtook, about half-way across the plain, an officer of the 73d Highlanders, riding with a lady of a remarkably pretty figure and English dress, which last was always to me a refreshment. On coming up I recognised, by a bow and smile, a very pretty Scotchwoman, whom, with her party, travelling from Mons to Paris, I had before seen and spoke to, so often as we stopped at the inns, as to become acquainted with her, and to know from herself that

* Major-General Sir Robert Dick, fell in the Punjab.

her home was Kirkcaldy. She disliked Paris and the French, and sighed for Kirkcaldy and the people of Fife again.

The Highlanders, both officers and privates, confirmed to me some facts about the battle. On the whole, they are the most martial-looking of the military varieties at Paris. They attracted the most attention, not only from the French, but from the Allies; and their high character was spoken of as much as their figures. A story is current, and is true, that Alexander requested that a picked Highlander, in full garb, might pay him a visit. Colonel Dick selected a sergeant of superb figure, who had been on three forlorn hopes. The Emperor offered his hand, but the Highlander would scarcely be persuaded to accept the honour. Probably he now shakes hands with the *left* only. The Grand-Dukes paid him the handsomest compliments, and shook hands with him repeatedly.

The drivers of the cabriolets are generally intelligent guides. The one I chanced to have this day had been in most of Buonaparte's campaigns, and had been brought to a most sober sense of how very little so much *gloire* had done for him. I had arranged my *lions* for the day, and gave him my list, so that he might not have to drive twice over the same ground. Our first visit was the immense CONSERVATORY of ARTS and MACHINES. This vast establishment is meant for preserving a model of every machine which human ingenuity has produced to abridge labour or augment power. The large house, formerly occupied by the nuns of St Martin, has been devoted to this use. You first enter the large *abbaye* or chapel, where some very large models, such as fire-engines, cranes, carriages, &c., are kept. The abbey is a very plain church, and must, in stricter monastic days, have been a dismal place for the ceremonies of a poor young lady's noviciate. In the long galleries of the hotel, or house, as it is called, are kept in complete arrangement a countless variety of the produce of what Franklin calls the *tool-making* nature of man, a quality which that robust philosopher considered as the

one which chiefly distinguishes man from the other animals. The models are arranged on tables, along the walls, and up the centre range of the galleries. Besides the French collection, there is here a great deal of plunder from conquered countries. As there cannot be much from England but what must have been borrowed, as it could not be taken, I was much inclined to suspect that a very great deal of this most imposing collection must, in the true French style, be for show more than use; for I suspect that not the hundredth part of the machines could be used in the present state of the manufactures of France. This idea has been confirmed by Dr Brewster, who examined the immense collection with great care, and declares it to be a perfect mockery of mechanics, as they are advanced in this country; which last could show more real efficacy in a single manufactory, than is paraded in all the galleries of the Abbey of St Martin. The large house in which the nuns lived consists of three sides, each at least four or five hundred feet long, open from end to end, except one side, with galleries upon two stories. The garden of the nunnery was in the middle. There is always something associated with romance in our minds, in seeing the ancient seat of a monastic institution. I was more occupied with that idea than with the machines. A noble staircase has been added by Napoleon, in the most beautiful style of architecture. These grand displays, for the gratification of French vanity, were pushed to excess by that wily tyrant. He knew that it was the true way to their hearts. The driver of the cabriolet, having contrived to get some one to hold his horse, soon "rendered himself" at the side of M. l'Anglais, to share, with the rest of the French nation, the *merit* of the establishment. "C'est magnifique! n'est ce pas?" was repeatedly proposed by him. "Avez vous comme ça en Angleterre? C'est tout Napoleon; mais il est coquin, nonobstant." This he assuredly was; his own mother said of him that she rather thought that his heart was a cannon-bullet! After the

Elephant, as a consolation to the French people for the horrors and mournings of the Russian campaign, anything!

THE TEMPLE.

I approached, with the deepest interest, the prison from which the King was led to the scaffold; where he had been made to feel most keenly all the reverses of his situation, and where, for the last time, he saw his family. As I had found it quite a problem to ascertain how far the Temple, as it is now, differs from the Temple of 1792, I was at some pains to inquire into the truth; and the person who shows it being very intelligent, I found no difficulty. We stopped at a gate or *porte-cochère*, and entered the court, at one side of which, as usual, was the porter's lodge. Fronting us, in the court, was a rather handsome building, not apparently of great antiquity, though said to be old, which, the porter told me, was the hotel of the Grand Prior of the Knights Templars of Malta, an office generally held by a prince of the blood. The building, which resembles a modern hotel of Paris, unquestionably cannot be that to which the name of *Temple* could be given by the Templars; there must have been an older. "O yes, there was an older in the garden behind, called the *tour de Temple*." "Where were the royal family confined?" "First for a few hours in the hotel; then, by order of the Committee of Public Safety, in the tower of the Temple." —"Is the tower existing?" "No; it was pulled down by order of Napoleon, from a superstitious notion, as the story goes, that it had been fatal to more than one crowned head." I was now quite clear-headed on the subject; and as I recollected that Clery, in his affecting memoir of Louis's last days, narrates that the royal family *were* first in the Hôtel de Temple, and then sent to the tower in the garden, I resolved to take these

objects in historical order. Crossing the paved court, we entered at the front door of the hotel. The lobby or hall is just as it was, with the same stone floor; but instead of leading straight to the back door, which opened into the garden, by some new arrangement of the rooms on that floor, the passage has been divided. Three rooms of great interest, on this floor, have not undergone the slightest alteration—those which were allotted to the royal family when first conveyed hither on the 10th of August. They are large square rooms, and, as usual in France, *en suite*. The walls are covered with the gilded leather, which succeeded tapestry and preceded paper, and the panelling is richly carved and gilded. The whole is now old and shabby, and there was no furniture in the rooms.

In these rooms the royal family remained the whole day, till twelve o'clock at night. Expecting to be allowed to remain, they had made up a bed on the floor for the King and the Dauphin, and something of the same kind, in another room, for the Queen, her daughter, and the Princess Elizabeth. The man pointed out the very spots. The King's was in a small recess, like a sideboard recess. The savage and wanton order to remove the whole family into the wretched tower in the garden, purposely delayed to give it more effect, came at midnight, after the Dauphin and his sister had gone to bed. They were never again in the comparatively better accommodation of the hotel. The King was thrice within its walls,—once when he underwent the audacious examination before a deputation from the Convention, in the same room where he had once expected to sleep; and the other two occasions, when he passed through it to his trial, and to his death. It was very impressive to be within the walls of the very room where so extraordinary an event took place as the examination of the grand monarch of France by five or six of his subjects. Every panel and

ornament on walls and roof were then the same as now, and I could imagine every part and portion of the chamber perused by the King's eye, without being noticed by him. I assigned a place to the table with the chairs of the Inquisitors, the spot nearest the door to the King and the guards, and seemed to hear the noise of the enraged mob on the outside of the *porte-cochère*. Again I perused every spot of the other two apartments, and went out at the door into the garden, by a broad flight of steps. It was a great disappointment to find that the actual prison was gone, but I was assured that the garden had not suffered the slightest change. I stood on the steps to look at it. It seemed square, about an acre in extent, and not in good order. It was, however, meant to be a dressed piece of ground, having a little pond, some artificial rocks in most absurd taste, some very old crazy garden-chairs, walks very much grass-grown, shrubberies, and trees. A high wall surrounds it, and the windows of the high houses in the neighbourhood overlook it. It by no means looked like the yard of a prison, and I rather think it had never been more than a state prison, till prepared for the royal family. The use of the garden was permitted them, under, however, the closest watch; and their walks and seats were pointed out to me, with all the interest of having undergone no change. I could have tarried a long time on this sadly interesting spot. In the centre of the garden had stood the tower. It was a square building of no great size, consisting of four stories, with a round tower at each of the four corners; the tower surmounted by a high conical slated roof, with a vane on the top. There are engravings of it. This tower must have been the original dwelling of the *Grand Prieur de Malthe*. To mark where it stood, there are put down in the garden a number of wooden pins, forming the square and the corner towers. The site of a building always appears

small. When I stood within the pins, I did not think the centre square could be twenty feet. I should have measured it. Recollecting that the chivalrous Sir Sidney Smith was confined here, and that he owed his escape to a romantic telegraphic correspondence with a lady, who appeared at a window in a house on the outside of the wall of the garden, I found that the porter could point out the house, but not the window. He recollected, hearing of the chevalier Sidney Smith. Captain Wright, Pichegru, Toussaint, and Georges, were all severally confined here, and believed to have been here severally murdered. We now entered the hotel once more, passed through the lobby, out of the door, and across the court in front—the path of the King to the carriage that waited to conduct him to the guillotine, when he said—"Allons marchons." The porter invited me into his house to see the model in wood which has been preserved of the Temple tower. It is said to be accurate. By opening the tower on one side on each story, you have an inside view of the apartments, in which, for further interest, are placed little figures of the royal family: in one is the parting scene. In the first floor you see guards and deputies; and in one room is the wretch with the *bonnet rouge* who was employed to guard and insult the dauphin. Poor Clery's closet, off the King's room, is also opened; and that faithful servant is seen seated, holding his head with his hands, in agonies of grief. The little exhibition would be wretched anywhere else; but on the spot, there was no looking at it without deep interest. The garden was also represented, with the royal prisoners seated on one of the garden seats, with two guards attending them, at a little distance. The street was pointed out by which the carriage drove off for the fatal closing scene. The procession moved along the Boulevards to the Place Louis XV., at least two miles from the Temple. It is well known that, when the

horror-struck King attempted to speak, the drums were inhumanly ordered to beat. Rescue by a relenting people was not doubted by the King; but when the drums began, he wrung his hands, and exclaimed—"Je suis perdu—je suis perdu!" The faithful priest, with a firm voice, as if supported through his duty to the last moment, sublimely answered—"Fils de Saint Louis, montez au ciel."

We drove next to the famous manufactory where the immense plate-glass mirrors of France are polished and silverized. I saw the progress of the work, from the rough plate as it comes up the Seine from the manufactory in Picardy, where it is cast in a mould. Some of the plates measure seventeen feet by twelve, and are certainly unrivalled, both in size and material, in the world. The thickness in the rough state seemed about one-third of an inch. On the ground story of the building, the plate, after being firmly imbedded in clay on a table, is subjected to a grinding process in the hands of men with polishing-stones—*pour égaliser*. The plate is then removed up-stairs, again imbedded, and polished by women and boys with brushes and emery. The brushes are attached to hoops fixed to the roof, which much relieve the hand. The polishing is now completed, and the plate is stored for sale, as they never silverize them till they are bespoke. I saw the process of silverizing. The mercury is allowed to flow over the glass, and to remain to adhere for twenty-four hours. From the rough state in which the plates come from St Gobin and Cherbourg, they are reduced, by polishing, nearly one-half in thickness.

In driving along the Faubourg St Antoine—by far the broadest, cleanest, and most cheerful-looking street of the same rank in Paris—I was amused with the preparations making for the celebration of the fête of St Louis, which is also the King's birthday. It was to take place the next day. Booths and shows were erecting, and sand

was strewing within ropes, stretched fort he purpose of dancing in the street. The booths were covered with the political badge—in fashion for the time—the *fleur-de-lis*. We were perpetually in danger of riding down both men and women in the streets, as they have a manner of dreaming along, and are exceedingly angry when reminded by carriages to get out of the way. At the same time, carriages drive very rashly—a feeling which you experience more decidedly against the charioteers when you are yourself on foot. I did find myself, when riding, rather insensibly changing my complaint, from "Why do these fellows drive so furiously?" to "Why do these people dream so, in our way?"

Driving out to the site of the Bastile, along the same Faubourg St Antoine—which brought the mob with their cannon to the demolition of one prison, in order to establish a dozen—we turned to our right to the arsenal. I was unfortunately a few minutes after shutting-time of the library and apartments—as he inhabited them—of the virtuous Sully. The porter and his family had commenced proceedings with a very nice-looking dinner, and refused my most unnatural and selfish request of a glance of five minutes.

We then drove to the famous

CIMETIÈRE DE PÈRE LA CHAISE,

through the striking barrier of Vincennes, or the Trône; and, turning to our left, we kept along the beautiful exterior Boulevards. No expedition of mine in Paris more pleased me than this drive. On the Boulevards we found our carriage in the middle of a regiment of dusty weary Prussians, who had just finished a long march. We soon arrived at the Cimetière; and it is certainly one of the greatest curiosities in Paris. The most atrocious crimes of the Revolution were accom-

panied, by the actors, with the most virtuous sentiments. The butchers of the Second of September were models of sentimental pathos, and celebrated their patriotism by a flight of doves to heaven, each with a beautiful sentiment appropriate, labelled round its neck!

The *cimetière* of Père la Chaise, then, is a sentimental burying-ground; and if it were possible to reconcile real grief for the loss of friends with a dramatic and competitional ostentation in their interment, in a gay and fashionable burying-ground or garden;—or rather, if it were possible to forget for a moment that every supposition must be exhausted before it is possible to ascribe to real feeling anything that Frenchman or Frenchwoman does, the cemetery of Father la Chaise would be a very affecting memorial of the dead. Let us suppose it, then, all that it should be, in order to be pleased, instead of being offended with it. A beautiful rising ground of several acres, with his dwelling-house on the summit, commanding by far the most striking view of Paris and of the surrounding country, belonged to an abbé of the name of La Chaise, some time deceased. The very commercial idea struck him of converting his beautiful garden into a burying-ground, and selling the small spaces, which families might need, for an enormous price. Some persons of note bought ground from him, and the sweetest mausoleums and tenderest urns peeped from forth the alleys green, where the most classical cypresses, and weeping willows, were soon induced to grow. On the temple, or the sarcophagus, or the urn, all of the most approved models of the age of Pericles, were emblems of bas-relief, medallions of heroes who fell in Poland, connected by ribbons with other medallions of their weeping mothers, sisters, and wives, in Grecian scarfs. These were erected in neatly dressed flower-beds; and, most sentimental of all, chaplets, kept ever fresh, were hung upon the marble. Curiosity brought the whole world to see these sepulchral gaieties,

and the price of lying there rose still higher. The fashion was decided: there was no elegant interment but in the La Chaise; and a large sculpture workshop, established near at hand, was soon, and is still, kept in full employment.

Not only are the tombs visited by the relatives, but it is a point of etiquette for all the friends and acquaintances to visit them; and, one day some time after, when speaking of the cemetery to a French lady and her daughter, the young lady put her mamma in mind that they owed a visit to such a person lately interred there. The walks and shrubberies are carefully kept; and I could not help, when wandering through these groves, feeling as if in the classic shades below, till a glance beyond the grave showed the "gay lilied fields of France," and the dissolute but strikingly grand Paris, in all the reality of this world, without a thought on any other. The monument of the poet De Lille soon arrested me. It is not long since he died, and it was just finished, in the form of a little Gothic chapel. Some of the epitaphs were good, and even showed feeling, if the idea of French display did not always recur to spoil all. One I read to the "plus chère des enfans de quatre ans;" who in its turn addresses its parents,—"Ne pleurez pas, chers parens, je suis heureux, et prie toujours pour vous." The sentiment is beautiful; but O! it is profaned by the manner of it. Many inscriptions rather stretched the limits of general sympathy, by summoning the passenger to stop and weep!

As one of the points of defence, this garden was occupied by the French troops lately. The high wall has been perforated for musketry all round, and the holes were being filled up. On one spot a poor woman, who by some miracle has got possession of an excellent Ramsden, which she places on a stand, invites you to look at the Castle or Palace of Vincennes, and various others in the range, turning the telescope with great address to the new object, without looking through it herself. A *sous* or two amply

rewards her. Vincennes, next to Versailles, is the noblest palace, and at the same time one of the strongest castles, in France. I could not understand the meaning of this place, within three miles of Paris, being still held out against the all-victorious Allies. We saw the sentries on its walls, and the blockading videttes of the Allies on the outside. This was certainly a little too much. The woman pointed out the tower, in the ditch of which the Duke d'Enghien was murdered. No prospect I enjoyed from a height delighted me more than this, not even the obelisk of St Cloud. The day was brilliant; and the almost total disuse of fires, at that season, left the air perfectly translucid. The grey effect of Paris yielded to the gilding of a four o'clock sun; and the country seemed to smile with variety of wood and verdure, and apparent population. I was doubly fortunate in coming to this singular place; for one unexpected effect was, to correct rather a cold idea I had of French scenery. A thought was irresistible here on the singular destinies of this fine country; its history from the period of its favoured vassalage to Rome, through ages of chivalric romance, high modern polish, frightful revolutionary cruelty; and last and most wonderful, all I saw once more at the feet of victorious England; at her feet more decidedly, more impotently, than in the proudest days of the Harrys and the Edwards, the days of Poictiers, Agincourt, and Cressy!

Slowly descending among the gay tombs, on which hung many a chaplet, I could not help thinking that a little more care of our own burying-places would well become our stronger feeling for their occupants. In Sweden, I am told, where there are some honest feelings of nature, each family keeps their burying-ground as a little flower-garden. If I had time, I could point out more than one moral benefit from such a practice.*

* Ornamented cemeteries, it is well known, are common now in this country.

In one respect, the fashionable dead in the La Chaise have adopted Beattie's ideas of a burying-ground: they have chosen the breezy hill, but they are not so moderate nor so touching in the rest of the arrangement.

"Mine be the breezy hill which skirts the down,
Where a green grassy turf is all I crave,
With here and there a violet bestrewn,
Fast by a brook or fountain's murmuring wave,
And many an evening sun shine sweetly on my grave."

The remains of Marshal Ney, after being left to the prayers of the *religieuse*, in some convent, for a night—a singular contrast to this man's situation in the carnage of Borodino and Waterloo—were deposited in the *cimetière* of Père la Chaise.

The burying-ground of the Jews was pointed out to me, near the La Chaise.

We drove home by the PLACE DE GRÈVE, the large square in front of the Hôtel de Ville, open on one side to the river; the spot where, both in ancient and revolutionary times, the death punishment has been so often and so cruelly inflicted. Here were the dreadful breakings on the wheel, to see which the surrounding windows were hired by *ladies* of the first fashion: this was remarkably the case when Damiens was *roué*, and when Ravaillac was drawn asunder by horses. Here likewise the guillotine did much common work for that just judgment-seat, in the Palais de Justice, the Revolutionary Tribunal; the towers of which, and the dismal Conciergerie, were, at some distance, in view.

Opposite to the Hôtel de Ville are the famous *Lanternes* of the infuriated mob, on which so many *aristocrats* were hung. They formed the corner lamps of a street leading out of the Place de Grève, about eight or ten feet from the ground, and consisted of a strong iron bar of about six feet long, projecting horizontally from the wall, sup-

ported by what builders call a tie beam, or bar fixed in the wall higher up; forming altogether a very efficient gallows. The Place de Grève is the place of capital punishment now as formerly, of which it is the present system of the French Government to exhibit as little as possible.

The HÔTEL DE VILLE is a venerable building, answering to Guildhall in London, the halls, &c., of the mayoralty, or government of the city. This place was the cradle of the Revolution, the place where all its authorised atrocities were arranged, and from which the trained mobs went off with a hurrah to do their work —taking the Palais Royal in their way, where kindred spirits had been prepared by demagogues from the Hôtel de Ville. On the iron balcony, in front of the Hôtel de Ville, the royal family were forced to show themselves to the people, when brought there from Versailles. There is nothing remarkable in the interior of the building; a grand staircase leads up to the different offices, chambers, and halls. I at once asked to see the guillotine, which I was informed was kept here. A man and woman, the *concierge* and his wife, told me that it had for some time been in the possession of a carpenter in the Rue Pont-à-Choux, near the Marais. This I noted down for further inquiry. On the marble frieze, in the court-hall, are two very striking inscriptions, among many in praise of Louis XIV.

"1685. Edit de Nantes, révoqué, et l'héresie entièrement éteinte en France, par la zèle et la piété du Roi."

"1689. Protection donnée au Roi, à la Reine d'Angleterre, au Prince de Galles, contre leur sujets rebelles."

An Englishman, who looks upon that expulsion in a very different light, smiles at this last inscription. Indeed, both are pictures of the insolence of royal power in France at the period.

Many of the revolutionary public characters were assas-

sinated and massacred here. The governor of the Bastile was brought to the Hôtel de Ville, and there murdered.

Robespierre took refuge here, and was dragged hence, nearly killed by his own hand, to the guillotine.

Here the city of Paris gave an entertainment to Buonaparte when proclaimed Emperor; and here General Mallet sent an aide-de-camp to announce to the Prefect Frochot the death of Buonaparte at Moscow, with a view to a provisional government. Mallet's fate is well known; but Frochot, for *believing* the story, was disgraced by Napoleon on his return.*

We drove through the *Market of the Innocents*, the Covent-Garden and Billingsgate, in one, of Paris. It is a very fine sight. The fruits and flowers are a rich display; and the crowds of purchasers add to the liveliness of the scene. In the centre stands the noblest fountain of the many in Paris. It is quite a superb building, and the water is made to flow from it, in cascades, into basins below of the finest antique forms. I recollect of diverting Madame Biot by asking if the *Marché des Innocens* took its name from the gentleness, purity, and simplicity of the Poissardes, or fishwomen, who sit there! There is no application of ornamental architecture more judicious, and in better taste, than elegant buildings, to dispense the blessing of good water to a large city. This, in so far as it is purely ornamental, is almost unknown in London, and would be a great ornament to Edinburgh. In Paris there are eight or ten, and all elegant. One in the Boulevards du Temple, lately built, is really refreshing, even to look at, in hot weather. The water pours down in a beautiful sheet all round from the tower into a large basin, which forms a pond around it. A sentry stands to prevent the pollution of the water.

* The Lord Mayor and Aldermen of London were entertained in the Hôtel de Ville during the great London Exhibition in 1851.

CHAPTER XI.

A GRAND FETE DAY.

A French fête was held on the Feast of St Louis and birthday of the King. To say that the Parisians are one whit idler on a fête day than on any other day, or one jot busier on the latter than the former, would be a prodigious mistake. The Parisians are always busy; but it is with idleness. There is no place in Europe of more bustle and business in the streets; but then it is all puppet-shows and strolling musicians, and wandering pedlars, and an endless variety of vagabondism. This day the loyal—and who is not loyal *now*—had hung out white flags at every window, and sent out all the members of their families to wander about and be happy. There was a splendid court at the Tuileries in the morning, which was occupation for some hours to all ranks; national guards in their gay uniforms were reviewed—singers, orators, fruit-sellers, limonadiers, jugglers, shows, and wonders, were in full activity, and the day was endured chiefly as leading to the night, when the fête was to be enhanced by illuminations and all sorts of amusements. The theatres were all to be open gratis for, of course, the most select of the Parisians, and the gardens were to be filled with the loyal and the gay in countless numbers. I used the interval to visit another very noble public institution, the Ecole de Mines, or school of minerology. It occupies

the front of the Monnoie, or Mint. By a fine staircase, colonnaded by fluted Corinthian pillars, with a grand hemispherical roof, you enter a large square hall, fitted up all round with glazed presses, in which are contained the most varied and finest collection of minerals in Europe. For the accommodation of those who attend the lectures are a range of lower presses, within which are the seats of the students, and the professor's chair and table. A gallery, like a library's, runs round the room above. On the whole, I have not seen a finer theatre for any scientific purpose. In one apartment, within glass cases, is a series of specimens chemically decomposed, with all the results accurately marked. The hall is ornamented with yellow marble pillars in a circle, with gilt capitals. The roof is also gilt, like that of the Louvre gallery.

The HÔTEL DE MONNOIE is a very noble building. There is always a strong detachment of the national guard on duty there. As a mint it is hardly worth seeing after the Mint in London. There is one office for medals which repays a visit, where I went in quest of a series of the coins of the Revolution and the Empire, which I wished to obtain.

Visited the EGLISE DE ST SULPICE—the grandest in Paris, after that of St Genevieve. It is of Grecian architure, and of very great magnificence. The front has a lower and higher colonnade, with two fine towers. The interior is very grand, and I happened to look in at the moment of the celebration of high mass for the feast of St Louis. Multitudes were on their knees, and there was a procession, on the consecration and elevation of the Host, by the priest's chanters, who kept up a deep-toned music, and were preceded by boys tossing or swinging a silver censer which contained frankincense, followed by a train of *religieuses* or devout women, in pure white, some of them beautiful. Some fine pictures adorn this church. I was attracted by one of the "Conversion of St Paul."

Holy water was in great request. A man sat in a box at the font, and held out a moistened little brush, which everybody touched and crossed themselves, both in entering and going out. Many devotees were on their knees at the shrines of particular saints, in the windows, and were reminded of the necessities of the *saint* by a box placed in the most conspicuous spot of his chapel. A man collected money for some purpose, and repeated a short benediction to every one who gave. Many were at confession, whispering through a slit in a partition. On coming out of the church, I chanced to see a funeral pass. The company all walked with their hats in their hands, followed by the mourning-coaches, and preceded by the hearse, before which lighted torches were carried, although it was noonday. The hearse and coaches did not differ much from our own.

LOUVRE GALLERY—SEVENTH VISIT.

I was always glad to arrange matters so as to have three or four hours for the Louvre at one time. I was there this day from two o'clock till near six, and chiefly among the statues, as my preceding visit was entirely devoted to the pictures. I certainly agree with those who say that the statues call up emotions of a higher order than even the paintings, and are themselves on a higher scale of human genius. Their antiquity throws around them a mysterious glory, and excites in the silent beholder a veneration and awe, which, added to admiration of their matchless beauties, and of the skill which produced them, powerfully affects the mind. There is another most imposing circumstance—they are all unimpassioned, expressing settled character, grand, heroic, solemn; never strong emotion, still less passion. There is a majestic silence among these marbles, a serene grace in their celestial gravity, a contempt for the creatures of an hour

who flit before them, which seems to come from their lifeless eyeballs, all creating a feeling, in their presence, which is almost overpowering.

The LAOCOON alone, and perhaps the "Fighting Gladiator," are exceptions to the solemn repose which the whole exhibit. Yet there is a tendency to rest even in that impassioned group. The moment has been seized when the last effort of resistance to the dreadful force of the devouring enemy has been made—when the hopeless contest against superhuman power is all but relinquished, and despair, as settled as the death which it precedes, has taken possession of the countenance. The expression of the two children is the most affecting; struggling, as they are, with all the energy of their own share of might, against the serpents' dreadful coils, they raise their faces to their father, as if expecting that aid from him which he is so ill able to give. The laurels of the lately daring priest of Apollo are still upon the sufferer's head. This statue is believed to have preceded, by a short time, the Christian era. Pliny comments upon it with admiration; and to him we owe our knowledge of the names of the three sculptors who produced it—Agesander, Polydorus, and Athenadorus of Rhodes, supposed to be the father and his two sons. Pliny likewise tells us, what else we should not have discovered, that the whole consists of five blocks of marble, so admirably joined that he could not himself have known the fact from inspection of the statue. These remains of ancient skill have often forced me to believe that many of the arts of life were more advanced in those ages than, perhaps, at the present day, and that the human race never did stand more pre-eminent than in the age of Pericles. The marble of the Laocoon, besides having been considerably discoloured, has, I observed, lost its polish more than that of the Venus, and much more than that of the Apollo. It has a more chalky effect, as if made of a softer marble. It was

singularly interesting to see the most untutored savage-looking soldiers of the diversified "occupants" of Paris gazing at such statues as the Laocoon and Apollo. They were evidently pleased by the display of a perfection in imitation so far surpassing anything they ever saw before, and probably struck with the original beauty of the godlike forms, which will touch a chord in the rudest breast. The Laocoon gives its name to a hall in which the Venus has a place, not judiciously, for the one is perpetually distracting attention from the other. It is an interesting circumstance in the history of the Laocoon, that it was discovered in 1506, under Julius II., in the ruins of a palace of the Emperor Titus, and contiguous to the baths—the very place where Pliny saw it.

The TORSO BELVIDERE stands near the Laocoon. It is the trunk and thighs only of Hercules, in a sitting posture. Its formation and anatomy are considered so exquisite, that many artists have declared, that the possession of that relic alone would improve the whole imitative arts. The great Michael Angelo so devotedly worshipped this fragment, that it is called the Torso of Michael Angelo.

On the same high level, nearly, with the Apollo, Venus, Laocoon, and Torso, are the FIGHTING, AND THE DYING GLADIATOR—the first, in all the energy of the utmost muscular exertion; the second, in the relaxation of approaching death. In both, the human form is little less than perfect. Their marble is evidently Parian, for they have the precise colour and degree of polish of the Venus.

The Meleager is of nearly the same rank; he was the conqueror of the Boar of Calydon, and, with the monster's head and one of the dogs, forms the group of this exquisite production. Nothing short of the Apollo can exceed the beauty of this figure. Many of the statues

of Antinous are exquisite specimens of sculpture and of male beauty. The Youth taking the Thorn from his Foot, every one knows, by casts. The variety of admirable forms, both nude and draped, is quite endless, and therefore it is hopeless to describe them. Indeed, all description must fall short of the wonders of that collection.

One fragment is as highly esteemed, perhaps, as any of the rest; a portion of the frieze of the Temple of Minerva in Athens, covered with bas-reliefs, by the hand of Phidias himself. There is nothing more exquisite in the Louvre. What then must be thought of the good fortune of Britain, where genius and taste are already, and will be still more so, greater than in France, to be in possession of the Elgin Marbles—two hundred and forty feet of that same frieze, all in wonderful preservation! West and Canova have pronounced the Elgin Marbles superior to *all* the sculpture in the Louvre, as exhibiting a degree of skill, of which all the treasures brought to light in Italy, in the fourteenth century, do not give an idea. If this be true, these relics must indeed be invaluable.

I could not resist a short visit up-stairs to the pictures. Coming out of the gallery was my friend, Mr Pillans, the learned Rector of the High School of Edinburgh. "How long had he been in Paris?" "Six hours." "How many of these have been spent in the Louvre?" "Four!" I was soon again in presence of the "Transfiguration." Its wonderful artist died at the age of thirty-seven. He was born in 1483, and died in 1520. It has often been to me matter of wonder, that the art of painting, so soon after its revival, should have reached a degree of excellence which sets all competition almost at defiance. Will *this* age of light, of energy, and refinement, never rival the works of a period of comparative barbarism? Or will no succeeding? I cannot help thinking that a period is approaching, and nowhere more probably than in

England, when the fine arts will attain to the perfection of the best of former times. I mentioned formerly the suspicion that the "Transfiguration" had been tampered with by the daring coxcombism, the marring mischievous baboonery, of some French dauber. I now heard of an English artist, of great taste and judgment, who had the advantage of knowing the picture when in its own home, and who contrived to get up close to the face of "The Christ." Even *that* a French brush had dared to touch—the superhuman expression was gone! What an unfeeling instrument to scourge the nations has been that mischievous people! After all, the "Transfiguration" is glorious. It was impossible to affect deeply the original divine conception, the matchless grouping, the drawing, the general sublimity of the whole. The colouring and the finer expressions of countenance were most likely to suffer under the hands of the *restaurateurs*, as they pleasantly called themselves. The father of the possessed child puts forward the little sufferer in all his frightful contortions: the father's voice seems to fail, and his whole frame to have relaxed, in his agony of grief and despair that the Saviour is leaving the world before he had extended a blessing to him. The expression of anxiety with which, in silence, he looks up to the glory, is considered matchless. St John bending back, and increasing the spectators' idea of the glory, by shading his eyes, is exquisite. Not the highest pitch of pictured soul and sentiment could go beyond this. A young girl, leaning forward near the *possédé*, is sweetness and beauty embodied. The woman in front is certainly not beautiful; yet, as Raphael's women generally are beautiful, —witness the exquisite creature in the cartoon of the Beautiful Gate, in whose step is a fairy grace, and in whose countenance is a heavenly light—we are forced back to the suspicion that the French brush has marred the woman in the "Transfiguration."

On a long comparison, I was convinced of the inferiority of Raphael in much of the *mechanique* of the art to Guido, Corregio, and Titian, and even to painters of inferior name. The softness, truth, and delicacy of their colouring is not equalled by him; and nothing but the divinity of his conceptions, the poetry of his pictures, have crowned him prince of painters. In the points of force and relief, almost amounting to tangible reality and substance, he is certainly behind Rubens. But the latter, high as he stands as an artist, soars a lower flight than Raphael in the highest qualities of the art.

The great work of restitution is advancing. Of the many sights I saw and events I witnessed, in a juncture unequalled for wonders, none is more striking to look back upon than to have been present at *this*. The Louvre will soon be gone, like a tale that was told—like a dream! Its immense halls will be empty, its wonders passed away. I often ask myself if it was really my fortune to see them all in the short hour, compared to their own antiquity, in which, by the most overwhelming force and grandest injustice that ever swept over Europe, they were brought under one roof! It is something to think of for a lifetime, that I not only saw their accumulation, but was witness to their restitution—an act of justice which refreshed the spirits of the long-insulted world. There is but one opinion on the justice of the restitution; there are several on the expediency. It is a strong proof of the habit of right which prevails in our own country, that we rejoice that these models have gone farther out of *our* reach, so that they have been restored to their rightful owners. No doubt Britain was destined most to profit—more than France herself, who in twenty years had not produced one artist—by the concentration so near her; but it is a British characteristic to rejoice more in right than in advantage at the expense of it. The only other consi-

deration urged for leaving the Louvre entire, is the facilities of comparison, which the concentration afforded, to correct the faults of each particular school, destined to perpetuity when its own pictures are the sole models for the rising genius of its country. To this I should be inclined humbly to answer, that there is a requisite clearly prior to the exercise of a discriminating and comparing taste and genius—namely, the *existence* of genius and taste, and occasion to call them forth. What effect will the concentration in Paris, and facility of comparison therefrom arising, have upon a possible Raphael in Italy, a Rubens in Germany, or a Reynolds in England, who have all betaken themselves to other trades, because, at their own doors, they never saw a picture? That instantaneous touch of a kindred chord—that striking out, on the spot, of the spark of genius, which was the result of showing Michael Angelo a fine picture, when he exclaimed, "Et io anché son pittoré," although he had never before touched a pencil, ought never to be forgotten; and for the sake of the arts—for the Michael Angelos all over Europe who may yet arise, I say, *disperse* the works of the great masters as widely as possible. Let the faults be taken along with the beauties. The former will not be worse than those into which the untutored painter will fall, with less opportunity of getting the better of them. Then let him travel; for what great genius will consider this necessity burdensome? and I have yet to learn that the work of comparison may not be as effectually done in an ardent resort to the separated pictures of each school, as in the more indolent, less estimated, because more easy, survey, of the whole in the Louvre gallery.

It is amusing to observe in the catalogues, faithfully recorded after each picture, statue, and antique, the confession of robbery, and the former owner's name and place of residence. Had the latter not kept his own catalogue

of loss, this avowal of the French would have kept it in mind; an admirable use, this last, to which to convert all the chatterings of the French people on the subject of their conquests, and their legitimate fruits. But it is time to have done with this subject.

The fête in the Tulieries Gardens was to exhibit a truly Parisian scene at night, and thither I went with a friend about sunset. It was a very extraordinary sight. In the gardens, immediately behind the Palace, I stood some time on one of the terraces, and looked down upon a variegated crowd of many thousand persons below, all in high dress and loyalty and joy. Here and there were groups of dancers, with a space cleared for them; and under the windows were processions of young men and young women, waving white flags and carrying lilies; which, as was wished, frequently called the King to the window, when the air was filled with loyal and apparently affectionate exclamations,—"Vive le Roi! Vive notre bon Roi!" The song of these processions was always the dull unmusical one of *Henri Quatre*. Children were told to cry "Vive le Roi!" like good boys; and although I heard much about disaffection, I never, on any occasion, or in any place, heard one disloyal cry. If much that I did hear was permanent, sincere, and trustworthy, the Allied troops might have left Paris a week after entering it.

Nothing is more diverting than the individual exhibitions of elderly persons of both sexes in the dance, in such a crowd as that before me—their graces and grimaces, and their apparent exultation therewith. No age spares itself. When, at the Tivoli, a grown girl called out, when looking on a circle of *cotillon* dancers, "Ah, voila mon oncle!" it might just as well have been, "Voila mon grand-père!" The country-dance I did not see, although from its name, *contre*-dance, where partners stand *vis-à-vis*, it must have been borrowed originally from France. It is a

curious though natural verbal corruption, to call and to write it country-dance. Some parties were more boisterous in their mirth; and frequent hurrahs reminded us of dreadful scenes formerly acted on the spot on which we now stood, and occasioned a shudder to think how readily they would be acted again, if an occasion offered. Often I thought myself in a situation like his, who should venture into a wild beast's cage; but the feeling came for my comfort, that, for the present, the teeth had been drawn, and the claws pared. The night now falling, the illuminations in the public buildings began to show themselves, with very considerable effect, on the other side of the river; the Hôtel de Monnoie, the Palace of the Legion of Honour, the House of Representatives, and, down the river, the distant towers of Nôtre Dame. The mode of lighting is by disposing in rows small earthenware dishes of oil, with a wick in them. They make a rather smoky glare, placed along the projecting parts of the building. Being told that Paris had never been so brilliantly illuminated, we walked westward in the gardens to the Place Louis XV., and still farther west to the Palace of the Elysée Bourbon, the hotel of the Emperor of Russia, and to that of the English ambassador hard by. Still the oil-dishes and flaring lights, wherever we went; and as to the private houses, they did no more than put forth a single row of three or four of the same sort of lamps on the sill of their windows. I could not help contrasting the scene with the private houses of London or Edinburgh when illuminated. Many indifferent transparencies exhibited the most loyal sentiments, which the spectators were trying to spell out. The coffee-houses were in great activity; ice-houses, &c. No music, however, seemed to parade the streets or enliven the dancers in the gardens, which much surprised me; the latter were dancing to their own singing! The whole of Paris, undoubtedly, was abroad; and multitudes of carriages were permitted to drive, and to drive fast,

through the streets, to our great surprise. We observed that there was no intoxication among the crowds, and no rudeness; nor was either result to be traced to the vigilance of the gens-d'armes and the national guard. But English soldiers were to be seen affording sport by their inebriety to the merry Parisians. I happened to pass a *cabaret*, in which there was going on a battle among some English soldiers—a crowd collected about the door; and as the contest, in which there seemed to be several different interests to settle, happened to boil over into the street, I shall never forget the dispersion of the spectators to a safe distance which this movement occasioned. It was, however, unfortunately too common to see our countrymen *vandyking* the pavement in Paris, to the great amusement of the people. I had witnessed a singular scene in the Palais-Royal, which afforded one of many proofs of the estimation in which the Prussians held the English. Sitting in a coffee-house near the gate, several Prussian officers occupying the next table, I had entered into conversation with them, when all at once, one of them suddenly rose and called out, "Un Colonel Anglais insulté;" the others followed his example, and the whole made a sortie upon a party of the national guard surrounding an English officer, who had interfered to know the reason of their having taken into custody an English soldier. The officer was quite satisfied that the man was drunk, and directed his confinement in the guardhouse till he should get sober. The Prussians, however, would hear no explanation, but with drawn sabres insisted upon the instant liberation of both the officer and the private! Resistance was equally inexpedient and hopeless; the *British* were liberated, and their *camarades de Prusse*, as they were always proud to call themselves, returned to their seats, and, having sheathed their swords, calmly resumed their coffee.

The Boulevards are always a curiosity, day and night,

in Paris, but much more on the night of a fête. They were crowded to excess. At the Quadron Bleu, the whole officers of the three battalions of the 95th Rifles had a dinner. With open windows, and all in view of the crowd on the Boulevards, they caroused, their fine bands playing; and many a spirited toast was drunk "with all the honours." The spectators below were always several thousands at a time, and their wonder at the manner of the banquet was without bounds. The hurrah, and its preparative "Hip, hip, hip," they could make no sense of. "Hip, hip, hip!—qu'est ce ça?—Ces Anglais sont très bizarres."

A message, with horses, was with me from my good friend, Colonel Gilmour, by six o'clock, for a GRAND REVIEW AT NEUILLY, at which all the great men were to be present. This was to be seen at any cost, and I soon dressed and mounted. The ride was about four miles, and on entering the immense plain, we saw Sir Lowry Cole's division of the British army, with a large force of Hanoverian and Brunswick troops, in two lines, waiting to be reviewed. Another review seemed to be going on at a distance on the same plain, surrounded by a very extended circle of Cossacks keeping the ground. On approaching it, we plainly saw Lord Wellington in the middle of a splendid cortège of foreign uniforms; and conjecturing that the two Emperors and King of Prussia must also be there, we resolved to make an attempt to enter the kept ground. As Colonel Gilmour was not in uniform, a Cossack made a very discomposing gallop at us with couched lance, which, however, he raised when he came close to us, and only motioned us out. This was not the end, however, for which we had come abroad so early, so we resolved to ride away from our friend the Cossack, and try another who had not yet seen us, by adopting a bolder course—often more successful in the world than the modest—and we galloped into the centre.

The Cossacks who saw us, not doubting that we had full warrant, made no attempt to ride after us. As we conjectured, in the brilliant crowd were both Emperors and the King of Prussia, with all their sons, brothers, princes, aides-de-camp, and attendants, engaged in the review of two regiments of Russian foot-guards, the favourites of the Emperor, to which he himself gives the word of command, down to the minutest movement. This afforded us an excellent opportunity to see and hear the Emperor. He was most intent on his business, and gave the command with a clear and pleasing voice, in contrast to that of an old general who attended him, and who repeated the command to the colonel commanding. The great aim of the Emperor seemed to be, to show off these two toys, as he certainly made of them, to Lord Wellington, who, not descending to the details of regimental merit, seemed rather tired of the exhibition, which lasted more than an hour and a half, in a very sultry morning. After the manœuvering, the regiments were to pass in review, when the Emperor of Austria and King of Prussia, who both wore the uniform of the Russian guards, to my great surprise, left the Emperor of Russia, took their stations each at the head of one of the regiments as colonel, and lowered their swords to their new sovereign, in passing in review! Both monarchs were fighting against the same new sovereign about two years before, under the banners of Napoleon, on the Dneiper and Beresina. It was a romantic sight to witness, if every sight I did witness had not been romance. The *form* being satisfied by the two new colonels passing in review, they joined the Emperor of Russia and Lord Wellington. These four alone rode out of the line of attendants, every one else keeping back a horse's length. Lord Wellington rode up with them, and it was evident they were gratified with the company of the British hero. Some, but very few, English carriages were on the ground. One, a landau, was filled

with beautiful women, one of them Lady Castlereagh. At one time the ladies were spoken to by Lord Wellington, when the Emperor of Russia rode up, made a very low bow, touching his hat, and conversed with the fair party for some minutes.——I certainly never saw surpassed the steadiness of the fine troops reviewed. Not a head stirred or bayonet moved when the arms were shouldered; and when the word was given—for drill-sergeants' commands were given by the Emperor—eyes right or left, the whole eyes moved as if by wound-up machinery. The wheelings and other movements were apparently the result of one will, moving every individual at the same instant. How much needless severity would be necessary to bring the freer soldiers of Britain to that machine state! Lord Wellington, attended by his staff, now galloped off to the British line, and took his station in front of the general of the division, in the centre of the whole line, to receive the Emperors and King with a Royal salute. The troops presented arms, and all the bands struck up "God save the King," to receive the three monarchs. Lord Wellington then joined the sovereigns, and the passing in review commenced. There was no cavalry, but some remarkably fine infantry regiments; certainly, however, none of them, in external appearance, equal to the two pet regiments of Russian guards which we had just seen; but there was something about British troops which always set them on a higher level than any of the allied soldiers. This was strongly expressed even by the Parisians in *joint* reviews; there was a murmur of approbation when British regiments passed, particularly the Highlanders, which could not be mistaken. There is unquestionably a respect for them, which in itself seems to account for the fact, that the French never attack the British with the bayonet, or stand their attack with that weapon; while it is well known that, in the Russian campaign, the French attacked the Rus-

sians, with the utmost boldness and success, with the bayonet.*

We suffered much in the Plain of Neuilly from dust and heat, and were most thankful to get into the shelter of the quarters of the colonel of one of the regiments reviewed, in the village of Neuilly, where we had an excellent breakfast, with very fine fruit. His quarters were a French country-house, and upon the whole very passable accommodation, with excellent stables. We had a very hot ride into Paris about noon; and as I found I stood it very tolerably, I resolved to remain on horseback for several things I had to do in distant quarters of the town. It was quite a new sensation to find myself all alone, jogging through the streets of Paris on horseback, and mounted on a steed which had served against the French during the whole Peninsular war. I went to the great establishment of the *roulage*, or carriers, in the Faubourg St Martin, to inquire after a box belonging to an Edinburgh friend, which they had last year undertaken to send to England. The place was a large yard, with waggons and carriers' carts, very like the same kind of thing in England. I had the good fortune to recover the box.

THE GUILLOTINE.

Being but a short way from the street where, I had heard at the Hôtel de Ville, the *Saint* Guillotine was kept, I determined to extend my ride thither, and was more fortunate in discovering the place of its repose than, as I have since learned, even Walter Scott was, who had declared to me that he had resolved to see it before he left Paris.

* It was the remark of a French officer of rank, that the English are the only troops that never regard the *depth* of an opposing force. They attack its front, in line often of two deep, and ply round its flanks.

After some inquiries in the Rue Pont-à-Choux, I was directed to a gate, or *porte-cochère*, through which I rode into a small paved court. The noise of my horse's feet brought a girl to a window up-stairs, of whom I asked if the guillotine was kept here! She was too much diverted with so strange an errand of a man and horse—and the man English—to answer at once, but said she would come down about it; and down she came with two sisters with her, in great mirth about Monsieur l'Anglais and the guillotine. They pointed to a large door like that of a coach-house, and said it was there; but it was locked, and the key with a person who lived at a great distance. Observing about six inches of aperture above the door, I thought I might see over it, and asked if they could get me something to stand upon? By this time several of the less employed of their neighbours had joined us; and, by moving an empty cask, they most readily procured me the means of elevation, held my horse, and encouraged me to ascend with, — "Allons, Monsieur, montez, montez à la guillotine!" Assuring them that it was my wish to *see* it, not to *try* it, I got up on the cask, and, looking over the door, I certainly saw the murderous instrument lying on the ground—the same instrument that had struck off the heads of the King and Queen, and of the multitudes who followed them. So constantly was it in use, that a gentleman who lived about a mile from Paris, during those dreadful times, said that, on a calm summer evening, he distinctly heard the *chop* of the guillotine for an hour or two together. The same instrument which, while it spared neither sex nor age, immolated all descriptions of persons, a Lavosier as well as a Robespierre; and beside which, it is said, David the painter stood with his pencil, in French composure, to catch the convulsions of expiring nature. Looking at this instrument, so fruitful in dreadful associations, I had almost forgot my merry friends around, and was not just in their

mood when I came down. I had only one question to answer to them—why an Englishman should come on so strange an errand?—"curiosity." "C'est très extraordinaire!" Thanking the *whole* neighbourhood for their kind attention in doing the honours of the guillotiné so satisfactorily, I mounted and rode out of the court.

In my way home I again saw the Halle au Bled, the vast granary of Paris. It is a noble building, quite octagonal, with a hemispherical roof, leaded over, of immense size. Every side has an iron gate, open, so that you can walk straight through; and as you pass, the quantity of grain and flour you see is quite amazing. The building is much admired by mechanical philosophers, particularly for its roof. Buonaparte called it the Museum of the People.

Near the Halle au Bled is the Church of St Eustache, of a rank equal to that of St Sulpice. St Roche is another; all of them superior to anything in London short of St Paul's.

I was much solicited by some friends to go again to Versailles to see the waterworks in full play—one of the most wonderful spectacles, it is said, in France. It was the first Sunday after the Feast of St Louis, and the whole world were going—of course all the English, and great numbers of the foreigners. Having been at Versailles the preceding Sunday, I resolved to imagine the waterworks, as I had seen how they *might* play; and I had written to M. Chevalier that I should meet him at dinner. I was sorry afterwards that I did not go, as the crowd in the gardens was a very uncommon spectacle, and the town itself showed something of the loyalty and splendour of former times.

Having heard of a celebrated preacher, of the name of Maron, in the Eglise de l'Oratoire, in the Rue St Honore, a Protestant Church, I went there, and saw a most

orderly, quiet, serious, un-Frenchlike congregation; and heard a very impressive and eloquent discourse. He was so distinct that I did not lose a word; and I only regretted that his audience was perhaps just one that, in Paris, least needed the peculiar exhortation of the day, which assuredly touched the root of French profligacy. His text was, "Train up a child," &c. Whenever I saw anything like sober sense in the French, I taxed myself with the injustice of thinking lightly of a whole people without discrimination. The church was large, though not elegant; and its age would at least answer to the time when the Reformation first ventured to show itself in France.

Meaning to go to Nôtre Dame to see *its* Sunday's employment, I passed through the Place de Dessaix—so called from having a statue of that unfortunate general, who fell so devotedly after retrieving Marengo—to the Palais de Justice, as it lay in my road to Nôtre Dame. I lounged a little in the great hall, which I paced, and found one hundred and seventy feet long by eighty wide. Like a cathedral, it has a middle range, and two side alleys. I saw again the court where the Queen was tried. In the hall was a person walking about reading a book; I asked him some questions, when he entered into conversation with me, and told me he was an Italian. He was a great admirer of England: unquestionably, she had saved the world; and, Italian as he was, he thought the Apollo ought to be hers. The extreme quiet of the hall, as we walked through it, occurred to me as a singular contrast to the dreadful scenes which must have been witnessed there, when it was the seat of the revolutionary tribunal, and so many were dragged through it to the prompt guillotine.

Of Nôtre Dame I had time to take a leisurely survey, having formerly seen it in all the court splendour of the Assumption. It is a superb cathedral, and much enriched

with ornament, particularly about the grand altar. The candelabra are of immense size and massiveness, of or-molu, on pillars of malachite. The windows are gorgeously coloured, with a great show of dark blue or purple, with brilliant saffron and red. Placards were hung on the Gothic pillars, giving notice of the particular saints' days, and of the nature of the worship for each day; particularly what abbé was to preach, and at what hour. Of course, the preacher could have no *fixed* audience—a great disadvantage, for obvious reasons; but when viewed as throwing a place of worship open to the whole world, poor as well as rich, it seemed to have great advantages over the religio-aristocratic system of our high-rented pews. This day was the Feast of the Susception of the Holy Crown of Thorns, which is one of the most cherished relics of Nôtre Dame. It was notified that mass would take place at ten, vespers at half-past three, with a sermon from an abbé; and that the crown of thorns should be exposed to the devotions of the pious all the day. Expecting to find it at the altar, I walked up the church, when I saw a priest carrying in his hands, along a line of persons on their knees on the outside of the altar-rail, a circle of glass much ornamented with gold, in the inside of which was a crown of thorns. The people kissed it as it passed, and mothers held out their children that it might be put to their lips. The priest carefully wiped it, after each act of devotion, from the earthly touch. It was the only relic I ever saw *in use*.

On the exterior of the cathedral, there is a part remaining of the ancient building, twelve centuries old. It forms part of the archbishop's palace, which Buonaparte meant to fit up for the Pope, and oblige him to reside permanently in Paris. Of the old abbey, Fulbert, the uncle of Heloïse, was one of the canons; and I had heard that the house still remained where he lived, and where, of course, his niece lived with him, and her lover was an

inmate when he acted as her preceptor. I was most satisfactorily directed to it by a very intelligent young man and his sister in the *concierge* of the bishop's palace, who knew the whole story of Abelard and Heloïse. In a corner were some very old buildings; one of them was of stone and iron alternately. The two upper stories were more modern, though old too; but the door, with its two steps, with a small window on each side of it, must certainly have been one of the ancient cloisters, and answered well to the beginning of the twelfth century. This, my informant assured me, was the house. Without informing them, I wished to see if their account tallied with one I had seen in a French topographical account of Paris, in which it was said that No. 10 was marked over the door. It was so. The interesting couple whose loves, learning, religious enthusiasm, and cruel fate, have continued to be told and wept over for nearly seven hundred years, who appear a kind of oasis in the desert of darkness and cruelty which surrounded them, whose refinement and sensibility would have adorned any age, had often trode these two steps, and looked out of these two windows. To an English traveller the exquisite poem of Pope—by far his best—on their last correspondence, when the forbidden flame, which her vows had only smothered, not extinguished, burst forth with renewed violence in Heloïse, and when she complained that, in spite of herself, the holy cloisters of Argenteuil, for the first time, echoed love-sighs, lends to the spot additional interest. The tomb, in which are the remains of these two persons, has, with Vandal taste and sacrilege, been torn from the Paraclete, and made a show of in the Musee des Monumens Françaises. Nothing short of the certainty of their destruction, if allowed to remain *in situ*, as in the case of the Elgin Marbles, can save such sacrilege from the utmost degree of reprobation.

As I did not expect to be in this venerable quarter of

Paris again, I called on M. Biot, at the Collége de France, to take leave. He was not returned from the country, but Madame was at home. I meant to have sat with that fascinating lady ten minutes, but I found, when I took my leave, that I had been riveted for nearly an hour. It was delightful to hear her talk. Madame Biot is a profound astronomer, and translated a celebrated work on mechanical philosophy from the German. She is, moreover, a thorough mathematician. I should like, I thought, to study the sciences under such a professor. She spoke with a little of a very pretty lisp, which would much have dignified her prelections, realised the "loves of the triangles," and made the square root itself poetical. She commissioned me to deliver her remembrances to several friends in England, particularly to Lady Davy and Sir Humphry. Much of the attention I received from Madame Biot I imputed to her knowledge of my relationship to Lady D.

Mr Grant met me at the Luxembourg *traiteur's*, but, alas! no M. Chevalier. I now doubly regretted Versailles. After dinner we walked through the Luxembourg Gardens to the Royal Observatory.*

M. Arago, whom I formerly mentioned, is the residing astronomer. He received us most politely. The Observatory affords him an elegant house, which, however, he told us he was obliged much to displenish, from being literally in the middle of the Prussian army, who were encamped in the Luxembourg Gardens, and all around. The complaints were loud against the Prussians. Even Madame Biot talked of them with horror, and complained that, heavy as were the general autho-

* Near the gate of the Observatory, Marshal Ney was afterwards shot. There could be no doubt of his audacious treason to the King; but there was much controversy on the question, whether he was included in the terms of surrender to the Allies. It was decided against him.

rised contributions, the inhabitants had still further to submit to the arbitrary exactions of every Prussian colonel.

LAST VISIT TO THE LOUVRE.

For the time after this period which I spent in Paris, I indulged in some rides in the neighbouring country, and visited some spots of interesting historical scenes, or dreadful revolutionary; but most of my remaining time was devoted to the ever-new and delightful Louvre gallery. On this my last visit I had gazed myself blind on my favourite pictures, but had new sight when I came down, for the last time, among the statues, whose glories were more and more impressed on me every visit. These latter were now imprinted in my recollection so entirely that, on thinking of them, I see them as distinctly as when present. After a due share of my attention to these towering monuments of art, which refer man to a higher standard, both in the works produced and the genius producing, than he seems now to belong to, I was last in the presence of "the statue that enchants the world." Every one had left the halls but the attendants, whose blue-and-silver liveries, cocked hats, and canes, I saw still at a distance. It was within a few minutes of shutting up. In silence like that of awe, I was taking the last gaze for *my* moment of the ages during which that living marble had stood, ever beautiful and young. A glance through the next arch showed me the Apollo, another the Laocoon; around were multitudes in mute excellence, the delight of antiquity, the promised delight of futurity. Every spectator who leaves them seems to go away to die. There is absolutely an involuntary idolatry—a feeling of self-abasement before these enduring stones; till the rapt worshipper, with an effort of reaction, collects himself for a yet higher thought—that the crea-

ture of an hour, who gazes on these lifeless monuments, has *that* within him without which these monuments had not been, and for which is destined an immortality which will reduce even their duration to a day in time, and a point in eternity.

One of the attendants interrupted my reverie with "M. L'Anglais, il faut fermer." Perhaps I should not have compared the privilege of seeing the Louvre gallery entire to that of visiting the field of Waterloo so soon as I did, after the battle, and then beholding the whole of Europe in Paris, if it were not for the marvellous thought that the whole has since been swept away as completely as if it had never been.

"So passeth the glory of the world."

Repeating this hackneyed reflection, I walked through the Place Carrousel, where I saw a crowd of amazed Parisians staring up at the operations of several workmen, on a scaffold erected at the triumphal arch under the horses of St Mark, who were actually unfixing the entablatures of marble on which were Napoleon's bas-reliefs, proving that the hour had passed which he had strutted on the earth, vexed the nations, and "made the angels weep."

Some time after this I set out for Dieppe by way of Rouen. We passed through St Denis, where *once* reposed in peace the canonised bones of many a royal descendant of St Louis, till a sentimental party, with flights of doves for the *occasion intéressant*, came from the *Elysian* fields, and scattered the bones to the winds, having enjoyed various games at foot-ball with royal skulls!

One of the travellers in the diligence was a lady with her maid and a spoilt child of about five years old, the proprietor of a most ridiculous exaggeration of Punch. The lady was a red-hot *Buonapartiste*, especially loud in execration of the Prussians, on the ground that *she* never oppressed the inhabitants of Berlin. When sometimes

driven into a corner on the delicate subject of the *virtues* of Buonaparte, she could only say, "Mais il est grand homme." Her voice was as sharp as small shot, much aggravated by the up-and-down accent of many French ladies. Our relief, when she and Punch left us, was unspeakable. Her piercing "*on dit*" rang in our ears for an hour after its last discharge. As we approached Rouen, we found the country beautiful; and it was matter of regret to us that it was dusk when our carriage descended the steep hill which leads to it. It is the third, if not the second, town in France, and the ancient capital of William the Conqueror. It bears marks of great antiquity.

In the diligence with me was one of the masters of Eton College. We went to the Hôtel de France, an immense establishment. The Scots Greys were in Rouen, and their mess was in this hotel. We saw about a dozen of the officers whiling away the evening, rather extravagantly, at play. They were more noisy than decorum requires. We slept in a chamber of great antiquity, both in building and equipment; and were abroad by seven o'clock next morning, to see as much as we could of this place, so interesting in English history. We went first to the vast cathedral: I had noticed its west end, by moonlight the night before, which, from its extent, I mistook for its extreme length. My surprise was great, in the morning, to find the length so enormous, that what I had taken for the length was only one end; and certainly I never saw anything equal to the florid splendour of that west end, and of the two towers which rose from it. The view, on entering the church, it is quite impossible to describe to a person who has not seen York Minster; though even York, although it exceeds Rouen in elegance, falls short of it in size and gorgeous magnificence. The lofty groined roof seemed interminable, and the noble colonnades of the aisles. The painted windows were of the same brilliancy as those of Nôtre Dame, and the shrines of saints in the

recesses were numerous. It is said to be equal at least to the cathedral of Amiens: it certainly exceeds Nôtre Dame. The altar is very grand, and we were admitted to it, to see the place where the heart of Richard Cœur-de-Lion lies. This was an interesting spot, and recalled the Crusades to our recollection. On the other side of the altar lie the bones of the Earl of Bedford—the *hero* who burned the Maid of Orleans, to the eternal disgrace of himself and England; because, forsooth, she would not have beaten his troops, if she had not been a witch! In France she was called La Pucelle. We went to the dizzy top of one of the towers to see the beautiful country. It is considered one of the finest parts of France. The Seine is broad and deep, approaching its mouth; and the country around is well wooded, and varied by hills and rising-grounds. It appears likewise to be well cultivated.

A singular bridge of boats or pontoons has been long established at Rouen, which rises and falls with the tide. We walked through a number of the streets of Rouen, and, for the first time since I had been in France, heard an allusion, in the contemptuous way, to ourselves as English. It was only, however, from some boys, who called out, "Bif-tick Anglais," a most harmless reproach "from them who gave and to them who took." One little ragged vagabond, who observed me put my hand to the stream of a well in the street, to drink the palm full two or three times, put his mouth to the water, took a good draught, and looking archly up, said in French, "There, M. l'Anglais; that's the way to drink at a well."

We had some difficulty in finding our way back to the interesting Place de la Pucelle, where the brave Maid of Orleans was murdered. It is a small square, having very antique Gothic chapels on three sides of it, with a statue of the interesting heroine, on a well, in the centre. Some think she was burnt on the site of that well; others, that her execution was at the door of one of the chapels. This

chapel, of great antiquity, still stands, and we entered it with appropriate associations. Had the square been surrounded with new buildings, the scene would have lost much of its interest. The assurance which we received, by their dates, that they were there when the Maid stood among her butchers, was very satisfactory. We amused and pleased two men who looked on, by taking off our hats to the statue of the Maid of Orleans. "Ah," said they, "the English love true bravery;" and, doing the honours of the place, they returned our salute, to their heroine. We can easily imagine men led on to valorous acts by a woman bold enough to march at their head; but the miraculous history of the Pucelle stands alone for acts of personal prowess, against the men-at-arms and knights in panoply, of those warlike days.

Rouen seemed full of English cavalry, and some excellent houses were the billets of the officers. The streets seemed all to be narrow and dirty; there were no such things as side pavements or sunk areas; and although it has a very venerable look, there is nothing in Rouen which we should call fashionable or elegant. Its population is about a hundred thousand. We breakfasted in a coffee-house, into which came several very ruffianlike men, who sat down to abuse the Bourbon government. The latter are now stronger, and perhaps may have more time to look after the cafés.

At mid-day we set off for DIEPPE in a most excellent diligence, with six fine horses, yoked three abreast, and got on at the rate of six miles an hour. The country is beautiful; and we often got out to walk up hills, to see it to advantage. We saw few gentlemen's country-houses. Apple-trees, with fruit in vast abundance, seemed to line the road for many miles. An officer of the guards joined us, most *apropos* for me, at Rouen. My passport was not countersigned by Talleyrand or the British ambassador. Having, however, a *right* to wear uniform as a commissioned

officer, I was accommodated, as we approached the town, with the blue greatcoat of the officer, and his sash and sword, he wearing his uniform. This, with the addition of a black handkerchief which I happened to have, was quite satisfactory; and at the gate of Dieppe we passed as *officiers Anglais*, most readily. I had some difficulty in keeping the postilion quiet, who ran the risk of spoiling the arrangement by offering superfluous security for my military character. He thought it right to keep up a conversation with me at the gate, repeating unnecessarily often the title *Capitaine*. When we arrived at the hotel, the master of a packet told us that he was instantly to sail, as the tide would fail in five minutes. My uniform was further useful in saving time at the custom-house, and we were on board in time to sail that tide. A crowd always attend the English packet; and much attention they paid to the *officiers Anglais*. We observed some wounded Waterloo men looking on, and particularly staring at us.

In ten hours we landed at Brighton, among at least two hundred of the ladies and gentlemen of that place, to whom an arrival from France was always an attractive variety.

Well-nigh worn out with excitement, and several weeks of sultry heat, it was refreshment and repose to be once more within the four seas of safe, peaceful, happy Britain. I had, besides, my full share of that pleasure which natives of all countries experience on returning to their own land. The faculty of local attachment, so important, in man's constitution, to the objects of life which require settlement—a faculty which has even its disease, called nostalgia, or home-sickness—would itself bring a wanderer home. But *home*, in its higher sense, is a concentration of the domestic and social affections, whose enjoyment absence interrupts. If to these attractions, and to those of our country's familiar objects—its

meadows, woods, mountains, streams, even its streets and buildings, all associated with happy young life—we can add the higher feelings of patriotism, of love for the manners, the customs, the habits, the laws, the liberties, the religion of our own land, its truth, honour, and benevolence, its science, literature, and mechanical achievements, its social polish and elegant life, its perfect security, its exalted name; and if from defects in any of these, to us, essentials of social weal, we have witnessed, perhaps suffered, evil abroad, return home must be a proud as well as happy sensation. I do not fear contradiction from a right-minded Englishman when I say, that, to the native of no other country is it given to return home with those mingled feelings of satisfaction more intense than to himself. He may have faults to find, and be a reformer; but he would not care to reform what he does not sincerely love—and his zeal to amend will show itself in proportion to his attachment to that which he thinks amendment would improve; so that he, not less, perhaps more, than the most immovable conservative, will cordially join in Cowper's beautiful apostrophe to the land of *his* warmest affections :—

"England! with all thy faults I love thee still—
My country! and while yet a nook is left
Where English minds and manners may be found,
Shall be constrained to love thee.
I would not yet exchange thy sullen skies,
And fields without a flower, for warmer France,
With all her vines! nor for Ausonia's groves
Of golden fruitage, and her myrtle bow'rs!"

CHAPTER XII.

CONCLUSION.

A VISIT to a people who fill so large a space on the moral and political surface of Europe as the French, would be thrown away, were it to be nothing more than the pleasant employment of a few idle hours.

Something more solid than this ought to be brought home from it—something which we may apply to our own improvement, where needed, and to our confirmation in the right path, if we can candidly and justly say that we, rather than they, have entered upon it.

In many things they are entitled to be our instructors. For example, it would well become us to take a lesson of liberality from the Parisians in the matter of admission to public exhibitions—from palaces to museums. They leave us far behind in this; and are justly astonished, in such a country as this, at the paltry tolls levied at the doors of ours, and the extortion permitted even in royal and aristocratic mansions.

We might take a leaf out of our neighbours' book, too, in their taste and just pride in public ornaments and decorations, which their humblest are noted for preserving, and which render their city one of the most beautiful in Europe. In no other are monuments more tasteful, gardens more beautiful, architecture finer, or fountains more graceful and numerous.

But, alas! on the other side of the account, it is impossible to look back upon Parisian manners without lamenting their laxity, either occasioned by, or occasioning, the entire want of that concentration of the domestic affections and virtues which, in our own country, constitutes home.

The Parisian mother is a perfect ostrich. The duties and cares of a nursery are her aversion. She boards her children out, that she may frequent the theatres, the cafés, and the Boulevards. This is a monstrous evil. Everything defective in the *morale* of the French, of either sex, may be traced to it. Virtue, private and public, must be left to chance, and the result of chance cannot be favourable.

The impression left upon a sober-minded Englishman, by a constant exhibition of frivolity and recklessness, is deep, and ought to be salutary. The "Occupation" was a holiday in Paris. The armies of Europe in possession of the capital gave occasion to *spectacle* and gaiety. Often and often did the author picture to himself the mood with which such a visitation would have affected the inhabitants of London. A victorious enemy encamped in their parks, and reviewed on Blackheath and Wimbledon, swaggering in Regent Street, usurping the clubs, ruling in the theatres, taverns, and coffee-houses, and billeted in all classes of private dwellings!

Again, let us take warning from our neighbours, and doubly cherish our constitutional institutions, which may be gradually improved in the progress of light, but never with safety uprooted. *They* committed this latter great error. Nor was it wonderful. Not distinguishing, for it was difficult for them to do so, between those ancient landmarks which constituted the freedom of the Franks, and which were capable of improvement, and the mass of injustice and imposture which, for centuries, had overlaid them, they swept the whole away together. Hence

all was new, and nothing respected. *Prestige* was lost. A series of revolutions, which it is a task to number, followed. Factions were necessarily created, each eager to predominate, and build its own fabric—destined, when erected, to crumble into dust, like its predecessors. There was no veneration for the rescripts of the hour, no weight in see-saw ascendancy. The vessel was adrift, the anchors thrown away. A witty writer somewhere says—"The French are naturally a revolutionary people, and always at it." He has judged from their history for the last half-century. Their first revolution—in its commencement beneficial, in its progress destructive—produced all the rest. For a thousand years before it, saving the interval of the "Jacquerie," itself the result of the universal desolation occasioned by the English invasions, the French people were remarkably *un*revolutionary, and would have dreamed of changing the course of the Seine or the Loire as soon as the monarchical form of their government; to which, be it marked, they have always gravitated back again.——The effects of their unstable institutions are not confined to themselves, but extend to their neighbours. We ourselves do not look upon their future foreign policy as safe and trustworthy. Although they have observed the treaty of 1815 for thirty-seven years, we have an undefined dread that they may, any one day, cease to do so, and that therefore it behoves us to be prepared for whatever may happen.

"Nostra res agitur proximus cum paries ardet."

We have no right to go to extinguish the conflagration when and where it rages; but we may and should keep our engines in order, to cool our own roofs and walls when overheated by its proximity.

Perfect preparation on our part is essential to the preservation of general peace. It is vital to its continuance that the conviction should prevail that nothing

is to be gained, but much to be lost, by its infraction. The mutually-improving intercourse of peace can only be sincere and effectual when the parties have not only ceased to fear, but commenced to trust, each other. We cannot, by any direct efforts of ours, improve the character, or control the resolves, of our neighbours; but we may, in all sincerity, so conduct our own side of the implied contract of mutual good-will, as to set an example of perfect good faith, and fair and liberal intention. Let us show that principle is paramount in all our conduct, private and public; that our merchants are honourable, our lawyers fair, our judges pure, our divines sincere, our statesmen upright, consistent and incorruptible. Let us offer to our neighbours unfettered commerce freely and unconditionally, trusting to the demonstration of its benefits for the coming of cordial reciprocity—which will come as certainly as to-morrow's sun. Let all our intercourse be pacific and friendly, open and candid, so that the possibility of war on our part shall never be even imagined. Except by good example, —the very offering of which will tend to self-improvement—we have no right to influence our neighbours, and we have much to do in the direction of improvement for ourselves. We can only wish well to their progress; and, for our own, as well as "for our brethren's sake," sincerely pray that "peace may be within their walls, and prosperity within their palaces."

APPENDIX.

No. I.

SUFFERINGS OF SIR WM. PONSONBY ON THE FIELD.

Sir William Ponsonby's narrative, which he has happily survived to add to the marvels of Waterloo, is too deeply interesting to be withheld from the reader. Besides its own fearful romance, it will serve to give to those "who dwell at home at ease" a faint notion of the sufferings of the neglected wounded on a battle-field. It is understood to have been taken down from Sir William's own lips by Mr Samuel Rogers, and has found a place in Mr Gleig's story of Waterloo, from which it is now copied, with the author's thanks. After describing the charge of his regiment, the 12th Light Dragoons, through the French infantry, he says:—"We no sooner passed through them, than we were ourselves attacked, before we could form, by about 300 Polish lancers, who had hastened to their relief, the French artillery pouring in upon us a heavy fire of grape, though for one of our men they struck three of their own. In the *melée*, I was almost instantly disabled in both arms, losing first my sword, and then my reins; and, followed by a few of my men, who were presently cut down—no quarter was asked or given—I was carried along by my horse, till, receiving a blow from a sabre, I fell senseless on my face to the ground. Recovering, I raised myself a little to look round, being at that time in a condition to get up and run away, when a lancer, passing by, cried out, 'Tu n'es pas mort, coquin,' and struck his lance through my back. My head dropped, the blood gushed into my mouth, a difficulty of breathing came on, and I thought all was over. Not long after this (it was then impossible to measure time) a tirailleur stopped to plunder

me, threatening my life. I directed him to a small side pocket, in which he found three dollars—all I had; but he continued to threaten, and I said he might search me: this he did immediately, unloosing my stock, tearing open my waistcoat, and leaving me in a very uneasy posture. He was no sooner gone than an officer bringing up some troops, to which probably the tirailleur belonged, and happening to halt where I lay, stooped down and addressed me, saying he feared I was badly wounded: I said that I was, and expressed a wish to be removed to the rear. He said it was against their orders to remove even their own men; but that if they gained the day, (and he understood that the Duke of Wellington was killed, and some of our battalions had surrendered,) every attention in his power should be shown me. I complained of thirst, and he held his brandy-bottle to my lips, directing one of the soldiers to lay me straight on my back, and place a knapsack under my head. He then passed on into the action, soon, perhaps, to want, though not to receive, the same assistance. I shall never know to whose generosity I was indebted, as I believe, for my life. Of what rank he was I cannot say; he wore a greatcoat. By and by another tirailleur came up, a fine young man, full of ardour. He knelt down, and fired over me, loading and firing many times, and conversing with me freely all the while. At last he ran away, saying, 'You will be glad to hear that we are going to retire. Bon jour, mon ami.'

"It was dusk when two squadrons of Prussian cavalry, each of them two deep, came across the valley, and passed over me in full trot, lifting me from the ground, and tumbling me about cruelly. The clatter of their approach, and the apprehensions they excited, may be imagined; a gun taking that direction must have crushed me. The battle was now at an end, or removed to a distance. The shouts, the imprecations, the cries of 'Vive l'Empereur!' the discharge of musketry and cannon were over, and the groans of the wounded all around me became every moment more and more audible. I thought the night would never end. Much about this time I found a soldier of the Royals lying across my legs. He had probably crawled thither in his agony; and his weight, his convulsive motions, and the air issuing from a wound in his side, distressed me greatly—the last circumstance most of all, as I had a wound of the same nature myself. It was not a dark night, and the Prussians were wandering about to plunder. The scene in 'Ferdinand Count Fathom' came into my mind, though no women appeared. Some stragglers looked at me as they passed by, one after another, and at last one of them stopped to examine me. I told him as well as I could, for I spoke German very imperfectly, that I was a British

officer, and had been plundered already: he did not desist, however, and pulled me about roughly. An hour before midnight, I saw a man in an English uniform walking towards me; he was, I suspect, on the same errand, and he came and looked in my face. I spoke instantly, telling him who I was, and assuring him of a reward if he would remain by me. He said he belonged to the 40th, and had missed his regiment: he released me from the dying soldier, and, being unarmed, took up a sword from the ground, and stood over me, pacing backwards and forwards. Day broke; and at six o'clock in the morning some English were seen at a distance, and he ran to them. A messenger being sent off to Hervey, a cart came for me, and I was placed in it, and carried off to the village of Waterloo, a mile and a half off, and laid in the bed from which, I understood afterwards, Gordon had been just carried out. I had received seven wounds: a surgeon slept in my room, and I was saved by excessive bleeding."

"This," says Mr Gleig, "is a touching narrative, but it ends well. Many like it could be told, were the sufferers alive to tell them; but out of the thousands who passed that long, long night in the field, multitudes saw no morrow. Let me not seek either to disturb their rest, or to harrow the feelings, it may be, of relatives, by speaking for them. Better will it be to draw a veil at once over scenes which strip war of all its features, except those which, if looked at ere hostilities begin, would go a great way towards curing statesmen of their indifference to human suffering, and suggesting some other and more Christian means for settling the quarrels of nations."

No. II.

BRITISH ACCOUNT.

LONDON GAZETTE EXTRAORDINARY.

DOWNING STREET, *June* 22, 1815.

Major the Honourable H. Percy arrived late last night with a despatch from Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington, K. G., to Earl Bathurst, his Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for the War Department, of which the following is a copy:—

WATERLOO, *June* 19, 1815.

MY LORD,—Buonaparte having collected the 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th

and 6th corps of the French army and the Imperial Guards, and nearly all the cavalry, on the Sambre and between that river and the Meuse, between the 10th and the 14th of the month, advanced on the 15th and attacked the Prussian posts at Thuin and Lobez, on the Sambre, at daylight in the morning.

I did not hear of these events till the evening of the 15th, and I immediately ordered the troops to prepare to march; and afterwards to march to the left, as soon as I had intelligence from other quarters to prove that the enemy's movement upon Charleroi was the real attack.

The enemy drove the Prussian posts from the Sambre on that day; and General Ziethen, who commanded the corps which had been at Charleroi, retired upon Fleurus; and Marshal Prince Blucher concentrated the Prussian army upon Sombreffe, holding the villages in front of his position of St Amand and Ligny.

The enemy continued his march along the road from Charleroi towards Brussels, and on the same evening, the 15th, attacked a brigade of the army of the Netherlands, under Prince de Weimar, posted at Frasne, and forced it back to the farm-house on the same road, called Les Quatre Bras.

The Prince of Orange immediately reinforced this brigade with another of the same division under General Perponcher, and in the morning early regained part of the ground which had been lost, so as to have the command of the communication leading from Nivelles and Brussels, with Marshal Blucher's position.

In the mean time I had directed the whole army to march upon Les Quatre Bras, and the 5th division, under Lieutenant-General Sir Thomas Picton, arrived at about half-past two in the day, followed by the corps of troops under the Duke of Brunswick, and afterwards by the contingent of Nassau.

At this time the enemy commenced an attack upon Prince Blucher with his whole force, excepting the 1st and 2d corps, and a corps of cavalry under General Kellerman, with which he attacked our post at Les Quatre Bras.

The Prussian army maintained their position with their usual gallantry and perseverance against a great disparity of numbers, as the 4th corps of their army, under General Bulow, had not joined, and I was not able to assist them as I wished, as I was attacked myself, and the troops, the cavalry in particular, which had a long distance to march, had not arrived.

We maintained our position also, and completely defeated and repulsed all the enemy's attempts to get possession of it. The enemy repeatedly attacked us with a large body of infantry and

cavalry, supported by a numerous and powerful artillery: he made several charges with the cavalry upon our infantry, but all were repulsed in the steadiest manner. In this affair, his Royal Highness the Prince of Orange, the Duke of Brunswick, and Lieutenant-General Sir Thomas Picton, and Major-General Sir James Kempt, and Sir Denis Pack, who were engaged from the commencement of the enemy's attack, highly distinguished themselves, as well as Lieutenant-General Charles Baron Alten, Major-General Sir C. Halket, Lieutenant-General Cooke, and Major-Generals Maitland and Byng, as they successively arrived. The troops of the 5th division, and those of the Brunswick corps, were long and severely engaged, and conducted themselves with the utmost gallantry. I must particularly mention the 28th, 42d, 78th, and 92d regiments, and the battalion of Hanoverians.

Our loss was great, as your Lordship will perceive by the enclosed return; and I have particularly to regret his Serene Highness the Duke of Brunswick, who fell, fighting gallantly, at the head of his troops.

Although Marshal Blucher had maintained his position at Sombreffe, he still found himself much weakened by the severity of the contest in which he had been engaged, and, as the fourth corps had not arrived, he determined to fall back, and concentrated his army upon Wavre; and he marched in the night after the action was over.

This movement of the Marshal's rendered necessary a corresponding one on my part; and I retired from the farm of Quatre-Bras upon Genappe, and thence upon Waterloo the next morning, the 17th, at ten o'clock.

The enemy made no effort to pursue Marshal Blucher. On the contrary, a patrol which I sent to Sombreffe in the morning, found all quiet, and the enemy's vedettes fell back as the patrol advanced. Neither did he attempt to molest our march to the rear, although made in the middle of the day, excepting by following with a large body of cavalry (brought from his right) the cavalry under the Earl of Uxbridge.

This gave Lord Uxbridge an opportunity of charging them with the 1st Life Guards, upon their debouche from the village of Genappe, upon which occasion his Lordship has declared himself to be well satisfied with that regiment.

The position which I took up, in front of Waterloo, crossed the high-roads from Charleroi and Nivelle, and had its right thrown back to a ravine near Merbe Braine, which was occupied, and its left extended to a height above the hamlet Ter la Haye, which was

likewise occupied. In front of the right centre, and near the Nivelle road, we occupied the house and garden of Hougomont, which covered the return of that flank; and in front of the left centre, we occupied the farm of La Haye Sainte. By our left we communicated with Marshal Prince Blucher, at Wavre, through Ohain; and the Marshal had promised me that, in case we should be attacked, he would support me with one or more corps, as might be necessary.

The enemy collected his army, with the exception of the third corps, which had been sent to observe Marshal Blucher, on a range of heights in our front, in the course of the night of the 17th and yesterday morning; and at about ten o'clock he commenced a furious attack upon our post at Hougomont. I had occupied that post with a detachment from General Byng's brigade of guards, which was in position in its rear; and it was for some time under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Macdonald, and afterwards of Colonel Home; and I am happy to add, that it was maintained throughout the day with the utmost gallantry by these brave troops, notwithstanding the repeated efforts of large bodies of the enemy to obtain possession of it.

This attack upon the right of our centre was accompanied by a very heavy cannonade upon our whole line, which was destined to support the repeated attacks of cavalry and infantry, occasionally mixed, but sometimes separate, which were made upon it. In one of these, the enemy carried the farm-house of La Haye Sainte, as the detachment of the light battalion of the legion which occupied it had expended all its ammunition, and the enemy occupied the only communication there was with them.

The enemy repeatedly charged our infantry with his cavalry; but these attacks were uniformly unsuccessful; and they afforded opportunities to our cavalry to charge, in one of which Lord E. Somerset's brigade, Royal Horse Guards and 1st Dragoon Guards, highly distinguished themselves; as did that of Major-General Sir W. Ponsonby, having taken many prisoners and an eagle.

These attacks were repeated till about seven in the evening, when the enemy made a desperate effort with the cavalry and infantry to force our left centre, near the farm of La Haye Sainte, which, after a severe contest, was defeated; and having observed that the troops retired from the attack in great confusion, and that the march of General Bulow's corps by Frichermont upon Planchenoit and La Belle Alliance had begun to take effect, and as I could perceive the fire of his cannon, and as Marshal Prince Blucher had joined in person, with a corps of his army to the left of our line by Ohain, I

determined to attack the enemy, and immediately advanced the whole line of infantry, supported by the cavalry and artillery. The attack succeeded in every point; the enemy was forced from his position on the heights, and fled in the utmost confusion, leaving behind him, as far as I could judge, ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY PIECES OF CANNON, with their ammunition, which fell into our hands.

I continued the pursuit till long after dark, and then discontinued it, only on account of the fatigue of our troops, who had been engaged during twelve hours, and because I found myself on the same road with Marshal Blucher, who assured me of his intention to follow the enemy throughout the night. He has sent me word this morning, that he had taken sixty pieces of cannon belonging to the Imperial Guard, and several carriages, baggage, &c., belonging to Buonaparte, in Genappe.

I propose to move this morning upon Nivelles, and not to discontinue my operations.

Your Lordship will observe, that such a desperate action could not be fought, and such advantages could not be gained, without great loss; and I am sorry to add that ours has been immense. In Lieutenant-General Sir Thomas Picton, his Majesty has sustained the loss of an officer who has frequently distinguished himself in his service; and he fell, gloriously leading his division to a charge with bayonets, by which one of the most serious attacks made by the enemy on our position was defeated.

The Earl of Uxbridge, after having successfully got through the arduous day, received a wound, by almost the last shot fired, which will, I am afraid, deprive his Majesty for some time of his services.

His Royal Highness, the Prince of Orange, distinguished himself by his gallantry and conduct till he received a wound from a musket-ball through the shoulder, which obliged him to quit the field.

It gives me the greatest satisfaction to assure your Lordship that the army never, upon any occasion, conducted itself better. The division of Guards under Lieutenant-General Cooke, who is severely wounded, Major-General Maitland, and Major Byng, set an example, which was followed by all; and there is no officer, nor description of troops, that did not behave well.

I must, however, particularly mention, for his Royal Highness's approbation, Lieutenant-General Sir H. Clinton, Major-General Adam, Lieutenant-General Charles Baron Alten, severely wounded; Major-General Sir Colin Halket, severely wounded; Colonel Ompteda, Colonel Mitchell, commanding a brigade of the 4th division; Major-Generals Sir James Kempt and Sir Denis Pack, Major-

General Lambert, Major-General Lord E. Somerset, Major-General Sir W. Ponsonby, Major-General Sir C. Grant, and Major-General Sir H. Vivian; Major-General Sir O. Vandeleur, Major-General Count Dornberg. I am also particularly indebted to General Lord Hill for his assistance and conduct upon this as upon all former occasions.

The artillery and engineer departments were conducted much to my satisfaction by Colonel Sir G. Wood and Colonel Smyth; and I had every reason to be satisfied with the conduct of the Adjutant-General, Major-General Barnes, who was wounded, and of the Quarter-Master-General, Colonel Delancy, who was killed by a cannon-shot in the middle of the action. This officer is a serious loss to his Majesty's service, and to me at this moment. I was likewise much indebted to the assistance of Lieutenant-Colonel Lord Fitzroy Somerset, who was severely wounded, and of the officers composing my personal staff, who have suffered severely in this action. Lieutenant-Colonel the Honourable Sir Alexander Gordon, who has died of his wounds, was a most promising officer, and is a serious loss to his Majesty's service.

General Kruse, of the Nassau service, likewise conducted himself much to my satisfaction, as did General Tripp, commanding the heavy brigade of cavalry, and General Vanhope, commanding a brigade of infantry of the King of the Netherlands.

General Pozzo di Borgo, General Baron Vincent, General Muffling, and General Alava, were in the field during the action, and rendered me every assistance in their power. Baron Vincent is wounded, but I hope not severely; and General Pozzo di Borgo received a contusion.

I should not do justice to my feelings, or to Marshal Blucher and the Prussian army, if I did not attribute the successful result of this arduous day to the cordial and timely assistance received from them.

The operation of General Bulow upon the enemy's flank was a most decisive one; and, even if I had not found myself in a situation to make the attack which produced the final result, it would have forced the enemy to retire if his attacks should have failed, and would have prevented him from taking advantage of them if they should unfortunately have succeeded.

I send with this despatch two eagles, taken by the troops in this action, which Major Percy will have the honour of laying at the feet of his Royal Highness. I beg leave to recommend him to your Lordship's protection.—I have the honour, &c.

(Signed) WELLINGTON.

No. III.

PRUSSIAN ACCOUNT.

MARSHAL BLUCHER'S OFFICIAL REPORT OF THE OPERATIONS OF THE PRUSSIAN ARMY OF THE LOWER RHINE.

It was on the 15th of this month that Napoleon, after having collected, on the 14th, five corps of his army, and the several corps of the Guard, between Maubeuge and Beaumont, commenced hostilities. The points of concentration of the four Prussian corps were Fleurus, Namur, Ciney, and Hannut; the situation of which made it possible to unite the army, in one of these points, in twenty-four hours.

On the 15th, Napoleon advanced by Thuin upon the two banks of the Sambre, against Charleroi. General Ziethen had collected the first corps near Fleurus, and had on that day a very warm action with the enemy, who, after having taken Charleroi, directed his march upon Fleurus. General Ziethen maintained himself in his position near that place.

Field-Marshal Blucher intending to fight a great battle with the enemy as soon as possible, the three other corps of the Prussian army were consequently directed upon Sombreffe, a league and a half from Fleurus, where the 2d and 3d corps were to arrive on the 15th, and the 4th corps on the 16th.

Lord Wellington had united his army between Ath and Nivelles, which enabled him to assist Field-Marshal Blucher, in case the battle should be fought on the 15th.

JUNE 16.—BATTLE OF LIGNY.

The Prussian army was posted on the heights between Brie and Sombreffe, and beyond the last place, and occupied with a large force the villages of St Amand and Ligny, situate in its front. Meantime only three corps of the army had joined; the fourth, which was stationed between Liege and Hannut, had been delayed in its march by several circumstances, and was not yet come up. Nevertheless, Field-Marshal Blucher resolved to give battle; Lord Wellington having already put in motion, to support him, a strong division of his army, as well as his whole reserve, stationed in the environs of Brussels, and the fourth corps of the Prussian army being also on the point of arriving.

The battle began at three o'clock in the afternoon. The enemy

brought up above 130,000 men. The Prussian army was 80,000 strong. The village of St Amand was the first point attacked by the enemy, who carried it after a vigorous resistance.

He then directed his efforts against Ligny. It is a large village, solidly built, situate on a rivulet of the same name. It was there that a contest began which may be considered as one of the most obstinate recorded in history. Villages have often been taken and retaken; but here the combat continued for five hours in the villages themselves, and the movements forwards or backwards were confined to a very narrow space. On both sides fresh troops continually came up. Each army had, behind the part of the village which it occupied, great masses of infantry, which maintained the combat, and were continually renewed by the reinforcements which they received from their rear, as well as from the heights on their right and left. About two hundred cannon were directed from both sides against the village, which was on fire in several places at once. From time to time the combat extended through the whole line, the enemy having also directed numerous troops against the third corps: however, the main contest was near Ligny. Things seemed to take a favourable turn for the Prussian troops, a part of the village of St Amand having been retaken by a battalion commanded by the Field-Marshal in person; in consequence of which advantage we had regained a height, which had been abandoned after the loss of St Amand. Nevertheless, the battle continued about Ligny with the same fury. The issue seemed to depend on the arrival of the English troops, or on that of the fourth corps of the Prussian army; in fact, the arrival of this last division would have afforded the Field-Marshal the means of making immediately, with the right wing, an attack from which great success might be expected; but news arrived that the English division destined to support us was violently attacked by a corps of the French army, and that it was with great difficulty it had maintained itself in its position at Quatre-Bras. The fourth corps of the army did not appear, so that we were forced to maintain, alone, the contest with an army greatly superior in numbers. The evening was already much advanced, and the combat about Ligny continued with the same fury, and the same equality of success: we invoked, but in vain, the arrival of those succours which were so necessary; the danger became every hour more and more urgent; all the divisions were engaged, or had already been so, and there was not any corps at hand able to support them. Suddenly, a division of the enemy's infantry, which by favour of the night had made a circuit round the village without being observed, at the same time that some regiments of

cuirassiers had forced the passage on the other side, took, in the rear, the main body of our army, which was posted behind the houses. This surprise on the part of the enemy was decisive, especially at the moment when our cavalry, also posted on a height behind the village, was repulsed by the enemy's cavalry in repeated attacks.

Our infantry, posted behind Ligny, though forced to retreat, did not suffer itself to be discouraged, either by being surprised by the enemy in the darkness—a circumstance which exaggerates in the mind of man the dangers to which he finds himself exposed—or by the idea of seeing itself surrounded on all sides. Formed in masses, it coolly repulsed all the attacks of the cavalry, and retreated in good order upon the heights, whence it continued its retrograde movement upon Tilly. In consequence of the sudden irruption of the enemy's cavalry, several of our cannons, in their precipitate retreat, had taken directions which led them to defiles, in which they necessarily fell into disorder: in this manner fifteen pieces fell into the hands of the enemy. At the distance of a quarter of a league from the field of battle, the army formed again. The enemy did not venture to pursue it. The village of Brie remained in our possession during the night, as well as Sombreffe, where General Thielman had fought with the 3d corps, and whence he, at daybreak, slowly began to retreat towards Gembloux, where the fourth corps, under General Bulow, had at length arrived during the night. The first and second corps proceeded in the morning behind the defile of Mont St Guibert. Our loss in killed and wounded was great; the enemy, however, took from us no prisoners, except a part of our wounded. The battle was lost, but not our honour. Our soldiers had fought with a bravery which equalled every expectation; their fortitude remained unshaken, because every one retained his confidence in his own strength. On this day Field-Marshal Blucher had encountered the greatest dangers. A charge of cavalry led on by himself had failed. While that of the enemy was vigorously pursuing, a musket-shot struck the Field-Marshal's horse: the animal, far from being stopped in his career by this wound, began to gallop more furiously till it dropped down dead. The Field-Marshal, stunned by the violent fall, lay entangled under the horse. The enemy's cuirassiers, following up their advantage, advanced: our last horseman had already passed by the Field-Marshal; an adjutant alone remained with him, and had just alighted, resolved to share his fate. The danger was great, but Heaven watched over us. The enemy, pursuing their charge, passed rapidly by the Field-Marshal without seeing him: the next moment, a second charge of our cavalry having repulsed them, they again passed by him with the

same precipitation, not perceiving him any more than they had done the first time. Then, but not without difficulty, the Field-Marshal was disengaged from under the dead horse, and he immediately mounted a dragoon horse.

On the 17th, in the evening, the Prussian army concentrated itself in the environs of Wavre. Napoleon put himself in motion against Lord Wellington upon the great road leading from Charleroi to Brussels. An English division maintained on the same day, near Quatre-Bras, a very severe contest with the enemy. Lord Wellington had taken a position on the road to Brussels, having his right wing leaning upon Braine-la-Leude, the centre near Mont St Jean, and the left wing against La Haye Sainte. Lord Wellington wrote to the Field-Marshal that he was resolved to accept the battle in this position, if the Field-Marshal would support him with two corps of his army. The Field-Marshal promised to come with his whole army; he even proposed, in case Napoleon should not attack, that the Allies themselves, with their whole united force, should attack him the next day. This may serve to show how little the battle of the 16th had disorganised the Prussian army, or weakened its moral strength. Thus ended the day of the 17th.

Battle of the 18th.

At break of day the Prussian army again began to move. The 4th and 2d corps marched by St Lambert, where they were to take a position, covered by the forest, near Frichermont, to take the enemy in the rear, when the moment should appear favourable. The 1st corps was to operate by Ohain, on the right flank of the enemy. The 3d corps was to follow slowly, in order to afford succour in case of need. The battle began about ten o'clock in the morning. The English army occupied the heights of Mont St Jean; that of the French was on the heights before Planchenoit: the former was about 80,000 strong; the enemy had above 130,000. In a short time, the battle became general along the whole line. It seems that Napoleon had the design to throw the left wing upon the centre, and thus to effect the separation of the English army from the Prussian, which he believed to be retreating upon Maestricht. For this purpose, he had placed the greatest part of his reserve in the centre, against his right wing, and upon this point he attacked with fury. The English army fought with a valour which it is impossible to surpass. The repeated charges of the Old Guard were baffled by the intrepidity of the Scottish regiments; and at every charge the French cavalry was over-

thrown by the English cavalry. But the superiority of the enemy in numbers was too great; Napoleon continually brought forward considerable masses, and, with whatever firmness the English troops maintained themselves in their position, it was not possible but that such heroic exertions must have a limit.

It was half-past four o'clock. The excessive difficulties of the passage by the defile of St Lambert had considerably retarded the march of the Prussian columns, so that only two brigades of the 4th corps had arrived at the covered position which was assigned to them. The decisive moment was come; there was not an instant to be lost. The generals did not suffer it to escape: they resolved immediately to begin the attack with the troops which they had at hand. General Bulow, therefore, with two brigades and a corps of cavalry, advanced rapidly upon the rear of the enemy's right wing. The enemy did not lose his presence of mind; he instantly turned his reserve against us, and a murderous conflict began on that side. The combat remained long uncertain, while the battle with the English army still continued with the same violence.

Toward six o'clock in the evening, we received the news that General Thielman, with the 3d corps, was attacked near Wavre by a very considerable corps of the enemy, and that they were already disputing the possession of the town. The Field-Marshal, however, did not suffer himself to be disturbed by this news; it was on the spot where he was, and nowhere else, that the affair was to be decided. A conflict continually supported by the same obstinacy, and kept up by fresh troops, could alone insure the victory; and if it were obtained here, any reverse sustained near Wavre was of little consequence. The columns, therefore, continued their movements. It was half an hour past seven, and the issue of the battle was still uncertain. The whole of the 4th corps, and a part of the 2d, under General Pirsch, had successively come up. The French troops fought with desperate fury: however, some uncertainty was perceived in their movements, and it was observed that some pieces of cannon were retreating. At this moment the first columns of the corps of General Ziethen arrived on the points of attack, near the village of Smolhain, on the enemy's right flank, and instantly charged. This movement decided the defeat of the enemy. His right wing was broken in three places; he abandoned his positions. Our troops rushed forward at the *pas de charge*, and attacked him on all sides; while, at the same time, the whole English line advanced.

Circumstances were extremely favourable to the attack formed

by the Prussian army: the ground rose in an amphitheatre, so that our artillery could freely open its fire from the summit of a great many heights, which rose gradually above each other, and in the intervals of which the troops descended into the plain, formed into brigades, and in the greatest order; while fresh troops continually unfolded themselves, issuing from the forest on the height behind us. The enemy, however, still preserved means to retreat, till the village of Planchenoit, which he had on his rear, and which was defended by the guard, was, after several bloody attacks, carried by storm. From that time the retreat became a rout, which soon spread throughout the whole French army, which, in its dreadful confusion, hurrying away everything that attempted to stop it, soon assumed the appearance of the flight of an army of barbarians. It was half-past nine. The Field-Marshal assembled all the superior officers, and gave orders to send the last horse and the last man in pursuit of the enemy. The van of the army accelerated its march. The French, being pursued without intermission, were absolutely disorganised. The causeway presented the appearance of an immense shipwreck; it was covered with an innumerable quantity of cannon, caissons, carriages, baggage, arms, and wrecks of every kind. Those of the enemy who had attempted to repose for a time, and had not expected to be so quickly pursued, were driven from more than nine bivouacs. In some villages they attempted to maintain themselves; but as soon as they heard the beating of our drums, or the sound of the trumpet, they either fled or threw themselves into the houses, where they were cut down or made prisoners. It was moonlight, which greatly favoured the pursuit, for the whole march was but a continued chase, either in the corn-fields or the houses.

At Genappe, the enemy had intrenched himself with cannon and overturned carriages: at our approach, we suddenly heard in the town a great noise, and a motion of carriages; at the entrance we were exposed to a brisk fire of musketry; we replied by some cannon-shot, followed by a *hurrah*, and an instant after the town was ours. It was here that, among many other equipages, the carriage of Napoleon was taken; he had just left it to mount on horseback, and in his hurry had forgotten in it his sword and hat. Thus the affairs continued till break of day. About 40,000 men, in the most complete disorder, the remains of the whole army, have saved themselves retreating through Charleroi, partly without arms, and carrying with them only twenty-seven pieces of their numerous artillery.

The enemy, in his flight, had passed all his fortresses, the only defence of his frontiers, which are now passed by our armies.

At three o'clock, Napoleon had despatched from the field of battle a courier to Paris, with the news that victory was no longer doubtful: a few hours after, he had no longer any army left. We have not yet any exact account of the enemy's loss; it is enough to know that two thirds of the whole were killed, wounded, or prisoners; among the latter are Generals Mouton, Duhesme, and Compans. Up to this time about 300 cannon, and above 500 caissons, are in our hands.

Few victories have been so complete; and there is certainly no example that an army, two days after losing a battle, engaged in such an action, and so gloriously maintained it. Honour be to troops capable of so much firmness and valour! In the middle of the position occupied by the French army, and exactly upon the height, is a farm called La Belle Alliance. The march of all the Prussian columns was directed towards this farm, which was visible from every side. It was here that Napoleon was during the battle; it was thence that he gave his orders, that he flattered himself with the hopes of victory; and it was there that his ruin was decided. There, too, it was that, by a happy chance, Field-Marshal Blucher and Lord Wellington met in the dark, and mutually saluted each other as victors.

In commemoration of the alliance which now subsists between the English and Prussian nations, of the union of the two armies, and their reciprocal confidence, the Field-Marshal desired that this battle should bear the name of La Belle Alliance.

By the order of Field-Marshal Blucher,

General GNEISENAU.

No. IV.

SPANISH ACCOUNT.

THE following is a copy of a despatch from General Miguel Alava, Minister Plenipotentiary to the King of the Netherlands from the King of Spain, to Don Pedro Cevallos, principal Secretary of State to Ferdinand VII.:—

(*Translated from the Spanish.*)

SUPPLEMENT TO THE MADRID GAZETTE OF THURSDAY, 13TH *July* 1815.

Lieutenant-General of the Royal Armies, Don Miguel de Alava, Minister Plenipotentiary, to His Excellency Don Pedro Cevallos, First Secretary of State, the following letter :—

Most Excellent Sir,—The short space of time that has intervened between the departure of the last post and the victory of the 18th, has not allowed me to write to your Excellency so diffusely as I could have wished; and although the army is at this moment on the point of marching, and I also am going to set out for the Hague to deliver my credentials, which I did not receive till this morning, nevertheless, I will give your Excellency some details respecting this important event, which, possibly, may bring us to the end of the war much sooner than we had any reason to expect.

I informed your Excellency, under date of the 16th inst., that Buonaparte, marching from Maubeuge and Philippeville, had attacked the Prussian posts on the Sambre, and that, after driving them from Charleroi, he had entered that city on the 15th.

On the 16th, the Duke of Wellington ordered his army to assemble on the point of Quatre-Bras, where the roads cross from Namur to Nivelle, and from Brussels to Charleroi; and he himself proceeded to the same point at seven in the morning.

On his arrival, he found the Hereditary Prince of Orange, with a division of his own army, holding the enemy in check, till the other divisions of the army were collected.

By this time the British division, under General Picton, had arrived, with which the Duke kept up an unequal contest with more than 30,000 of the enemy, without losing an inch of ground. The British Guards, several regiments of infantry, and the Scottish Brigade, covered themselves with glory on this day; and Lord Wellington told me, on the following day, that he never saw his troops behave better, during the number of years he had commanded them.

The French cuirassiers likewise suffered much on their part; for, confiding in their breast-plates, they approached the British squares so near, that they killed officers of the 42d regiment with their swords; but those valiant men, without flinching, kept up so strong a fire, that the whole ground was covered with the cuirassiers and their horses.

In the mean time, the troops kept coming up; and the night put an end to the contest in this quarter.

During this time, Buonaparte was fighting, with the remainder of his forces, against Marshal Blucher, with whom he had commenced a bloody action at five in the afternoon; from which time, till nine in the evening, he was constantly repulsed by the Prussians, with great loss on both sides. But, at that moment, he made his cavalry charge with so much vigour that they broke the Prussian line of infantry, and introduced disorder and confusion throughout.

Whether it was that Buonaparte did not perceive this incident, or that he had experienced a great loss—or, what is more probable, that Marshal Blucher had re-established the battle—the fact is, that he derived no advantage whatever from this accident, and that he left him quiet during the whole of the night of the 16th.

Lord Wellington, who, by the morning of the 17th, had collected the whole of his army in the position of Quatre-Bras, was combining his measures to attack the enemy, when he received a despatch from Marshal Blucher, participating to him the events of the preceding day, together with the incident that had snatched the victory out of his hands; adding, that the loss he had experienced was of such a nature that he was forced to retreat to Wavre, on our left, where the corps of Bulow would unite with him, and that on the 19th he would be ready for anything he might wish to undertake.

In consequence of this, Lord Wellington was obliged immediately to retreat, and this he effected in such a manner that the enemy did not dare to interrupt him in it. He took up a position on Braine-le-Leude, in front of the great wood of Soigné, as he had previously determined, and placed his headquarters in Waterloo.

I joined the army on that morning, though I had received no orders to that effect, because I believed that I should thus best serve his Majesty, and at the same time fulfil your Excellency's directions; and this determination has afforded me the satisfaction of having been present at the most important battle that has been fought for many centuries, in its consequences, its duration, and the talents of the chiefs who commanded on both sides, and because the peace of the world, and the future security of all Europe, may be said to have depended on its result.

The position occupied by his lordship was very good; but towards the centre it had various weak points, which required good troops to guard them, and much science and skill on the part of the general-in-chief. These qualifications were, however, to be found in abundance in the British troops and their illustrious commander; and it may be asserted, without offence to any one, that

to them both belongs the chief part, or all the glory of this memorable day.

On the right of the position, and a little in advance, was a country house, the importance of which Lord Wellington quickly perceived, because without it the position could not be attacked on that side, and it might therefore be considered as its key.

The Duke confided this important point to three companies of the English guards, under the command of Lord Saltoun, and laboured, during the night of the 17th, in fortifying it as well as possible, covering its garden, and a wood which served as its park, with Nassau troops, as sharpshooters.

At half-past ten, a movement was observed in the enemy's line, and many officers were seen coming from and going to a particular point, where there was a very considerable corps of infantry, which we afterwards understood to be the Imperial Guard: here was Buonaparte in person, and from this point issued all the orders. In the mean time, the enemy's masses were forming, and everything announced the approaching combat, which began at half-past eleven, the enemy attacking desperately with one of his corps, and, with his usual shouts, the countryhouse on the right.

The Nassau troops found it necessary to abandon their post; but the enemy met such resistance in the house, that, though they surrounded it on three sides, and attacked it most desperately, they were compelled to desist from their enterprise, leaving a great number of killed and wounded on the spot. Lord Wellington sent fresh English troops, who recovered the wood and garden; and the combat ceased, for the present, on this side.

The enemy then opened a horrible fire of artillery from more than 200 pieces, under cover of which Buonaparte made a general attack, from the centre to the right, with infantry and cavalry, in such numbers that it required all the skill of his Lordship to post his troops, and all the good qualities of the latter to resist the attack.

General Picton, who was with his division on the road from Brussels to Charleroi, advanced with the bayonet to receive them; but was unfortunately killed at the moment when the enemy, appalled by the attitude of this division, fired, and then fled.

The English Life-Guards then charged with the greatest vigour, and the 49th and 105th French regiments lost their respective eagles in this charge, together with from 2000 to 3000 prisoners. A column of cavalry, at whose head were the cuirassiers, advanced to charge the Life Guards, and thus save their infantry; but the guards received them with the greatest valour, and the

most sanguinary cavalry fight, perhaps, ever witnessed, was the consequence.

The French cuirassiers were completely beaten, in spite of their cuirasses, by troops who had nothing of the sort, and lost one of their eagles in this conflict, which was taken by the heavy English cavalry, called the *Royals*.

About this time, accounts came that the Prussian corps of Bulow had arrived at St Lambert, and that Prince Blucher, with the other, under the command of General Thielman (Ziethen) was advancing, with all haste, to take part in the combat, leaving the other two in Wavre, which had suffered so much in the battle of the 16th, in Fleurus. The arrival of these troops was so much the more necessary, in consequence of the forces of the enemy being more than triple, and our loss having been horrid during an unequal combat, from half-past eleven in the morning till five in the afternoon.

Buonaparte, who did not believe them to be so near, and who reckoned upon destroying Lord Wellington before their arrival, perceived that he had fruitlessly lost more than five hours, and that, in the critical position in which he would soon be placed, there remained no other resource but that of desperately attacking the weak part of the English position, and thus, if possible, beat the Duke before his right was turned and attacked by the Prussians.

Henceforward, therefore, the whole was a repetition of attacks by cavalry and infantry, supported by more than 300 pieces of artillery, which unfortunately made horrible ravages in our line, and killed and wounded officers, artillerists, and horses, in the weakest part of the position.

The enemy, aware of this destruction, made a charge with the whole cavalry of his guard, which took some pieces of cannon that could not be withdrawn; but the Duke, who was at this point, charged them with three battalions of English and three of Brunswickers, and compelled them in a moment to abandon the artillery, though we were unable to withdraw them for want of horses; nor did they dare to advance to recover them.

At last, about seven in the evening, Buonaparte made a last effort, and putting himself at the head of his guards, attacked the above point of the English position with such vigour that he drove back the Brunswickers who occupied part of it; and for a moment the victory was undecided, and even more than doubtful.

The Duke, who felt that the moment was most critical, spoke to the Brunswick troops with that ascendancy which every great man

possesses, made them return to the charge, and, putting himself at their head, again restored the combat, exposing himself to every kind of personal danger.

Fortunately, at this moment, he perceived the fire of Marshal Blucher, who was attacking the enemy's right with his usual impetuosity; and the moment of decisive attack being come, the Duke put himself at the head of the English Foot-Guards, spoke a few words to them, which were replied to by a general *hurrah*, and, his Grace himself leading them on with his hat, they marched at the point of the bayonet, to come to close action with the Imperial Guard. But the latter began a retreat, which was soon converted into flight, and the most complete rout ever witnessed by military men. Entire columns, throwing down their arms and cartouch-boxes, in order to escape the better, abandoned the spot on which they had been formed, where we took possession of 150 pieces of cannon. The rout at Vittoria was not comparable to this, and it only resembles it, inasmuch as on both occasions they lost all the train of artillery and stores of the army, as well as all the baggage.

The Duke followed the enemy as far as Genappe, where he found the respectable Blucher, and both embraced in the most cordial manner, on the royal road of Charleroi; but finding himself in the same point as the Prussians, and that his army stood in need of rest after so dreadful a struggle, he left to Blucher the charge of following up the enemy, who swore that he would not leave them a moment of rest. This he is now doing, and yesterday, at noon, he had reached Charleroi, from whence, at night, he intended to proceed on after them.

This is, in substance, what has happened on this memorable day; but the consequences of this event are too visible for me to detain myself in stating them.

Buonaparte, now tottering on his usurped throne, without money, and without troops to recruit his armies, has received so mortal a blow, that, according to the report of the prisoners, no other resource is left him "than to cut his own throat."

For this reason, they say, they never saw him expose his person so much, and that he seemed to seek death, in order not to survive a defeat fraught with such fatal consequences to him.

I told your Excellency, under date of the 16th, that his manœuvre appeared to me extremely daring before such generals as Blucher and the Duke: the event has fully justified my prediction. For this reason, I conceive that his executing it has arisen from nothing else than desperation at the appearance of the enormous troops about to attack him on all quarters of France, and in order

to give one of his customary blows before the Russians and Austrians came up.

His military reputation is lost for ever, and on this occasion there is no treason on the part of the Allies, nor bridges blown up before their time, on which to throw the blame: all the shame will fall upon himself.

Numerical superiority, superiority of artillery, all was in his favour; and his having commenced the attack proves that he had sufficient means to execute it.

In short, this talisman, which, like a charm, had enchanted French military men, has been dashed to pieces on this occasion. Buonaparte has for ever lost his reputation of being invincible; and henceforward this reputation will be preserved by an honourable man, who, far from employing this glorious title in disturbing and enslaving Europe, will convert it into an instrument of her felicity, and in procuring for her that peace she so much requires.

The loss of the British is horrid; and of those who were by the side of the Duke, he and myself alone remained untouched in our persons and horses.

The Duke of Brunswick was killed on the 16th, and the Prince of Orange and his cousin, the Prince of Nassau, aide-de-camp to the Duke of Wellington, received two balls. The Prince of Orange distinguished himself extremely; but, unfortunately, although his wound is not dangerous, it will deprive the army of his important services for some time, and possibly he may lose the use of his left arm.

Lord Uxbridge, general of cavalry, received a wound at the close of the action which made the amputation of his right leg necessary: an irreparable loss, for it would be difficult to find another chief to lead on the cavalry with the same courage and skill.

The Duke was unable to refrain from shedding tears on witnessing the death of so many brave and honourable men, and the loss of so many friends and faithful companions; and nothing but the importance of the triumph can compensate so considerable a loss.

This morning he has proceeded on to Nivelles, and to-morrow he will advance to Mons, from whence he will immediately enter France. The opportunity cannot be better.

I cannot close this despatch without stating to your Excellency, for the information of his Majesty, that Capt. Don Nicholas de Minuissir, of Doyle's regiment, and of whom I before spoke to your Excellency, as well as of his destination in the army, conducted himself yesterday with the greatest valour and steadiness. Having been wounded when the Nassau troops were driven from the gar-

den, he rallied them, and made them return to their post. During the action he had a horse wounded under him ; and by his former conduct, as well as by that of this day, he is worthy of receiving from his Majesty a proof of his satisfaction.

This officer is well known in the war-office, as well as to Gen. Don Josef de Zayas, who has duly appreciated his merits.

God preserve your Excellency many years, &c. &c.

(Signed) MIGUEL de ALAVA.

Brussels, 20th of June, 1815.

To his Excellency, Don Pedro Cevallos, &c. &c.

P. S.—The number of prisoners cannot be stated, for they are bringing in great numbers every moment. There are many generals among the prisoners ; among whom are the Count de Lobau, aide-de-camp to Buonaparte, and Cambronne, who accompanied him to Elba.

No. V.

FRENCH ACCOUNT.

FRENCH OFFICIAL DETAIL OF THE BATTLES WITH THE PRUSSIANS AND ENGLISH.

BATTLE OF LIGNY-UNDER-FLEURUS.

PARIS, *June* 21.

On the morning of the 16th the army occupied the following position :—

The left wing, commanded by the Marshal Duke of Elchingen, and consisting of the 1st and 2d corps of infantry, and the 2d of cavalry, occupied the positions of Frasne.

The right wing, commanded by Marshal Grouchy, and composed of the 3d and 4th corps of infantry, and the 3d corps of cavalry, occupied the heights and rear of Fleurus.

The Emperor's headquarters were at Charleroi, where were the Imperial Guard and the 6th corps.

The left wing had orders to march upon Quatre-Bras, and the right upon Sombreffe. The Emperor advanced to Fleurus with his reserve.

The columns of Marshal Grouchy, being in march, perceived,

after having passed Fleurus, the enemy's army, commanded by Field-Marshal Blucher, occupying with its left the heights of the mill of Bussy, the village of Sombreffe, and extending its cavalry a great way forward on the road to Namur; its right was at St Amand, and occupied that large village in great force, having before it a ravine which formed its position.

The Emperor reconnoitred the strength and the position of the enemy, and resolved to attack immediately. It became necessary to change front, the right in advance, and pivoting upon Fleurus.

General Vandamme marched upon St Amand, General Girard upon Ligny, and Marhal Grouchy upon Sombreffe. The 4th division of the 2d corps, commanded by General Girard, marched in reserve behind the corps of General Vandamme. The guard was drawn up on the heights of Fleurus, as well as the cuirassiers of General Milhaud.

At three in the afternoon, these dispositions were finished. The division of General Lefol, forming part of the corps of General Vandamme, was first engaged, and made itself master of St Amand, whence it drove out the enemy at the point of the bayonet. It kept its ground during the whole of the engagement, at the burial-ground and steeple of St Amand; but that village, which is very extensive, was the theatre of various combats during the evening; the whole corps of General Vandamme was there engaged, and the enemy there fought in considerable force.

General Girard, placed as a reserve to the corps of General Vandamme, turned the village by its right, and fought there with its accustomed valour. The respective forces were supported on both sides by about fifty pieces of cannon each.

On the right, General Girard came into action with the 4th corps, at the village of Ligny, which was taken and retaken several times.

Marshal Grouchy, on the extreme right, and General Pajol, fought at the village of Sombreffe. The enemy showed from 80,000 to 90,000 men, and a great number of cannon.

At seven o'clock we were masters of all the villages situate on the banks of the ravine which covered the enemy's position; but he still occupied, with all his masses, the heights of the mill of Bussy.

The Emperor returned with his guard to the village of Ligny; General Girard directed General Pecheux to debouch with what remained of the reserve, almost all the troops having been engaged in that village.

Eight battalions of the guard debouched with fixed bayonets, and behind them four squadrons of the guards, the cuirassiers of General Delort, those of General Milhaud, and the grenadiers of the

horse guards. The Old Guard attacked with the bayonet the enemy's columns, which were on the heights of Bussy, and in an instant covered the field of battle with dead. The squadron of the guard attacked and broke a square, and the cuirassiers repulsed the enemy in all directions. At half-past nine o'clock we had forty pieces of cannon, several carriages, colours, and prisoners, and the enemy sought safety in a precipitate retreat. At ten o'clock the battle was finished, and we found ourselves masters of the field of battle.

General Lutsow, a partisan, was taken prisoner. The prisoners assure us that Field-Marshal Blucher was wounded. The flower of the Prussian army was destroyed in this battle. Its loss could not be less than 15,000 men. Ours was 3000 killed and wounded.

On the left, Marshal Ney had marched on Quatre-Bras with a division, which cut in pieces an English division which was stationed there; but being attacked by the Prince of Orange with 25,000 men, partly English, partly Hanoverians in the pay of England, he retired upon his position at Frasne. There a multiplicity of combats took place: the enemy obstinately endeavoured to force it, but in vain. The Duke of Elchingen waited for the 1st corps, which did not arrive till night; he confined himself to maintaining his position, In a square attacked by the 8th regiment of cuirassiers, the colours of the 69th regiment of English infantry fell into our hands. The Duke of Brunswick was killed. The Prince of Orange has been wounded. We are assured that the enemy had many personages and generals of note killed or wounded; we estimated the loss of the English at from 4000 to 5000 men. Ours on this side was very considerable; it amounts to 4200 killed or wounded. The combat ended with the approach of night. Lord Wellington then evacuated Quatre-Bras, and proceeded to Genappe.

In the morning of the 17th, the Emperor repaired to Quatre-Bras, whence he marched to attack the English army: he drove it to the entrance of the forest of Soigné with the left wing and the reserve. The right wing advanced by Sombreffe, in pursuit of Field-Marshal Blucher, who was going towards Wavre, where he appeared to wish to take a position.

At ten o'clock in the evening, the English army occupied Mont St Jean with its centre, and was in position before the forest of Soigné: it would have required three hours to attack it; we were, therefore, obliged to postpone it till the next day.

The headquarters of the Emperor were established at the farm of Caillou, near Planchenoit. The rain fell in torrents. Thus, on the 16th, the left wing, the right, and the reserve, were equally engaged, at a distance of about two leagues.

Battle of Mont St Jean.

At nine in the morning, the rain having somewhat abated, the 1st corps put itself in motion, and placed itself with the left on the road to Brussels, and opposite the village of Mont St Jean, which appeared the centre of the enemy's position. The 2d corps leaned its right upon the road to Brussels, and its left upon a small wood, within cannon-shot of the English army. The cuirassiers were in reserve behind, and the guards in reserve upon the heights. The 6th corps, with the cavalry of General D'Aumont, under the order of Count Lobau, was destined to proceed in rear of our right to oppose a Prussian corps, which appeared to have escaped Marshal Grouchy, and to intend to fall upon our right flank—an intention which had been made known to us by our reports, and by the letter of a Prussian general, enclosing an order of battle, and which was taken by our light troops.

The troops were full of ardour. We estimated the force of the English army at 80,000 men. We supposed that the Prussian corps, which might be in line towards the right, might be 15,000 men. The enemy's force, then, was upwards of 90,000 men; ours less numerous.

At noon, all the preparations being terminated, Prince Jerome, commanding a division of the 2d corps, and destined to form the extreme length of it, advanced upon the wood of which the enemy occupied a part. The cannonade began. The enemy supported, with 30 pieces of cannon, the troops he had sent to keep the wood. We made also on our side dispositions of artillery. At one o'clock Prince Jerome was master of all the wood, and the whole English army fell back behind a curtain. Count d'Erlon then attacked the village of Mont St Jean, and supported his attack with 80 pieces of cannon, which must have occasioned great loss to the English army. All the efforts were made towards the ridge. A brigade of the 1st division of Count d'Erlon took the village of Mont St Jean; a second brigade was charged by a corps of English cavalry, which occasioned it much loss. At the same moment, a division of English cavalry charged the battery of Count d'Erlon by its right, and disorganised several pieces; but the cuirassiers of General Milhaud charged that division, three regiments of which were broken and cut up.

It was three in the afternoon. The Emperor made the Guard advance, to place it in the plain upon the ground which the first corps had occupied at the outset of the battle, this corps being already in advance. The Prussian division, whose movement had

been foreseen, then engaged with the light troops of Count Lobau, spreading its fire upon our whole right flank. It was expedient, before undertaking anything elsewhere, to wait for the event of this attack. Hence, all the means in reserve were ready to succour Count Lobau, and overwhelm the Prussian corps when it should be advanced.

This done, the Emperor had the design of leading an attack upon the village of Mont St Jean, from which we expected decisive success; but, by a movement of impatience so frequent in our military annals, and which has often been so fatal to us, the cavalry of reserve having perceived a retrograde movement made by the English to shelter themselves from our batteries, from which they suffered so much, crowned the heights of Mont St Jean, and charged the infantry. This movement, which, made in time, and supported by the reserves, must have decided the day, made in an isolated manner, and before affairs on the right were terminated, became fatal.

Having no means of countermanding it, the enemy showing many masses of cavalry and infantry, and our two divisions of cuirassiers being engaged, all our cavalry ran at the same moment to support their comrades. There, for three hours, numerous charges were made, which enabled us to penetrate several squares, and to take six standards of the light infantry—an advantage out of proportion with the loss which our cavalry experienced by the grape-shot and musket-firing. It was impossible to dispose of our reserves of infantry until we had repulsed the flank attack of the Prussian corps. This attack always prolonged itself perpendicularly upon our right flank. The Emperor sent thither General Duhesme with the Young Guard, and several batteries of reserve. The enemy was kept in check, repulsed, and fell back; he had exhausted his forces, and we had nothing more to fear. It was this moment that was indicated for an attack upon the centre of the enemy. As the cuirassiers suffered by the grape-shot, we sent four battalions of the Middle Guard to protect the cuirassiers, keep the position, and, if possible, disengage and draw back into the plain a part of our cavalry.

Two other battalions were sent to keep themselves *en potence* upon the extreme left of the division which had manœuvred upon our flanks, in order not to have any uneasiness on that side; the rest was disposed in reserve, part to occupy the *potence* in rear of Mont St Jean, part upon the ridge in rear of the field of battle, which formed our position of retreat.

In this state of affairs the battle was gained: we occupied all the positions which the enemy occupied at the outset of the battle; our cavalry having been too soon and ill employed, we could no

longer hope for decisive success; but Marshal Grouchy having learned the movement of the Prussian corps, marched upon the rear of that corps, which insured us a signal success for next day. After eight hours' fire and charges of infantry and cavalry, all the army saw with joy the battle gained, and the field of battle in our power.

At half after eight o'clock, the four battalions of the Middle Guard, who had been sent to the ridge on the other side of Mont St Jean, in order to support the cuirassiers, being greatly annoyed by the grape-shot, endeavoured to carry the batteries with the bayonet. At the end of the day, a charge directed against their flank, by several English squadrons, put them in disorder. The fugitives recrossed the ravine. Several regiments, near at hand, seeing some troops belonging to the guard in confusion, believed it was the Old Guard, and in consequence were thrown into disorder. Cries of "*All is lost—the guard is driven back!*" were heard on every side. The soldiers pretend even that on many points ill-disposed persons cried out, "*Sauve qui peut.*" However this may be, a complete panic at once spread itself throughout the whole field of battle, and they threw themselves in the greatest disorder on the line of communication—soldiers, cannoneers, caissons, pressed to this point; the Old Guard, which was in reserve, was infected, and was itself hurried along.

In an instant, the whole army was nothing but a mass of confusion; all the soldiers, of all arms, were mixed *pêle-mêle*, and it was utterly impossible to rally a single corps. The enemy, who perceived this astonishing confusion, immediately attacked with their cavalry, and increased the disorder; and such was the confusion, owing to night coming on, that it was impossible to rally the troops, and point out to them their error. Thus a day of battle terminated, a day of false manœuvres rectified, the greatest success insured for the next day—all was lost by a moment of panic terror. Even the squadrons of *service*, drawn up by the side of the Emperor, were overthrown and disorganised by these tumultuous waves, and there was then nothing else to be done but to follow the torrent. The parks of reserve, the baggage which had not repassed the Sambre—in short, everything that was on the field of battle, remained in the power of the enemy. It was impossible to wait for the troops on our right; every one knows what the bravest army in the world is when thus mixed and thrown into confusion, and when its organisation no longer exists.

The Emperor crossed the Sambre at Charleroi, at five o'clock in the morning of the 19th. Philippeville and Avesnes have been given as the points of reunion. Prince Jerome, General Morand,

and other generals, have there already rallied a part of the army. Marshal Grouchy, with the corps on the right, is moving on the Lower Sambre.

The loss of the enemy must have been very great, if we may judge from the number of standards we have taken from them, and from the retrograde movements which he made: ours cannot be calculated till after the troops shall have been collected. Before the disorder broke out, we had already experienced a very considerable loss, particularly in our cavalry, so fatally, though so bravely engaged. Notwithstanding these losses, this brave cavalry constantly kept the position it had taken from the English, and only abandoned it when the tumult and disorder of the field of battle forced it;—in the midst of the night, and the obstacles which encumbered their route, it could not preserve its own organisation.

The artillery has, as usual, covered itself with glory. The carriages belonging to the headquarters remained in their ordinary position, no retrograde movement being judged necessary. In the course of the night they fell into the enemy's hands.

Such has been the issue of the battle of Mont St Jean, glorious for the French armies, and yet so fatal.

No. VI.

NEY'S ACCOUNT.

THE PRINCE OF MOSKWA (MARSHAL NEY) TO HIS EXCELLENCY THE DUKE OF OTRANTO.

M. LE DUC,—The most false and defamatory reports have been spreading for some days over the public mind, upon the conduct which I have pursued during this short and unfortunate campaign. The journals have reported those odious calumnies, and appear to lend them credit. After having fought for twenty-five years for my country, after having shed my blood for its glory and independence, an attempt is made to accuse me of treason; an attempt is made to mark me out to the people, and the army itself, as the author of the disaster it has just experienced.

Forced to break silence, while it is always painful to speak of one's self, and, above all, to answer calumnies, I address myself to you, Sir, as the President of the Provisional Government, for the purpose of laying before you a faithful statement of the events I have

witnessed. On the 11th of June I received an order from the minister of war to repair to the imperial presence. I had no command, and no information upon the composition and strength of the army. Neither the Emperor nor his minister had given me any previous hint, from which I could anticipate that I should be employed in the present campaign. I was consequently taken by surprise—without horses, without accoutrements, and without money, and I was obliged to borrow the necessary expenses of my journey. Having arrived on the 12th at Laon, on the 13th at Avesnes, and on the 14th at Beaumont, I purchased, in this last city, two horses from the Duke of Treviso, with which I repaired, on the 15th, to Charleroi, accompanied by my first aide-de-camp, the only officer who attended me. I arrived at the moment when the enemy, attacked by our troops, was retreating upon Fleurus and Gosselies.

The Emperor ordered me immediately to put myself at the head of the 1st and 2d corps of infantry, commanded by Lieutenant-Generals d'Erlon and Reille, of the divisions of light cavalry of Lieutenant-General Pine, of the division of light cavalry of the guard under the command of Lieutenant-Generals Lefebvre Desnouettes and Colbert, and of two divisions of cavalry of the Count Valmy—forming, in all, eight divisions of infantry, and four of cavalry. With these troops, a part of which only I had as yet under my immediate command, I pursued the enemy, and forced him to evacuate Gosselies, Frasne, Millet, Heppegnies. There they took up a position for the night, with the exception of the 1st corps, which was still at Marchiennes, and which did not join me till the following day.

On the 16th I received orders to attack the English in their position at Quatre-Bras. We advanced towards the enemy with an enthusiasm difficult to be described. Nothing resisted our impetuosity. The battle became general, and victory was no longer doubtful, when, at the moment that I intended to order up the first corps of infantry, which had been left by me in reserve at Frasnes, I learned that the Emperor had disposed of it without advertising me of the circumstance, as well as of the division of Girard of the second corps, on purpose to direct them upon St Amand, and to strengthen his left wing, which was vigorously engaged with the Prussians. The shock which this intelligence gave me, confounded me. Having no longer under me more than three divisions, instead of the eight upon which I calculated, I was obliged to renounce the hopes of victory; and, in spite of all my efforts, in spite of the intrepidity and devotion of my troops, my utmost efforts after that could only maintain me in my position till

the close of the day. About nine o'clock, the first corps was sent me by the Emperor, to whom it had been of no service. Thus twenty-five or thirty thousand men were, I may say, paralysed, and were idly paraded during the whole of the battle from the right to the left, and the left to the right, without firing a shot.

It is impossible for me, Sir, not to arrest your attention for a moment upon these details, in order to bring before your view all the consequences of this false movement, and, in general, of the bad arrangements during the whole of the day. By what fatality, for example, did the Emperor, instead of leading all his forces against Lord Wellington, who would have been attacked unawares, and could not have resisted, consider this attack as secondary? How did the Emperor, after the passage of the Sambre, conceive it possible to fight two battles on the same day? It was to oppose forces double ours, and to do what military men, who were witnesses of it, can scarcely yet comprehend. Instead of this, had he left a corps of observation to watch the Prussians, and marched with his most powerful masses to support me, the English army had undoubtedly been destroyed between Quatre-Bras and Genappe; and this position, which separated the two allied armies, being once in our power, would have opened for the Emperor an opportunity of advancing to the right of the Prussians, and of crushing them in their turn. The general opinion in France, and especially in the army, was, that the Emperor would have bent his whole efforts to annihilate first the English army—and circumstances were favourable for the accomplishment of such a project; but fate ordered otherwise.

On the 17th, the army marched in the direction of Mont St Jean.

On the 18th, the battle began at one o'clock; and though the bulletin which details it makes no mention of me, it is not necessary for me to mention that I was engaged in it. Lieutenant-General Count Drouet has already spoken of that battle, in the House of Peers. His narration is accurate, with the exception of some important facts which he has passed over in silence, or of which he was ignorant, and which it is now my duty to declare. About seven o'clock in the evening, after the most frightful carnage which I have ever witnessed, General Labedoyère came to me with a message from the Emperor, that Marshal Grouchy had arrived on our right, and attacked the left of the English and Prussians united. This general officer, in riding along the lines, spread this intelligence among the soldiers, whose courage and devotion remained unshaken, and who gave new proofs of them at that moment, in spite of the fatigue which they experienced. Immediately after, what was my astonishment, I should rather say indignation, when I learned, that

so far from Marshal Grouchy having arrived to support us, as the whole army had been assured, between forty and fifty thousand Prussians attacked our extreme right, and forced it to retire!

Whether the Emperor was deceived with regard to the time when the marshal could support him, or whether the march of the marshal was retarded by the efforts of the enemy, longer than was calculated upon, the fact is, that at the moment when his arrival was announced to us, he was only at Wavre upon the Dyle, which to us was the same as if he had been a hundred leagues from the field of battle.

A short time afterwards, I saw four regiments of the Middle Guard, conducted by the Emperor, arriving. With these troops he wished to renew the attack, and to penetrate the centre of the enemy. He ordered me to lead them on: generals, officers, and soldiers all displayed the greatest intrepidity; but this body of troops was too weak to resist for a long time the forces opposed to it by the enemy, and it was soon necessary to renounce the hope which this attack had for a few moments inspired. General Friant had been struck with a ball by my side, and I myself had my horse killed, and fell under it. The brave men who will return from this terrible battle will, I hope, do me the justice to say, that they saw me on foot with sword in hand during the whole of the evening, and that I only quitted the scene of carnage among the last, and at the moment when retreat could no longer be prevented. At the same time, the Prussians continued their offensive movements, and our right sensibly retired: the English advanced in their turn. There remained to us still four squares of the Old Guard to protect the retreat. These brave grenadiers, the choice of the army, forced successively to retire, yielded ground foot by foot, till, overwhelmed by numbers, they were almost entirely annihilated. From that moment, a retrograde movement was declared, and the army formed nothing but a confused mass. There was not, however, a total rout, nor the cry of "*Sauve qui peut*," as has been calumniously stated in the bulletin. As for myself, constantly in the rear-guard, which I followed on foot, having all my horses killed, worn out with fatigue, covered with contusions, and having no longer strength to march, I owe my life to a corporal who supported me on the road, and did not abandon me during the retreat. At eleven at night I found Lieutenant-General Lefebvre Desnouettes; and one of his officers, Major Schmidt, had the generosity to give me the only horse that remained to him. In this manner I arrived at Marchienne-au-Pont at four o'clock in the morning, alone, without any officers of my staff, ignorant of what had become of the Emperor, who, before the end of the battle, had entirely disappeared, and who, I was allowed to

believe, might be either killed or taken prisoner. General Pamphele Lacroix, chief of the staff of the second corps, whom I found in this city, having told me that the Emperor was at Charleroi, I was led to suppose that his Majesty was going to put himself at the head of Marshal Grouchy's corps, to cover the Sambre, and to facilitate to the troops the means of rallying towards Avesnes; and, with this persuasion, I went to Beaumont. But parties of cavalry following on too near, and having already intercepted the roads of Maubeuge and Philippeville, I became sensible of the total impossibility of arresting a single soldier on that point, to oppose the progress of the victorious enemy. I continued my march upon Avesnes, where I could obtain no intelligence of what had become of the Emperor.

In this state of matters, having no knowledge of his Majesty nor of the major-general, confusion increasing every moment, and, with the exception of some fragments of regiments of the guard and of the line, every one following his own inclination, I determined immediately to go to Paris by St Quentin, to disclose as quickly as possible the true state of affairs to the minister of war, that he might send to the army some fresh troops, and take the measures which circumstances rendered necessary. At my arrival at Bourget, three leagues from Paris, I learned that the Emperor had passed there at nine o'clock in the morning.

Such, M. le Duc, is a history of the calamitous campaign.

Now, I ask those who have survived this fine and numerous army, how I can be accused of the disasters of which it has been the victim, and of which your military annals furnish no example. I have, it is said, betrayed my country—I who, to serve it, have shown a zeal which I perhaps have carried to an extravagant height: but this calumny is supported by no fact, by no circumstance. But how can these odious reports, which spread with frightful rapidity, be arrested? If, in the researches which I could make on this subject, I did not fear almost as much to discover as to be ignorant of the truth, I would say, that all has a tendency to convince that I have been unworthily deceived, and that it is attempted to cover, with the pretence of treason, the faults and extravagances of this campaign—faults which have not been avowed in the bulletins that have appeared, and against which I in vain raised that voice of truth which I will yet cause to resound in the House of Peers. I expect, from the candour of your Excellency, and from your indulgence to me, that you will cause this letter to be inserted in the Journal, and give it the greatest possible publicity.

MARSHAL PRINCE OF MOSKWA.

Paris, June 26, 1815.

No. VII.

VICTORIES OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

"He never fought a battle that he did not win—he never besieged a place that he did not take."

Ahmednuggur, taken
Baroach, taken
Assaye
Asseerghur, taken
Arguam
Gawilghur, taken
Munkaiseer
Kiogo
Obidos
Roliça
Vimeira
Passage of the Douro
Oporto
Talavera
Busaco
Fuentes d'Onoro
Almeida, taken
Albuero
Ciudad Rodrigo, taken
Badajoz, taken
Salamanca
Vittoria
Sorauren
San Sebastian, taken
Nivelle
Orthez
Toulouse
Quatre-Bras

WATERLOO

PARIS OCCUPIED

No. VIII.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S HONOURS AND REWARDS.

Nine times thanked by the King and Parliament.
Successively created Baron, Viscount, Earl, Marquis, and Duke.
Appointed a Field-Marshal.
Received grants of Parliament, including the Manor of Strathfieldsaye, to the amount of £700,000.
Two pensions of £2000 per annum each.
Estates in Belgium and Spain.
A sword, value £1000, from Calcutta.
A service of plate, embossed with "Assaye," from the Officers.
A piece of plate for Vimiera, from the Officers.
A dessert-service from the King of Saxony.
A silver plateau, 30 feet long, from the King of Portugal.
A shield, value £7000, from the merchants and bankers of London.
A sword from the Corporation of London.
A superb watch from the King of Spain.
Bronze statue (of Achilles) in Hyde Park, London.

Equestrian statue on the arch of the Green Park, London.
Equestrian statue in front of the Royal Exchange, London.
Equestrian statue in front of the Exchange, Glasgow.
Equestrian statue in front of the Register House, Edinburgh.
Stone statue in the Tower.

Besides the above, this extraordinary man received splendid and valuable gifts and presents almost innumerable, from princes, corporations, and private individuals.

No. IX.

TITLES OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

Duke of Wellington
Marquis of Wellington
Marquis of Douro
Earl of Wellington, in Somerset
Viscount Wellington, of Talavera
Baron Douro, of Wellesley
Prince of Waterloo, in the Netherlands
Duke of Ciudad Rodrigo, in Spain
Duke of Brunoy, in France
Duke of Vittoria
Marquis of Torres Vedras
Count of Vimeira, in Portugal
A Grandee of the First Class in Spain
A Privy Councillor
Commander-in-Chief of the British Army
Colonel of the Grenadier Guards
Colonel of the Rifle Brigade
Field-Marshal of Great Britain
Marshal of Russia
Marshal of Austria
Marshal of France
Marshal of Prussia
Marshal of Spain
Marshal of Portugal
Marshal of the Netherlands
Knight of the Garter
Knight of the Holy Ghost
Knight of the Golden Fleece
Knight Grand Cross of the Bath
Knight Grand Cross of Hanover
Knight of the Black Eagle
Knight of the Tower and Sword
Knight of St Fernando
Knight of William of the Low Countries
Knight of Charles the Third
Knight of the Sword of Sweden
Knight of St Andrew of Russia
Knight of the Annunciado of Sardinia
Knight of the Elephant of Denmark
Knight of Maria Theresa
Knight of St George of Russia
Knight of the Crown of Rue of Saxony
Knight of Fidelity of Baden
Knight of Maximilian Joseph of Bavaria
Knight of St Alexander Newsky of Russia
Knight of St Hermenegildo of Spain
Knight of the Red Eagle of Brandenberg
Knight of St Januarius
Knight of the Golden Lion of Hesse Cassel
Knight of the Lion of Baden
Knight of Merit of Wurtemberg

Lord High Constable of England
Constable of the Tower
Constable of Dover Castle
Warden of the Cinque Ports
Chancellor of the Cinque Ports
Admiral of the Cinque Ports
Lord-Lieutenant of Hampshire
Lord-Lieutenant of the Tower Hamlets
Ranger of St James's Park
Ranger of Hyde Park
Chancellor of the University of Oxford
Commissioner of the Royal Military College
Vice-President of the Scottish Naval and Military Academy
Master of the Trinity House
A Governor of King's College
A Governor of the Charter House
A Trustee of the Hunterian Museum
A Doctor of Laws, &c. &c.

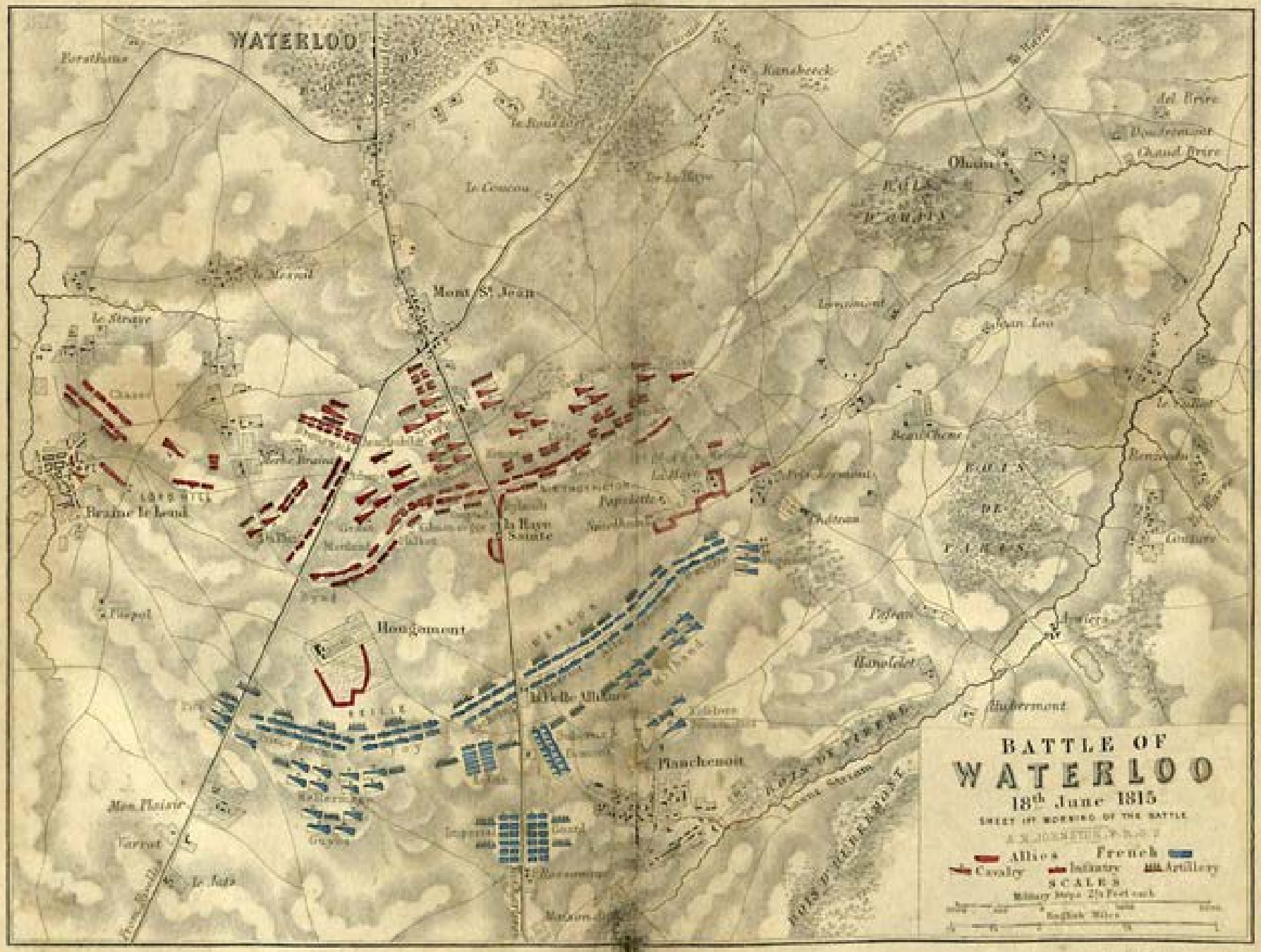
No. X.

OFFICES OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

Governor of Mysore
Member of Parliament for Trim
Member of Parliament for Newport
Secretary for Ireland
Ambassador to France
Ambassador to Russia
Master-General of the Ordnance
Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs
Prime-Minister of England
Commander-in-Chief, virtually for life.

THE END.

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